

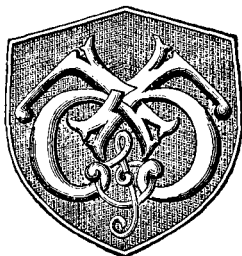
THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XXXIV



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
About a Barrel of Lard	Ajax T. Lamon 705
Aldrich's Poetry, Mr.	Edgar Fawcett 671
Athenian and American Life	John Fiske 551
Aubanel, Theodore : A Modern Provençal Poet	Harriet W. Preston 385
Auerbach, Berthold	T. S. Perry 483
Behind the Scenes	C. W. Stoddard 527
Birds of Ill Omen	Alexander Young 325
Coney Island	C. D. Shanley 306
Contrasts between English Scenery and Our Own	E. S. Nadal 659
Earnest Sowing of Wild Oats, An	Robert Dale Owen 67
Eugene Pickering, I., II.	H. James, Jr. 397, 513
European Schools of Design, Two	W. J. Stillman 79
Foregone Conclusion, A, I., II., III., IV., V., VI.	W. D. Howells 1, 145, 345, 475, 534, 641
Grand Canal of China, Up the	 340
Great Contemporary Musicians, Some	A. F. 453
Have Animals Souls?	James Freeman Clarke 412
How I Came to Study Spiritual Phenomena	Robert Dale Owen 573
Journalism and Journalists	F. B. Sanborn 55
Katy's Fortune, I., II.	W. W. Harney 23, 176
Lady of Little Fishing, The	Constance Fenimore Woolson 293
Madame	Albert Webster, Jr. 216
Martha's Vineyard	N. S. Shaler 732
Marty's Various Mercies	Olive A. Wadsworth 441
Miss Georgine's Husband	Lucy Ellen Guernsey 568
Money and Banking, An Easy Lesson in	Edward Atkinson 195
Moon, The	N. S. Shaler 270
North Northumbrian Village, A	George Runell Jackson 129
Novel and its Future, The	G. P. Lathrop 313
Old Trees	J. S. Barry 676
Over the Footlights	C. W. Stoddard 163
Owen Brown, Letter from Mr.	 101
Parkman's Histories, Mr.	W. D. Howells 602
Pescaglia, the Home of a Mad Artist	James Jackson Jarves 281
Prodigal in Buskins, A	C. W. Stoddard 20
Rebel's Recollections, A, II., III., IV., V., VI., VII.	George Cary Eggleston 95, 163, 333, 467, 594, 683
Righteousness of Money-Making, The	Edward Atkinson 636
Schmidt, Julian : A German Critic	T. S. Perry 207
Scottish Banking	William Wood 85
Some Results from my Spiritual Studies	Robert Dale Owen 719
True Story, A	Mark Twain 591
Water-Color Painting	Henry S. Mackintosh 694
Wedding in Muskoka, A	H. B. K. 423
Who was She?	Bayard Taylor 257
Willie	P. Deming 51
Wyman, Professor Jeffries	Oliver Wendell Holmes 611

POETRY.

Analogies, Edgar Fawcett	312	Dreams, Charlotte F. Bates	87
At my Enemy's Gate, J. T. Trowbridge	174	Fair and Fifteen, Howard Glyndon	27
Cadenabbia, Henry W. Longfellow	662	Fairhaven Bay, G. P. Lathrop	693
Counterparts, J. J. Piatt	94	Farewell, Celia Thaxter	452
Counterparts, Helen Barron Bostwick	226	"For the King," Bret Harte	15
Criticism, Edgar Fawcett	66	Goody Grunsell's House, Lucy Larcom	279

Land and Sea, <i>Hiram Rich</i>	740	Rosenlied, <i>Alice Williams</i>	206
Life's Year, <i>Kate Putnam Osgood</i>	526	Sea Dream, A, <i>John G. Whittier</i>	160
Listening, <i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	440	Ship in the Desert, The, <i>Joaquin Miller</i>	48
Margaret, <i>Louisa Bushnell</i>	576	Still Tenanted, <i>Hiram Rich</i>	567
Marguerite, The, <i>A. R. Grote</i>	670	That never was on Sea or Land, <i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	410
Moth, The, <i>J. J. Piatt</i>	187	Tropic Midnight, <i>W. W. Harney</i>	305
Nightfall: A Picture, <i>Alfred B. Street</i>	193	Trouting, <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	395
Nocturne, <i>S. W.</i>	590	Two Veils, <i>Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt</i>	215
November, <i>James Maurice Thompson</i>	658	Vesta, <i>John G. Whittier</i>	543
One Behind Time, <i>J. J. Piatt</i>	422	Vision of Lost Souls, A, <i>L. B. Moore</i>	267
"Over the Hills and far Away," <i>W. W. Young</i>	292	Visit of the Wrens, <i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	717
Pisa, <i>William Gibson</i>	144	While the Oriole Sings, <i>W. D. Howells</i>	83
"Ramon," <i>Bret Harte</i>	465	Woodland, The, <i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	474
Remonstrance, <i>Celia Thaxter</i>	550		
Romance of a Rose, The, <i>Nora Perry</i>	431		

EDITORIAL.

RECENT LITERATURE. Atkinson's Art Tour to Northern Capitals of Europe, 111; Alcott's Records of a School, 115; Aldrich's Prudence Palfrey, 227; Aubrey de Vere's Alexander the Great, 492; Blake's (Mrs.) Arctic Experiences, 626; Bric-à-Brac Series, 372; Beecher's Fruits, Flowers, and Farming, 241; Benedict's John Worthington's Name, 361; Bascom's Philosophy of English Literature, 367; Benedict's Die Shakespearomanie, 118; Baker's Mose Evans, 230; Baird's Annual Record of Science for 1873, 237; Boyesen's Gunnar, 624; Blood's Anæsthetic Revelation, 627; Cooke's Pretty Mrs. Gaston, 231; Calvert's Brief Essays, 370; Chorley's Recent Art and Society, 365; Christian Reid's A Daughter of Bohemia, 493; Carpenter's Mental Physiology, 495; Chesney's Military Biography, 495; Christlieb's Modern Doubt, 499; Coes's Field Ornithology, 626; Comtesse d'Aulnoy's La Cour de Madrid vers la fin du XVIIe Siècle, 631; Comte de Paris's Guerre Civile en Amérique, 503; Churton's Toinette, 749; Davis's (Rebecca Harding) John Andross, 115; De Forest's The Wetherell Affair, 229; Duhring's (Miss) Philosophers and Fools, 231; Drake's Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex, 237; Deutsche Rundschau, 752; Edwards's Butterflies of North America, 113; Eliot's (George) Legend of Jubal, 102; Ellis's (Mrs.) Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld, 232; Fifth Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, 234; Frothingham's Theodore Parker, 109; Flaubert's La Tentation de Saint Antoine, 241; Farrar's Life of Christ, 483; Golineau's (Count) Les Périades, 372; Hudson's (Miss) Poems, 105; Hazlitt's Mary and Charles Lamb, 107; Hardy's Desperate Remedies, 131; Hovey's Religion and the State, 239; Hawthorne's (Julian) Idolatry, 746; Ibsen's Kejsler og Galilar, 368; Journal of Social Science, No. VI., 500; Le Conte's Religion and Science, 235; Lewis's (Dio) Five-Minute Chats, 372; Longfellow's Hanging of the Crane, 745; Letter from Mr. Proctor, 751; Mary Cowden Clarke's The Trust and the Remittance, 106; Moulton's (Mrs.) Some Women's Hearts, 230; Maudsley's Responsibility in Mental Disease, 364; Marvin's Spiritualism and Mediomania, 628; Nordhoff's Northern California, etc., 371; Nasmyth and Carpenter's The Moon, 493; Piatt's (Mrs.) Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, etc., 104; Parton's Life of Jefferson, 110; Proctor's Universe, Proctor's Expanse of the Heavens, 363; Perry's (Miss) After the Ball, 741; Report of Chief Signal-Officer, 236; Roe's Opening a Chestnut Burr, 749; Sumner's Prophetic Voices, 233; Sumner's American Currency, 238; Sea and Shore, 372; Scammon's Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast, 496; Stephen's Hours in a Library, 625; Songs of Two Worlds, 743; Tylor's Primitive Culture, 116; Tyng's Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor, 240; Turgénieff's Spring Floods, 231; Thompson's (Mrs.) Beaten Paths, 233; Taylor's Etruscan Researches, 501; Taylor's The Prophet, 743; Thaxter's (Mrs.) Poems, 745; Underwood's Lord of Himself, 362; Vincent's Land of the White Elephant, 494; Winchell's Evolution, 237; Zeller's David Friedrich Strauss, 372.

ART. Boston Art Club Exhibition, 121; Fergusson's Architecture, 243; La Farge, Recent Pictures by, 277; Letter from a National Academician, and Comments, 506; Moran's Chasm of the Colorado, 375; Mont pensier Pictures at the Athenæum, 633; Reber's Modern German Art, 123; The School for Scandal at the Boston Museum, 754.

MUSIC. Dudley Buck's Legend of Don Munio, and other Recent Publications, 757; Händel and Haydn Triennial in Boston, 247.

EDUCATION. Allen and Greenough's Virgil, 511; Boston University Year Book, 125; California University, 124; Colart Method of Instruction for Women, 761; Education of Women at University College, London, 383; Gilman's First Steps in General History, 256; Harvard Examinations for Women, 383; Mixed Schools at the South, 379; Preparatory Schools and Colleges, 253; Prussian Normal Schools, 509; Reports of Superintendents in States and Territories, 637; Report of Brooklyn School Superintendent, 255; Report (37th Annual) Massachusetts Board of Education, 127; Sime's History of Germany, 512; Robert College at Constantinople, 763.

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A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

I.

As Don Ippolito passed down the long narrow *calle* or footway leading from the Campo San Stefano to the Grand Canal in Venice, he peered anxiously about him: now turning for a backward look up the *calle*, where there was no living thing in sight but a cat on a garden gate; now running a quick eye along the palace walls that rose vast on either hand and notched the slender strip of blue sky visible overhead with the lines of their jutting balconies, chimneys, and cornices; and now glancing toward the canal, where he could see the noiseless black boats meeting and passing. There was no sound in the *calle* save his own footfalls and the harsh scream of a parrot that hung in the sunshine at one of the loftiest windows; but the note of a peasant crying pots of pinks and roses in the campo came softened to Don Ippolito's sense, and he heard the gondoliers as they hoarsely jested together and gossiped with the canal between them at the next gondola station.

The first tenderness of spring was in the air, though down in that *calle* there was yet enough of the wintry rawness to chill the tip of Don Ippolito's sensitive nose, which he rubbed for comfort with a handkerchief of dark blue

calico, and polished for ornament with a handkerchief of white linen. He restored each to a different pocket in the sides of the ecclesiastical *talare*, or gown, reaching almost to his ankles, and then clutched the pocket in which he had replaced the linen handkerchief, as if to make sure that something he prized was safe within. He paused abruptly, and, looking at the doors he had passed, went back a few paces and stood before one over which hung, slightly tilted forward, an oval sign painted with the effigy of an eagle, a bundle of arrows, and certain thunderbolts, and bearing the legend, CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES, in neat characters. Don Ippolito gave a quick sigh, hesitated a moment, and then seized the bell-pull and jerked it so sharply that it seemed to shoot out, like a part of the mechanism, the head of an old serving-woman at the window above him.

"Who is there?" demanded this head.

"Friends," answered Don Ippolito in a rich, sad voice.

"And what do you command?" further asked the old woman.

Don Ippolito paused, apparently searching for his voice, before he inquired, "Is it here that the Consul of America lives?"

"Precisely."

"Is he perhaps at home?"

"I don't know. I will go ask him."

"Do me that pleasure, dear," said Don Ippolito, and remained knotting his fingers before the closed door. Presently the old woman returned, and looking out long enough to say, "The consul is at home," drew some inner bolt by a wire running to the lock, that let the door start open; then, waiting to hear Don Ippolito close it again, she called out from her height, "Favor me above." He climbed the dim stairway to the point where she stood, and followed her to a door, which she flung open into an apartment so brightly lit by a window looking on the sunny canal, that he blinked as he entered. "Signor Console," said the old woman, "behold the gentleman who desired to see you;" and at the same time Don Ippolito, having removed his broad, stiff, three-cornered hat, came forward and made a beautiful bow. He had lost for the moment the trepidation which had marked his approach to the consulate, and bore himself with graceful dignity.

It was in the first year of the war, and from a motive of patriotism common at that time, Mr. Ferris (one of my many predecessors in office at Venice) had just been crossing his two silken gondola flags above the consular book-case, where with their gilt lance-headed staves, and their vivid stars and stripes, they made a very pretty effect. He filleted a little dust from his coat, and begged Don Ippolito to be seated, with the air of putting even a Venetian priest on a footing of equality with other men under the folds of the national banner. Mr. Ferris had the prejudice of all Italian sympathizers against the priests; but for this he could hardly have found anything in Don Ippolito to alarm dislike. His face was a little thin, and the chin was delicate; the nose had a fine, Dantesque curve, but its final droop gave a melancholy cast to a countenance expressive of a gentle and kindly spirit; the eyes were large and dark and full of a dreamy warmth. Don Ippolito's prevailing tint was that transparent bluishness which comes from much shaving

of a heavy black beard; his forehead and temples were marble white; he had a tonsure the size of a dollar. He sat silent for a little space, and softly questioned the consul's face with his dreamy eyes. Apparently he could not gather courage to speak of his business at once, for he turned his gaze upon the window and said, "A beautiful position, Signor Console."

"Yes, it's a pretty place," answered Mr. Ferris, warily.

"So much pleasanter here on the Canalazzo than on the campos or the little canals."

"Oh, without doubt."

"Here there must be constant amusement in watching the boats: great stir, great variety, great life. And now the fine season commences, and the Signor Console's countrymen will be coming to Venice. Perhaps," added Don Ippolito with a polite dismay, and an air of sudden anxiety to escape from his own purpose, "I may be disturbing or detaining the Signor Console?"

"No," said Mr. Ferris; "I am quite at leisure for the present. In what can I have the honor of serving you?"

Don Ippolito heaved a long, ineffectual sigh, and taking his linen handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his forehead with it, and rolled it upon his knee. He looked at the door, and all round the room, and then rose and drew near the consul, who had officially seated himself at his desk.

"I suppose that the Signor Console gives passports?" he asked.

"Sometimes," replied Mr. Ferris, with a clouding face.

Don Ippolito seemed to note the gathering distrust and to be helpless against it. He continued hastily: "Could the Signor Console give a passport for America . . . to me?"

"Are you an American citizen?" demanded the consul in the voice of a man whose suspicions are fully roused.

"American citizen?"

"Yes; subject of the American republic."

"No, surely; I have not that happiness. I am an Austrian subject," re-

turned Don Ippolito a little bitterly, as if the last words were an unpleasant morsel in the mouth.

"Then I can't give you a passport," said Mr. Ferris, somewhat more gently. "You know," he explained, "that no government can give passports to foreign subjects. That would be an unheard-of thing."

"But I thought that to go to America an American passport would be needed."

"In America," returned the consul, with proud compassion, "they don't care a fig for passports. You go and you come, and nobody meddles. To be sure," he faltered, "just now, on account of the secessionists, they *do* require you to show a passport at New York; but," he continued more boldly, "American passports are usually for Europe; and besides, all the American passports in the world would n't get *you* over the frontier at Peschiera. *You* must have a passport from the Austrian Lieutenantcy of Venice."

A faint smile moved Don Ippolito's lips. He nodded his head softly several times, and said, "Precisely," and then added with an indescribable weariness, "Patience! Signor Console, I ask your pardon for the trouble I have given," and he made the consul another low bow.

Whether Mr. Ferris's curiosity was piqued, and feeling himself on the safe side of his visitor he meant to know why he had come on such an errand, or whether he had some kindlier motive, he could hardly have told himself, but he said, "I'm very sorry. Perhaps there is something else in which I could be of use to you."

"Ah, I hardly know," cried Don Ippolito. "I really had a kind of hope in coming to your excellency" —

"I am not an excellency," interrupted Mr. Ferris, conscientiously.

"Many excuses! But now it seems a mere bestiality. I was so ignorant about the other matter that doubtless I am also quite deluded in this."

"As to that, of course I can't say," answered Mr. Ferris, "but I hope not."

"Why, listen, signore!" said Don Ippolito, placing his hand over that pocket in which he kept his linen handkerchief. "I had something that it had come into my head to offer your honored government for its advantage in this deplorable rebellion."

"Oh," responded Mr. Ferris with a falling countenance. He had received so many offers of help for his honored government from sympathizing foreigners. Hardly a week passed but a sabre came clanking up his dim staircase with a Herr Graf or a Herr Baron attached, who appeared in the spotless panoply of his Austrian captaincy or lieutenantcy, to accept from the consul a brigadier-generalship in the Federal armies, on condition that the consul would pay his expenses to Washington, or at least assure him of an exalted post and reimbursement of all outlays from President Lincoln as soon as he arrived. They were beautiful men, with the complexion of blonde girls; their uniforms fitted like kid gloves; the pale blue, or pure white, or hussar black of their coats was ravishingly set off by their red or gold trimmings; and they were hard to make understand that brigadiers of American birth swarmed at Washington, and that if they went thither, they must go as soldiers of fortune at their own risk. But they were very polite; they begged pardon when they knocked their scabbards against the consul's furniture, at the door they each made him a magnificent obeisance, said "Servus" in their great voices, and were shown out by the old Marina, abhorrent of their uniforms and doubtful of the consul's sympathies. Only yesterday she had called him up at an unwonted hour to receive the visit of a courtly gentleman who addressed him as Monsieur le Ministre, and offered him at a bargain ten thousand stand of probably obsolescent muskets belonging to the late Duke of Parma. Shabby, hungry, incapable exiles of all nations, religions, and politics beset him for places of honor and emolument in the service of the Union; revolutionists out of work, and the minions of banished despots, were

alike willing to be fed, clothed, and dispatched to Washington with swords consecrated to the perpetuity of the republic.

"I have here," said Don Ippolito, too intent upon showing whatever it was he had to note the change in the consul's mood, "the model of a weapon of my contrivance, which I thought the government of the North could employ successfully in cases where its batteries were in danger of capture by the Spaniards."

"Spaniards? Spaniards? We have no war with Spain!" cried the consul.

"Yes, yes, I know," Don Ippolito made haste to explain, "but those of South America being Spanish by descent" —

"But we are not fighting the South Americans. We are fighting our own Southern States, I am sorry to say."

"Oh! Many excuses. I am afraid I don't understand," said Don Ippolito meekly; whereupon Mr. Ferris enlightened him, in a formula of which he was beginning to be weary, against European misconception of the American situation. Don Ippolito nodded his head contritely, and when Mr. Ferris had ended, he was so much abashed that he made no motion to show his invention till the other added, "But no matter; I suppose the contrivance would work as well against the Southerners as the South Americans. Let me see it, please;" and then Don Ippolito, with a gratified smile, drew from his pocket the neatly-finished model of a breech-loading cannon.

"You perceive, Signor Console," he said with new dignity, "that this is nothing very new as a breech-loader, though I ask you to observe this little improvement for restoring the breech to its place, which is original. The grand feature of my invention, however, is this secret chamber in the breech, which is intended to hold an explosive of high potency, with a fuse coming out below. The gunner, finding his piece in danger, ignites this fuse, and takes refuge in flight. At the moment the enemy seizes

the gun the contents of the secret chamber explode, demolishing the piece and destroying its captors."

The dreamy warmth in Don Ippolito's deep eyes kindled to a flame; a dark red glowed in his thin cheeks; he drew a box from the folds of his drapery and took snuff in a great whiff, as if inhaling the sulphurous fumes of battle, or titillating his nostrils with grains of gunpowder. He was at least in full enjoyment of the poetic power of his invention, and no doubt had before his eyes a vivid picture of a score of secessionists surprised and blown to atoms in the very moment of triumph. "Behold, Signor Console!" he said.

"It's certainly very curious," said Mr. Ferris, turning the fearful toy over in his hand, and admiring the neat workmanship of it. "Did you make this model yourself?"

"Surely," answered the priest with a joyous pride; "I have no money to spend upon artisans; and besides, as you might infer, signore, I am not very well seen by my superiors and associates on account of these little amusements of mine; so I keep them as much as I can to myself." Don Ippolito laughed nervously, and then fell silent with his eyes intent upon the consul's face. "What do you think, signore?" he presently resumed. "If this invention were brought to the notice of your generous government, would it not patronize my labors? I have read that America is the land of enterprises. Who knows but your government might invite me to take service under it in some capacity in which I could employ those little gifts that Heaven?" — He paused again, apparently puzzled by the compassionate smile on the consul's lips. "But tell me, signore, how this invention appears to you."

"Have you had any practical experience in gunnery?" asked Mr. Ferris.

"Why, certainly not."

"Neither have I," continued Mr. Ferris, "but I was wondering whether the explosive in this secret chamber would not become so heated by the frequent discharges of the piece as to go

off prematurely sometimes, and kill its own artillerymen instead of waiting for the secessionists?"

Don Ippolito's countenance fell, and a dull shame displaced the exultation that had glowed in it. His head sunk on his breast, and he made no attempt at reply, so that it was again Mr. Ferris who spoke. "You see, I don't really know anything more of the matter than you do, and I don't undertake to say whether your invention is disabled by the possibility I suggest or not. Have n't you any acquaintances among the military, to whom you could show your model?"

"No," answered Don Ippolito, coldly, "I don't consort with the military. Besides, what would be thought of a *priest*," he asked with a bitter stress on the word, "who exhibited such an invention as that to an officer of our paternal government?"

"I suppose it would certainly surprise the lieutenant-governor somewhat," said Mr. Ferris with a laugh. "May I ask," he pursued after an interval, "whether you have occupied yourself with other inventions?"

"I have attempted a great many," replied Don Ippolito in a tone of dejection.

"Are they all of this warlike temper?" pursued the consul.

"No," said Don Ippolito, blushing a little, "they are nearly all of peaceful intention. It was the wish to produce something of utility which set me about this cannon. Those good friends of mine who have done me the honor of looking at my attempts had blamed me for the uselessness of my inventions; they allowed that they were ingenious, but they said that even if they could be put in operation, they would not be what the world cared for. Perhaps they were right. I know very little of the world," concluded the priest, sadly. He had risen to go, yet seemed not quite able to do so; there was no more to say, but if he had come to the consul with high hopes, it might well have unnerved him to have all end so blankly. He drew a long, sibilant breath between his shut

teeth, nodded to himself thrice, and turning to Mr. Ferris with a melancholy bow, said, "Signor Console, I thank you infinitely for your kindness, I beg your pardon for the disturbance, and I take my leave."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Ferris. "Let us see each other again. In regard to the inventions, — well, you must have patience." He dropped into some proverbial phrases which the obliging Latin tongues supply so abundantly for the races who must often talk when they do not feel like thinking, and he gave a start when Don Ippolito replied in English, "Yes, but hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

It was not that it was so uncommon to have Italians innocently come out with their whole slender stock of English to him, for the sake of practice, as they told him; but there were peculiarities in Don Ippolito's accent for which he could not account. "What," he exclaimed, "do you know English?"

"I have studied it a little, by myself," answered Don Ippolito, pleased to have his English recognized, and then lapsing into the safety of Italian, he added, "And I had also the help of an English ecclesiastic who sojourned some months in Venice, last year, for his health, and who used to read with me and teach me the pronunciation. He was from Dublin, this ecclesiastic."

"Oh-h!" said Mr. Ferris, with relief, "I see;" and he perceived that what had puzzled him in Don Ippolito's English was a fine brogue superimposed upon his Italian accent.

"For some time I have had this idea of going to America, and I thought that the first thing to do was to equip myself with the language."

"Um!" said Mr. Ferris, "that was practical, at any rate," and he mused awhile. By and by he continued more cordially than he had yet spoken, "I wish I could ask you to sit down again; but I have an engagement which I must make haste to keep. Are you going out through the campo? Pray wait a minute, and I will walk with you."

Mr. Ferris went into another room,

through the open door of which Don Ippolito saw the paraphernalia of a painter's studio: an easel with a half-finished picture on it; a chair with a palette and brushes, and crushed and twisted tubes of colors; a lay figure in one corner; on the walls scraps of stamped leather, rags of tapestry, desultory sketches on paper.

Mr. Ferris came out again, brushing his hat.

"The Signor Console amuses himself with painting, I see," said Don Ippolito courteously.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Ferris, putting on his gloves; "I am a painter by profession, and I amuse myself with consuling;" and as so simple a matter needed no explanation, he said no more about it. Nor is it quite necessary to tell how, as he was one day painting in New York, it occurred to him to make use of a Congressional friend, and ask for some Italian consulate, he did not care which. That of Venice happened to be vacant; the income was a few hundred dollars; as no one else wanted it, no question was made of Mr. Ferris's fitness for the post, and he presently found himself possessed of a commission requesting the Emperor of Austria to permit him to enjoy and exercise the office of consul of the ports of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, to which the President of the United States appointed him from a special trust in his abilities and integrity. He proceeded at once to his post of duty, called upon the ship's chandler with whom they had been left, for the consular archives, and began to paint some Venetian subjects.

He and Don Ippolito quitted the Consulate together, leaving Marina to digest with her noonday porridge the wonder that he should be walking amicably forth with a priest. The same spectacle was presented to the gaze of the campo, where they paused in friendly converse, and were seen to part with many politenesses by the doctors of the neighborhood, lounging away their leisure, as the Venetian fashion is, at the local pharmacy.

The apothecary craned forward over his counter, and peered through the open door. "What is that blessed Consul of America doing with a priest?"

"The Consul of America with a priest?" demanded a grave old man, a physician with a beautiful silvery beard, and a most reverend and senatorial presence, but one of the worst tongues in Venice. "Oh!" he added, with a laugh, after scrutiny of the two through his glasses, "it's that crack-brain Don Ippolito Rondinelli. He is n't priest enough to hurt the consul. Perhaps he's been selling him a perpetual motion for the use of his government, which needs something of the kind just now. Or maybe he's been posing to him for a picture. He would make a very pretty Joseph, give him Potiphar's wife in the background," said the doctor, who if not maligned would have needed much more to make a Joseph of him.

II.

Mr. Ferris took his way through the devious footways where the shadow was chill, and through the broad campos where the sun was tenderly warm, and the towers of the church rose against the speckless azure of the vernal heaven. As he went along, he frowned in a helpless perplexity with the case of Don Ippolito, whom he had begun by doubting for a spy with some incomprehensible motive, and had ended by pitying with a certain degree of amusement and a deep sense of the futility of his compassion. He presently began to think of him with a little disgust, as people commonly think of one whom they pity and yet cannot help, and he made haste to cast off the hopeless burden. He shrugged his shoulders, struck his stick on the smooth paving-stones, and let his eye rove up and down the fronts of the houses, for the sake of the pretty faces that glanced out of the casements. He was a young man, and it was spring, and this was Venice. He made himself joyfully part of the city and the season; he was glad of the nar-

rownness of the streets, of the good-humored jostling and pushing; he crouched into an arched doorway to let a water-carrier pass with her copper buckets dripping at the end of the yoke balanced on her shoulder, and he returned her smiles and excuses with others as broad and gay; he brushed by the swelling hoops of ladies, and stooped before the unwieldy burdens of porters, who as they staggered through the crowd with a thrust here and a shove there forgave themselves, laughing, with "We are in Venice, signori;" and he stood aside for the files of soldiers clanking heavily over the pavement, their muskets kindling to a blaze in the sunlit campos and quenched again in the damp shadows of the calles. His ear was taken by the vibrant jargoning of the boatmen as they pushed their craft under the bridges he crossed, and the keen notes of the canaries and the songs of the golden-billed blackbirds whose cages hung at lattices far overhead. Heaps of oranges, topped by the fairest cut in halves, gave their color, at frequent intervals, to the dusky corners and recesses, and the long-drawn cry of the venders, "Oranges of Palermo!" rose above the clatter of feet and the clamor of other voices. At a little shop where butter and eggs and milk abounded, together with early flowers of various sorts, he bought a bunch of hyacinths, blue and white and yellow, and he presently stood smelling these while he waited in the hotel parlor for the ladies to whom he had sent his card. He turned at the sound of drifting drapery, and could not forbear placing the hyacinths in the hand of Miss Florida Vervain, who had come into the room to receive him.

She was a girl of about seventeen years, who looked older, tall rather than short, and rather full than meagre, though it could not be said that she erred in point of solidity. Her physique lent itself admirably to the attitudes of shy hauteur into which she constantly fell, and with which a certain touch of defiant awkwardness did not discord. She was blonde, with a throat and

hands of milky whiteness; there was a suggestion of freckles on her regular face, and not much color in it save for the full lips; her eyes were very blue, the brows and lashes pale golden like her massive coils of hair, and the edges of the lids were touched with the faintest red. Much of this intimated that the late Colonel Vervain, of the United States Army, was an officer whom it would not have been peaceable to cross in any purpose or pleasure, but how much more it meant would not be so easy to say. She seemed sometimes a little burdened by the passionate nature which her father had left her together with the tropical name he had bestowed in honor of the State where he had fought the Seminoles in his youth, and where he chanced to be stationed when she was born; she had the air of being embarrassed in presence of herself, and of having an anxious watch upon her impulses. I do not know how otherwise to describe the effect of proud, helpless femininity, which would have struck the close observer in Miss Vervain.

"Delicious!" she said, in a deep voice, which conveyed something of this anxiety in its guarded tones, and yet was not wanting in a kind of frankness. "Did you mean them for me, Mr. Ferris?"

"I did n't, but I do," answered Mr. Ferris. "I bought them in ignorance, but I understand now what they were meant for by nature;" and in fact the hyacinths, with their smooth textures and their pure colors, harmonized well with Miss Vervain, as she bent her face over them and inhaled their full, rich perfume.

"I will put them in water," she said, "if you'll excuse me a moment. Mother will be down directly."

Before she could return, her mother rustled into the parlor.

Mrs. Vervain was gracefully, fragilely unlike her daughter. She entered with a gentle and gliding step, peering near-sightedly about through her glasses, and laughing triumphantly when she had determined Mr. Ferris's exact position,

where he stood with a smile lurking under his full brown beard and glancing from his hazel eyes. She was dressed in perfect taste with reference to her matronly years, and the lingering evidences of her widowhood, and she had an unaffected naturalness of manner which even at her age of forty-eight could not be called less than charming. She spoke in a trusting, caressing tone, to which no man at least could respond unkindly.

"So very good of you, to take all this trouble, Mr. Ferris," she said, giving him a friendly hand, "and I suppose you are letting us encroach upon very valuable time. I'm quite ashamed to take it. But is n't it a heavenly day? What *I* call a perfect day, just right every way; none of those disagreeable extremes. It's so unpleasant to have it too hot, for instance. I'm the greatest person for moderation, Mr. Ferris, and I carry the principle into everything; but I do think the breakfasts at these Italian hotels are too light altogether. I like our American breakfasts, don't you? I've been telling Florida I can't stand it; we really must make some arrangement. To be sure, you ought n't to think of such a thing as eating, in a place like Venice, all poetry; but a sound mind in a sound body, *I* say. We're perfectly wild over it. Don't you think it's a place that grows upon you very much, Mr. Ferris? All those associations, — it does seem too much; and the gondolas everywhere. But I'm always afraid the gondoliers cheat us; and in the stores I never feel safe a moment — not a moment. I do think the Venetians are lacking in truthfulness, a little. I don't believe they understand our American fairdealing and sincerity. I should n't want to do them injustice, but I really think they take advantages in bargaining. Now such a thing even as corals. Florida is extremely fond of them, and we bought a set yesterday in the Piazza, and I *know* we paid too much for them. Florida," said Mrs. Vervain, for her daughter had reëntered the room, and stood with some shawls and wraps upon her arm, pa-

tiently waiting for the conclusion of the elder lady's speech, "I wish you would bring down that set of corals. I'd like Mr. Ferris to give an unbiased opinion. I'm sure we were cheated."

"I don't know anything about corals, Mrs. Vervain," interposed Mr. Ferris.

"Well, but you ought to see this set for the beauty of the color; they're really exquisite. I'm sure it will gratify your artistic taste."

Miss Vervain hesitated with a look of desire to obey, and of doubt whether to force the pleasure upon Mr. Ferris. "Won't it do another time, mother?" she asked, finally; "the gondola is waiting for us."

Mrs. Vervain gave a frailish start from the chair, into which she had sunk. "Oh, do let us be off at once, then," she said; and when they stood on the landing-stairs of the hotel: "What gloomy things these gondolas are!" she added, while the gondolier with one foot on the gunwale of the boat received the ladies' shawls, and then crooked his arm for them to rest a hand on in stepping aboard; "I wonder they don't paint them some cheerful color."

"Blue, or pink, Mrs. Vervain?" asked Mr. Ferris. "I knew you were coming to that question; they all do. But we need n't have the top on at all, if it depresses your spirits. We shall be just warm enough in the open sunlight."

"Well, have it off, then. It sends the cold chills over me to look at it. What *did* Byron call it?"

"Yes, it's time for Byron, now. It was very good of you not to mention him before, Mrs. Vervain. But I knew he had to come. He called it a coffin clapped in a canoe."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Vervain. "I always feel as if I were going to my own funeral when I get into it; and I've certainly had enough of funerals never to want to have anything to do with another, as long as I live."

She settled herself luxuriously upon the feather-stuffed leathern cushions when the cabin was removed. Death had indeed been near her very often; father and mother had been early lost

to her, and the brothers and sisters orphaned with her had faded and perished one after another, as they ripened to men and women; she had seen four of her own children die; her husband had been dead six years. All these bereavements had left her what they had found her. She had truly grieved, and, as she said, she had hardly ever been out of black since she could remember.

"I *never* was in colors when I was a girl," she went on, indulging her mortuary memories as the gondola dipped and darted down the canal, "and I was married in my mourning for my last sister. It did seem a little too much when *she* went, Mr. Ferris. I was too young to feel it so much about the others, but *we* were nearly of the same age, and that makes a difference, don't you know. First a brother and then a sister: it was very strange how they kept going that way. I seemed to break the charm when I got married; though, to be sure, there was no brother left after Marian."

Miss Vervain heard her mother's obituary prattle with a face from which no impatience of it could be inferred, and Mr. Ferris made no comment on what was oddly various in character and manner, for Mrs. Vervain touched upon the gloomiest facts of her history with a certain impersonal statistical interest. They were rowing across the lagoon to the Island of San Lazzaro, where for reasons of her own she intended to venerate the convent in which Byron studied the Armenian language preparatory to writing his great poem in it; if her pilgrimage had no very earnest motive, it was worthy of the fact which it was designed to honor. The lagoon was of a perfect, shining smoothness, broken by the shallows over which the ebbing tide had left the sea-weed trailed like long, disheveled hair. The fishermen, as they waded about staking their nets, or stooped to gather the small shell-fish of the shallows, showed legs as brown and tough as those of the apostles in Titian's Assumption. Here and there was a boat, with a boy or an old man

asleep in the bottom of it. The gulls sailed high, white flakes against the illimitable blue of the heavens; the air, though it was of early spring, and in the shade had a salty pungency, was here almost languorously warm; in the motionless splendors and rich colors of the scene there was a melancholy before which Mrs. Vervain fell fitfully silent. Now and then Ferris briefly spoke, calling Miss Vervain's notice to this or that, and she briefly responded. As they passed the mad-house of San Servolo, a maniac standing at an open window took his black velvet skull-cap from his white hair, bowed low three times, and kissed his hand to the ladies. The Lido in front of them stretched a brown strip of sand with white villages shining out of it; on their left the Public Gardens showed a mass of hovering green; far beyond and above, the ghostlike snows of the Alpine heights haunted the misty horizon.

It was chill in the shadow of the convent when they landed at San Lazzaro, and it was cool in the parlor where they waited for the monk who was to show them through the place; but it was still and warm in the gardened court, where the bees murmured among the crocuses and hyacinths under the noonday sun. Miss Vervain stood looking out of the window upon the lagoon, while her mother drifted about the room, peering at the objects on the wall through her eyeglasses. She was praising a Chinese painting of fish on rice-paper, when a young monk entered with a cordial greeting in English for Mr. Ferris. She turned and saw them shaking hands, but at the same moment her eyeglasses abandoned her nose with a vigorous leap; she gave an amiable laugh, and groping for them over her dress, bowed at random as Mr. Ferris presented Padre Girolamo.

"I've been admiring this painting so much, Padre Girolamo," she said, with instant good-will, and taking the monk into the easy familiarity of her friendship by the tone with which she spoke his name. "Some of the brothers did it, I suppose."

"Oh no," said the monk, "it's a Chinese painting. We hung it up there because it was given to us, and was curious."

"Well, now, do you know," returned Mrs. Vervain, "I *thought* it was Chinese! Their things *are* so odd. But really, in an Armenian convent it's very misleading. I don't think you ought to leave it there; it certainly does throw people off the track," she added, subduing the expression to something very lady-like, by the winning appeal with which she used it.

"Oh, but if they put up Armenian paintings in Chinese convents?" said Mr. Ferris.

"You're joking!" cried Mrs. Vervain, looking at him with a graciously amused air. "There *are* no Chinese convents. To be sure those rebels are a kind of Christians," she added thoughtfully, "but there can't be many of them left, poor things, hundreds of them executed at a time, that way. It's perfectly sickening to read of it; and you can't help it, you know. But they say they have n't really so much feeling as we have — not so nervous."

She walked by the side of the young friar as he led the way to such parts of the convent as are open to visitors, and Mr. Ferris came after with her daughter, who, he fancied, met his attempts at talk with sudden and more than usual hauteur. "What a fool!" he said to himself. "Is she afraid I shall be wanting to make love to her?" and he followed in rather a sulky silence the course of Mrs. Vervain and her guide. The library, the chapel, and the museum called out her friendliest praises, and in the last she praised the mummy on show there at the expense of one she had seen in New York; but when Padre Girolamo pointed out the desk in the refectory from which one of the brothers read while the rest were eating, she took him to task. "Oh, but I can't think that's at all good for the digestion, you know, — using the brain that way whilst you're at table. I really hope you don't listen too attentively; it would be better for you in the long run, even in a relig-

ious point of view. But now — Byron! You *must* show me his cell!" The monk deprecated the non-existence of such a cell, and glanced in perplexity at Mr. Ferris, who came to his relief. "You could n't have seen his cell, if he'd had one, Mrs. Vervain. They don't admit ladies to the cloister."

"What nonsense!" answered Mrs. Vervain, apparently regarding this as another of Mr. Ferris's pleasantries; but Padre Girolamo silently confirmed his statement, and she briskly assailed the rule as a disrespect to the sex, which reflected even upon the Virgin, the object, as he was forced to allow, of their high veneration. He smiled patiently, and confessed that Mrs. Vervain had all the reasons on her side. At the polyglot printing-office, where she handsomely bought every kind of Armenian book and pamphlet, and thus repaid in the only way possible the trouble their visit had given, he did not offer to take leave of them, but after speaking with Ferris, of whom he seemed an old friend, he led them through the garden environing the convent, to a little pavilion perched on the wall that defends the island from the tides of the lagoon. A lay-brother presently followed them, bearing a tray with coffee, toasted rusk, and a jar of that conserve of rose-leaves which is the convent's delicate hospitality to favored guests. Mrs. Vervain cried out over the ideal confection when Padre Girolamo told her what it was, and her daughter suffered herself to express a guarded pleasure. The amiable matron brushed the crumbs of the *baicolo* from her lap when the lunch was ended, and fitting on her glasses leaned forward for a better look at the monk's black-bearded face. "I'm perfectly delighted," she said. "You must be very happy here. I suppose you are."

"Yes," answered the monk rapturously; "so happy that I should be content never to leave San Lazzaro. I came here when I was very young, and the greater part of my life has been passed on this little island. It is my home — my country."

"Do you never go away?"

"Oh yes; sometimes to Constantino-ple, sometimes to London and Paris."

"And you've never been to America yet? Well now, I'll tell you: you ought to go. You would like it, I know, and our people would give you a very cordial reception."

"Reception?" The monk appealed once more to Ferris with a look.

Ferris broke into a laugh. "I don't believe Padre Girolamo would come in quality of distinguished foreigner, Mrs. Vervain, and I don't think he'd know what to do with one of our cordial recep-tions."

"Well, he ought to go to America, any way. He can't really know anything about us till he's been there. Just think how ignorant the English are of our country! You *will* come, won't you? I should be delighted to welcome you at my house in Providence. Rhode Island is a small State, but there's a great deal of wealth there, and very good society in Providence. It's quite New-Yorky, you know," said Mrs. Vervain expressively. She rose as she spoke, and led the way back to the gondola. She told Padre Girolamo that they were to be some weeks in Venice, and made him promise to breakfast with them at their hotel. She smiled and nodded to him after the boat had pushed off, and kept him bowing on the land-ing-stairs.

"What a lovely place, and what a perfectly heavenly morning you *have* given us, Mr. Ferris! We never can thank you enough for it. And now, do you know what I'm thinking of? Per-haps you can help me. It was Byron's studying there put me in mind of it. How soon do the mosquitoes come?"

"About the end of June," responded Ferris mechanically, staring with help-less mystification at Mrs. Vervain.

"Very well; then there's no reason why we shouldn't stay in Venice till that time. We are both very fond of the place, and we'd quite concluded, this morning, to stop here till the mos-quitos came. You know, Mr. Ferris, my daughter had to leave school much earlier than she ought, for my health

has obliged me to travel a great deal since I lost my husband; and I must have her with me, for we're all that there is of us; we have n't a chick or a child that's related to us anywhere. But wherever we stop, even for a few weeks, I contrive to get her some kind of instruction. I feel the need of it so much in my own case; for to tell you the truth, Mr. Ferris, I married too young. I suppose I should do the same thing over again if it *was* to be done over; but don't you see, my mind was n't properly formed; and then follow-ing my husband about from pillar to post, and my first baby born when I was nineteen—well, it was n't education, at any rate, whatever else it was; and I've determined that Florida, though we *are* such a pair of wanderers, shall not have my regrets. I got teachers for her in England,—the English are not anything like so disagreeable at home as they are in traveling, and we stayed there two years,—and I did in France, and I did in Germany. And now, Italian. Here we are in Italy, and I think we ought to improve the time. Florida knows a good deal of Italian already, for her music teacher in France was an Italian, and he taught her the language as well as music. What she wants now, I should say, is to per-fect her accent and get facility. I think she ought to have some one come every day and read and converse an hour or two with her."

Mrs. Vervain leaned back in her seat, and looked at Ferris, who said, feeling that the matter was referred to him, "I think—without presuming to say what Miss Vervain's need of instruction is—that your idea is a very good one." He mused in silence his wonder that so much addleheadedness as was at once observable in Mrs. Vervain should exist along with so much common-sense. "It's certainly very good in the ab-stract," he added, with a glance at the daughter, as if the sense must be hers. She did not meet his glance at once, but with an impatient recognition of the heat that was now great for the warmth with which she was dressed, she pushed

her sleeve from her wrist, showing its delicious whiteness, and letting her fingers trail through the cool water; she dried them on her handkerchief, and then bent her eyes full upon him as if challenging him to think this unlady-like.

"No, clearly the sense does not come from her," said Ferris to himself; it is impossible to think well of the mind of a girl who treats one with tacit contempt.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Vervain, "it's certainly very good in the abstract. But oh dear me! you've no idea of the difficulties in the way. I may speak frankly with you, Mr. Ferris, for you are here as the representative of the country, and you naturally sympathize with the difficulties of Americans abroad: the teachers *will* fall in love with their pupils."

"Mother!" began Miss Vervain; and then she checked herself.

Ferris gave a vengeful laugh. "Really, Mrs. Vervain, though I sympathize with you in my official capacity, I must own that as a man and a brother, I can't help feeling a little sorry for those poor fellows, too."

"To be sure, they are to be pitied, of course, and I feel for them; I did when I was a girl; for the same thing used to happen then. I don't know why Florida should be subjected to such embarrassments, too. It does seem sometimes as if it were something in the blood. They all get the idea that you have money, you know."

"Then I should say that it might be something in the pocket," suggested Ferris with a look at Miss Vervain, in whose silent suffering, as he imagined it, he found a malicious consolation for her scorn.

"Well, whatever it is," replied Mrs. Vervain, "it's too vexatious. Of course, going to new places, that way, as we're always doing, and only going to stay for a limited time, perhaps, you can't pick and choose. And even when you *do* get an elderly teacher, they're as bad as any. It really is too trying. Now, when I was talking with that nice monk of yours at the convent, there, I

could n't help thinking how perfectly delightful it would be if Florida could have *him* for a teacher. Why could n't she? He told me that he could come to take breakfast or lunch with us, but not dinner, for he always had to be at the convent before nightfall. Well, he might come to give the lessons sometime in the middle of the day."

"You could n't manage it, Mrs. Vervain, I know you could n't," answered Ferris earnestly. "I'm sure the Armenians never do anything of the kind. They're all very busy men, engaged in ecclesiastical or literary work, and they could n't give the time."

"Why not? There was Byron."

"But Byron went to them, and he studied Armenian, not Italian, with them. Padre Girolamo speaks perfect Italian, for all that I can see; but I doubt if he'd undertake to impart the native accent, which is what you want. In fact, the scheme is altogether impracticable."

"Well," said Mrs. Vervain, "I'm exceedingly sorry. I had quite set my heart on it. I never took such a fancy to any one in such a short time before."

"It seemed to be a case of love at first sight on both sides," said Ferris. "Padre Girolamo does n't shower those syruped rose-leaves indiscriminately upon visitors."

"Thanks," returned Mrs. Vervain; "it's very good of you to say so, Mr. Ferris, and it's very gratifying, all round; but don't you see, it does n't serve the present purpose. What teachers do you know of?"

She had been by marriage so long in the service of the United States that she still regarded its agents as part of her own domestic economy. Consuls she everywhere employed as functionaries specially appointed to look after the interests of American ladies traveling without protection. In the week which had passed since her arrival in Venice, there had been no day on which she did not appeal to Ferris for help or sympathy or advice. She took amiable possession of him at once, and she had established an amusing sort of

intimacy with him, to which the haughty trepidations of her daughter set certain bounds, but in which the demand that he should find her a suitable Italian teacher seemed trivially matter of course.

"Yes, I know several teachers," he said, after thinking awhile; "but they're all open to the objection of being human; and besides, they all do things in a set kind of way, and I'm afraid they would n't enter into the spirit of any scheme of instruction that departed very widely from Ollendorff." He paused, and Mrs. Vervain gave a sketch of the different professional masters whom she had employed in the various countries of her sojourn, and a disquisition upon their several lives and characters, fortifying her statements by reference of doubtful points to her daughter. This occupied some time, and Ferris listened to it all with an abstracted air. At last he said, with a smile, "There was an Italian priest came to see me this morning, who astonished me by knowing English — with a brogue that he'd learned from an English priest straight from Dublin; perhaps *he* might do, Mrs. Vervain? He's professionally pledged, you know, not to give the kind of annoyance you've suffered from in teachers. He would do as well as Padre Girolamo, I suppose."

"Do you really? Are you in earnest?"

"Well, no, I believe I'm not. I have n't the least idea he would do. He belongs to the church militant. He came to me with the model of a breech-loading cannon he's invented, and he wanted a passport to go to America, so that he might offer his cannon to our government."

"How curious!" said Mrs. Vervain, and her daughter looked frankly into Ferris's face. "But I know; it's one of your jokes."

"You overpraise me, Mrs. Vervain. If I could make such jokes as that priest was, I should set up for a humorist at once. He had the touch of pathos that they say all true pieces of humor ought to have," he went on instinctively ad-

ressing himself to Miss Vervain, who did not repulse him. "He made me melancholy; and his face haunts me. I should like to paint him. Priests are generally such a snuffy, common lot. And I dare say," he concluded, "he's sufficiently commonplace, too, though he did n't look it. Spare your romance, Miss Vervain."

The young lady blushed resentfully. "I see as little romance as joke in it," she said.

"It was a cannon," returned Ferris, without taking any notice of her, and with a sort of absent laugh, "that would make it very lively for the Southerners — if they had it. Poor fellow! I suppose he came with high hopes of me, and expected me to receive his invention with eloquent praises. I've no doubt he figured himself furnished not only with a passport, but with a letter from me to President Lincoln, and foresaw his own triumphal entry into Washington, and his honorable interviews with the admiring generals of the Union forces, to whom he should display his wonderful cannon. Too bad; is n't it?"

"And why did n't you give him the passport and the letter?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"Oh, that's a state secret," returned Ferris.

"And you think he won't do for our purpose?"

"I don't, indeed."

"Well, I'm not so sure of it. Tell me something more about him."

"I don't know anything more about him. Besides, there is n't time."

The gondola had already entered the canal, and was swiftly approaching the hotel.

"Oh yes, there is," pleaded Mrs. Vervain, laying her hand on his arm. "I want you to come in and dine with us. We dine early."

"Thank you, I can't. Affairs of the nation, you know. Rebel privateer on the canal of the Brenta."

"Really?" Mrs. Vervain leaned towards Ferris for sharper scrutiny of his face. Her glasses sprang from her

nose, and precipitated themselves into his bosom.

"Allow me," he said, with burlesque politeness, withdrawing them from the recesses of his waistcoat and gravely presenting them. Miss Vervain burst into a helpless laugh; then she turned toward her mother with a kind of indignant tenderness, and gently arranged her shawl so that it should not drop off when she rose to leave the gondola. She did not look again at Ferris, who resisted Mrs. Vervain's entreaties to remain, and took leave as soon as the gondola landed.

The ladies went to their room, where Florida lifted from the table a vase of divers-colored hyacinths, and stepping out upon the balcony flung the flowers into the canal. As she put down the empty vase, the lingering perfume of the banished flowers haunted the air of the room.

"Why, Florida," said her mother, "those were the flowers that Mr. Ferris gave you. Did you fancy they had begun to decay? The smell of hyacinths when they're a little old is dreadful. But I can't imagine a gentleman's giving you flowers that were at all old."

"Oh, mother, don't speak to me!" cried Miss Vervain, passionately, clasping her hands to her face.

"Now I see that I've been saying something to vex you, my darling," and seating herself beside the young girl on the sofa, she fondly took down her hands. "Do tell me what it was. Was it about your teachers falling in love with you? You know they did, Florida: Pestachiavi and Schulze, both; and that horrid old Fleuron."

"Did you think I liked any better on that account to have you talk it over with a stranger?" asked Florida, still angrily.

"That's true, my dear," said Mrs. Vervain, penitently. "But if it worried you, why did n't you do something to stop me? Give me a hint, or just a little knock, somewhere?"

"No, mother; I'd rather not. Then you'd have come out with the whole

thing, to prove that you were right. It's better to let it go," said Florida with a fierce laugh, half sob. "But it's strange that you can't remember how such things torment me."

"I suppose it's my weak health, dear," answered the mother. "I did n't use to be so. But now I don't really seem to have the strength to be sensible. I know it's silly as well as you. The talk just seems to keep going on of itself, — slipping out, slipping out. But you need n't mind. Mr. Ferris won't think you could ever have done anything out of the way. I'm sure you don't act with *him* as if you'd ever encouraged anybody. I think you're too haughty with him, Florida. And now, his flowers."

"He's detestable. He's conceited and presuming beyond all endurance. I don't care what he thinks of me. But it's his manner towards you that I can't tolerate."

"I suppose it's rather free," said Mrs. Vervain. "But then you know, my dear, I shall be soon getting to be an old lady; and besides, I always feel as if consuls were a kind of one of the family. He's been very obliging since we came; I don't know what we should have done without him. And I don't object to a little ease of manner in the gentlemen; I never did."

"He makes fun of you," cried Florida; "and there at the convent," she said, bursting into angry tears, "he kept exchanging glances with that monk, as if he . . . He's insulting, and I hate him!"

"Do you mean that he thought your mother ridiculous, Florida?" asked Mrs. Vervain gravely. "You must have misunderstood his looks; indeed you must. I can't imagine why he should. I remember that I talked particularly well during our whole visit; my mind was active, for I felt unusually strong, and I was interested in everything. It's nothing but a fancy of yours; or your prejudice, Florida. But it's odd, now I've sat down for a moment, how worn out I feel. And thirsty."

Mrs. Vervain fitted on her glasses,

but even then felt uncertainly about for the empty vase on the table before her.

"It isn't a goblet, mother," said Florida; "I'll get you some water."

"Do; and then throw a shawl over me. I'm sleepy, and a nap before dinner will do me good. I don't see why I'm so drowsy of late. I suppose it's getting into the sea air here at Venice; though it's mountain air that makes you drowsy. But you're quite mistaken about Mr. Ferris. He isn't capable of anything really rude. Besides, there would n't have been any sense in it."

The young girl brought the water and

then knelt beside the sofa, on which she arranged the pillows under her mother, and covered her with soft wraps. She laid her cheek against the thinner face. "Don't mind anything I've said, mother; let's talk of something else."

The mother drew some loose threads of the daughter's pale gold hair through her slender fingers, but said little more, and presently fell into a deep slumber. Florida gently lifted her head away, and remained kneeling before the sofa, looking into the sleeping face with an expression of strenuous, compassionate devotion, mixed with a vague alarm and self-pity, and a certain wondering anxiety.

W. D. Howells.

"FOR THE KING."

NORTHERN MEXICO, 1640.

As you look from the plaza at Leon, west
You can see her house, but the view is best
From the porch of the church where she lies at rest,

Where much of her past still lives, I think,
In the scowling brows and sidelong blink
Of the worshiping throng that rise or sink

To the waxen saints that, yellow and lank,
Lean out from their niches, rank on rank,
With a bloodless Saviour on either flank;

In the gouty pillars, whose cracks begin
To show the *adobe* core within, —
A soul of earth in a whitewashed skin.

And I think that the moral of all, you'll say,
Is the sculptured legend that molds away
On a tomb in the choir: "Por el Rey."

"Por el Rey." Well, the king is gone,
Ages ago, and the Hapsburg one
Shot — but the rock of the church lives on.

"Por el Rey." What matters, indeed,
If king or president succeed
To a country haggard with sloth and greed,

As long as one granary is fat,
And yonder priest, in a shovel hat,
Peeps out from the bin like a sleek, brown rat!

What matters? Naught, if it serves to bring
The legend nearer, — no other thing, —
We'll spare the moral, "Live the King!"

Two hundred years ago, they say,
The viceroy, Marquis of Monte-Rey,
Rode, with his retinue, that way.

Grave as befitted Spain's grandee,
Grave as the substitute should be
Of His Most Catholic Majesty,

Yet from his black plume's curving grace
To his slim, black gauntlet's smaller space,
Exquisite as a piece of lace!

Two hundred years ago — e'en so —
The marquis stopped where the lime-trees blow,
While Leon's seneschal bent him low

And begged that the marquis would that night take
His humble roof for the royal sake,
And then, as the custom demanded, spake

The usual wish that his guest would hold
The house, and all that it might infold,
As his — with the bride scarce three days old.

Be sure that the marquis, in his place,
Replied to all with the measured grace
Of chosen speech and unmoved face,

Nor raised his head till his black plume swept
The hem of the lady's robe, who kept
Her place, as her husband backward stept.

And then (I know not how nor why)
A subtle flame in the lady's eye —
Unseen by the courtiers standing by —

Burned through his lace and titled wreath,
Burned through his body's jeweled sheath,
Till it touched the steel of the man beneath!

(And yet, mayhap, no more was meant
Than to point a well-worn compliment,
And the lady's beauty, her worst intent.)

Howbeit, the marquis bowed again :
" Who rules with awe well serveth Spain,
But best whose law is love made plain."

Be sure that night no pillow pressed
The seneschal, but with the rest
Watched, — as was due a royal guest, —

Watched from the wall till he saw the square
Fill with the moonlight, white and bare, —
Watched till he saw two shadows fare

Out from his garden, where the shade
That the old church tower and belfry made,
Like a benedictory hand was laid.

Few words spoke the seneschal as he turned
To his nearest sentry: " These monks have learned
That stolen fruit is sweetly earned.

" Myself shall punish yon acolyte
Who gathers my garden grapes by night;
Meanwhile, wait thou till the morning light."

Yet not till the sun was riding high
Did the sentry meet his commander's eye,
Nor then — till the viceroy stood by.

To the lovers of grave formalities
No greeting was ever so fine, I wis,
As this host's and guest's high courtesies!

The seneschal feared, as the wind was west,
A blast from Morena had chilled his rest?
The viceroy languidly confessed

That cares of state, and — he dared to say —
Some fears that the king could not repay
The thoughtful zeal of his host, some way

Had marred his rest. Yet he trusted much
None shared his wakefulness! Though such
Indeed might be! If he dared to touch

A theme so fine — the bride, perchance,
Still slept? At least, they missed her glance
To give this greeting countenance.

Be sure that the seneschal, in turn,
Was deeply bowed with the grave concern
Of the painful news his guest should learn:

"Last night, to her father's dying bed
By a priest was the lady summonèd;
Nor know we yet how well she sped,

"But hope for the best." The grave viceroy
(Though grieved his visit had such alloy)
Must still wish the seneschal great joy

Of a bride so true to her filial trust!
Yet now as the day waxed on, they must
To horse, if they'd 'scape the noonday dust.

"Nay," said the seneschal, "at least,
To mend the news of this funeral priest,
Myself shall ride as your escort, east."

The viceroy bowed. Then turned aside
To his nearest follower: "With me ride —
You and Felipe — on either side.

"And list! Should anything me befall,
Mischance of ambush or musket-ball,
Cleave to his saddle yon seneschal!

"No more." Then gravely in accents clear
Took formal leave of his late good cheer:
Whiles the seneschal whispered a musketeer,

Carelessly stroking his pommel top,
"If from the saddle ye see me drop,
Riddle me quickly yon solemn fop!"

So these, with many a compliment,
Each on his one dark thought intent,
With grave politeness onward went,

Riding high, and in sight of all,
Viceroy, escort, and seneschal,
Under the shade of the Almandral.

Holding their secret, hard and fast,
Silent and grave, they ride at last
Into the dusty traveled Past;

Even like this they passed away
Two hundred years ago to-day.
What of the lady? Who shall say?

Do the souls of the dying ever yearn
To some favored spot for the dust's return —
For the homely peace of the family urn?

I know not. Yet did the seneschal,
Chancing in after years to fall
Pierced by a Flemish musket-ball,

Call to his side a trusty friar
And bid him swear, as his last desire,
To bear his corse to San Pedro's choir

At Leon, where 'neath a shield azure
Should his mortal frame find sepulture;
This much, for the pains Christ did endure.

Be sure that the friar loyally
Fulfilled his trust by land and sea,
'Till the spires of Leon silently

Rose through the green of the Almandral,
As if to beckon the seneschal
To his kindred dust 'neath the choir wall.

I wot that the saints on either side
Leaned from their niches open-eyed,
To see the doors of the church swing wide —

That the wounds of the Saviour on either flank
Bled fresh, as the mourners, rank by rank,
Went by with the coffin, clank on clank,

For why? When they raised the marble door
Of the tomb untouched for years before,
The friar swooned on the choir floor;

For there, in her laces and festal dress,
Lay the dead man's wife, her loveliness
Scarcely changed by her long duress;

As on the night she had passed away —
Only that near her a dagger lay,
With the written legend, “*Por el Rey.*”

What was their greeting — the groom and bride,
They whom that steel and the years divide?
I know not. Here they lie side by side.

Side by side. Though the king has his way,
Even the dead at last have their day.
Make you the moral. “*Por el Rey.*”

Bret Harte.

A PRODIGAL IN BUSKINS.

THE river boat arrived some time during the night and made fast to the levee at S——. I have a faint remembrance of turning over in my berth with a heavy weight on my conscience, when I realized that the machinery was no longer churning the blood of some hundred and odd passengers with its tedious and incessant jar.

At daybreak I went out into the frosty and still deserted streets, feeling as forlorn as possible, and every once in a while having a kind of spasm in the region of the heart; for I kept coming upon great placards announcing the unprecedented attractions at the — Theatre, and away down in the bill was one line that somehow had marvelous fascination for my eyes, though Heaven knows I did n't want to see it any oftener than was absolutely necessary!

It ran thus:—

MR. BLANK.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY
STAGE.

It is scarcely three years since I donned the buskin, but it seems at least three ages, and I shall treat the subject with that liberal justice peculiar to people who have outlived the bitterness of an experience and are beginning to cherish the memory of it.

To begin with, I had become restless at home, — I always do, — and that is what has made a prodigal of me; I suppose some of the dear fellows whom I half worshiped because they were such deliciously melancholy Hamlets, or such pathetic and lovable Romcos, had fired my young ambition, and I began to think it quite a lark when I packed my trunk to enter upon my first engagement.

Of course the parents were resigned. I have observed that it is one of the first duties of a prodigal to break in his parents. I have also observed that your

orthodox prodigal must try to do something for which he is eminently unfitted, or he at once sinks into the bottomless pit of the commonplace, and ceases to be any longer an object of interest; this is probably why I felt called upon to adopt the stage as a momentary and spasmodic profession.

S—— is a particularly dull place of an early morning. I felt as though I was about to become acquainted with the cold charities of the world, and I was low-spirited in consequence.

After a while I broke my fast at a wholesome little chop-house, where a motherly waitress brought me omelet and coffee, together with the morning paper.

Of course my eye at once fell upon that ominous line, "Mr. Blank, his first appearance on any stage;" it was in the smallest visible type, but I saw it as soon as I had spread the paper against the sugar-bowl, and I saw little else so long as I sat in the comfortable heat of that consoling chop-house.

I wanted to confide in that motherly waitress. I wanted to ask her if she had seen the announcement that "Mr. Blank" was about to take the most desperate and decided step of his life? and when she had assured me that she had all the morning been brooding over the mystery of Mr. Blank, and that she had the greatest sympathy for him under the peculiarly trying circumstances, and that she lived with the hope of one day clasping Blank by the hand and congratulating him upon his great and glorious success in all parts of the world! — then I was going to almost fall into her arms, exclaiming, "Behold, I am he whom your heart yearns for!" But some one came in at the exact moment and ordered steak and tea, so that I gave up the pleasant little episode that came so near happening at the very opening of my dramatic career.

It became necessary to report myself

to the manager at the earliest convenient hour; I sought him at his hotel. I found him in animated conversation with the first star of the new dramatic season at the — Theatre, and with a faint heart, and a spirit of humility that argues little for a man's manliness in this age of the world, I approached them and announced myself as the ill-fated Mr. Blank about to make his first appearance on any stage.

They showed no surprise at my discovery; they had both been informed of my intentions some weeks previous, and had each taken my measure and pronounced me a possible success on any stage.

I had recited a few lines in a manner that convinced me my voice was no longer the trusty organ I had relied upon for some years past; they had seen me walk, and were good enough to classify my gait as tolerable; they had watched me in my unconscious poses and accepted me in spite of them. I had really nothing to fear, yet I felt somewhat like a caricature of my former self, and was in a state of nervous suspense until the call for rehearsal at precisely ten o'clock, A. M. Probably there is nothing more trying to the novice than his first rehearsal, unless it be his *début*. Our theatre was not a large one; on the contrary, it was cozy and homelike; yet I felt lost in it when the company assembled in the front seats of the parquette, chatting, lounging in an indifferent fashion, or perhaps studying their respective rôles in the more secluded corners of the house.

The gentlemen of the orchestra were there, tuning their instruments, running through a few bars of the new overture, and making light of the serious life I was about to enter upon. Need I add, they were none of them prodigals?

It was dull business; three jets of gas ran out their yellow fangs from behind the long row of foot-lights; a brace of carpenters powdered our shoulders with dust and dry paint as they shifted the absurd-looking scenery that was to complete the illusion of our evening's entertainment.

The prompter sat at a small table in the front of the stage, and, with an air of authority, summoned the ladies and gentlemen of act first, scene first, to come on to the stage and proceed with the rehearsal of the "beautiful domestic drama" whose innumerable attractions were but faintly shadowed forth in the small bills.

The star sat on one side of the stage, looking very much bored; the leading lady flirted with the low comedian, the heavy villain leaned against the proscenium box and was supremely happy, and the play began.

It chanced to be the last rehearsal. I was fortunately up in my part — I had been cudgeling my brains for a fortnight in advance. Most of the company was perfect or nearly so, and we recited our lines with as much freedom and as little expression as one would throw into a private *résumé* of the multiplication table.

The humor sounded flat enough to have discouraged the author of it from ever again perpetrating a pun; the poetry of it was given with a prosaic indifference to all inflection; the tragedy was almost comic, and the effective situations alone seemed to call for any special exertion on the part of the company, and these were looked to with as much earnestness as might be expected in the devising of a gunpowder plot.

All this while a bluish gloom pervaded the entire establishment. Not one ray of sunshine stole in to gild the gray spirit of the occasion, and when at last, after three mortal hours of inexpressible tediousness, we were dismissed in a body, and I once more saw the light of day, — when I returned to the life I seemed about bidding a long farewell to, — I hardly knew what to do with the few hours of emptiness left me before I should have to return to the theatre for my *début*.

I remember I walked till I was tired, and sat till I could sit no longer; so I sought my room in the hotel, where I fell upon my play book and studied to kill time; albeit I was letter-perfect in my part, and had been so for some days;

in fact, it seemed as though I had been familiar with the thing from time immemorial.

I believe I passed that eventful afternoon in a state of semi-somnambulism, out of which I did not entirely waken until the fall of the green curtain on the last act of my first night.

I ate a light dinner, with my stage cues in my throat; I arrayed myself in the costume of the evening with considerable care, and repaired to the theatre about seven P. M., where, to my amazement, I found most of the members of our company already assembled and the majority of them in full dress; in fact, we might have begun our performance nearly an hour before the time appointed for the overture.

The house was still dark and a little cold. A half-dozen people were lounging at the box office, which, I observed, was not yet open; I paced up and down the green baize that covered the stage like a close-shaven sward, and wondered if I could ever get used to that sort of thing. I was peculiarly impressionable that night, and seemed to feel the eyes of people who were behind me, and to have a painful knowledge of their thoughts concerning me.

It seemed wise for me to retire to the privacy of my dressing-room, and I at once sought the steep stairs that led to its narrow door. This room chanced to be in the second tier of small compartments, to each of which two or more actors were doomed for a season, to make what transformation in their physical aspect might be necessary to suit the requirements of their respective rôles.

There were three of us in the up-stairs room I sought, selected and grouped together because we were slim and amiable; at any rate, I cannot account for the imposition upon any other grounds.

The dressing-room was like a ship's state-room; it might have been seven feet square; it was ceiled with rough boards and lit with a gas jet that flamed furiously right over our heads; a narrow shelf of a convenient height spanned three sides of the room, while against

the fourth side, and next the door, was our solitary stool. We sat on that stool in turn, and anathematized the proprietors of the establishment for thus presuming upon the helplessness of three martyrs to circumstance.

There was no superfluous ornamentation about our dressing-room: on the bare counter stood a small wash-bowl; above it hung a cheap mirror scarcely bigger than one's face; each of us had his box of colors, a cake of india ink, and a tooth-brush with which to apply it; a hare's-foot or a bit of old flannel for the rouge, and a puff for the magnesia.

Our gaudy costumes, such parts of them as we had not on at the moment, were heaped in champagne baskets under foot; and when we broke the busy silence of the last half-hour before adjourning to the greenroom, where the players of the evening are supposed to be in waiting, it was to ask after a missing slipper, or to beg the loan of a rosette as a substitute for the one that had been missing for some days.

There came a rap at the door; the juvenile (who does the young lovers and the dutiful sons) wanted to borrow our eyeglasses: there came another rap a moment later; the soubrette begged Mr. Blank for a few pins, she having been unable to find any out of use among the ladies.

It was excessively hot up in our small box; there was no window through which the night air might visit and revive us. In fact, an actor has little time to devote to hygienics during the run of a play. He cannot afford to be civil, always; his mind is bent upon his lines, and any unnecessary interruption is considered a breach of professional etiquette worthy of a severe reprimand.

Coming down from the dressing-room, I heard a low hum on the other side of the green curtain that was all that separated me from public life.

I glanced through the peephole in the middle of the curtain, and saw a well-filled house; row upon row of faces were piled from the orchestra-rail to the very roof of the building; a hundred shelves

full of wingless cherubs might have made a similar appearance if they could have managed to look equally uninspirited. Everybody was like everybody else; no one was distinguished in his or her appearance. It would temper the vanity of any man if he could see how insignificant he appears in the midst of a large audience.

The effect was at first ludicrous and then confusing; the audience seemed to resolve itself into one enormous face that winked at me with a thousand critical eyes.

I withdrew to the greenroom to compose myself; we were all there, a few sitting upon chairs or sofas, a few walking nervously up and down the floor, one or two busy at pier-glasses, studying causes and effects.

I was an object of some concern to the occupants of the greenroom; the old woman, which is by no means a disrespectful title when applied to an actress in her professional sphere, wanted to know how I felt; the light comedian trifled with my feelings in a cruel but artistic manner; the leading lady gave me a piece of advice, much in the style of a governess administering a reproof; and the singing chambermaid, who evidently had a heart, though in the play she was celebrated for her want of it, said nothing, but looked at me with melting eyes that made me feel particularly good every time they rested upon me. There was a commotion on the stage; the warning bell was sounded and we hastened into the wings, those scenic exorcences that shoot out from the sides of the stage like unfinished partitions.

A whole scene was to pass before I made my entrance in company with several others; we stood in a group at the entrance in the flat, or background of the stage-picture; our room was limited; there could not have been more than three feet of space between the scene and the rear wall of the theatre; everything was dusty, and we found some trouble in keeping ourselves respectable; so we stood in readiness to make our entrance the moment our cue

should be heard; the ladies meanwhile were arranging the folds in their dresses and paying as little attention to me as possible; it was their delicate way of smoothing over the situation. I observed, however, that the stage carpenter was watching me with some interest, and the scene-shifter, who was ever my friend and who was out of employment for five minutes, drank my health silently in a mug of foaming lager.

Every word of the play could be heard where we were standing, as distinctly as though we were in the presence of the speaker; and as the applause of the house rolled out its thunder in admiration of the fine periods of our star, I settled my cravat, refastened my glove, looked down at my boots and up into the wilderness of ropes and rafters close under the roof, and then—slap, bang! much sooner than I expected—albeit for half an hour I had been waiting for it—our cue went off and we went on, one after another.

Probably our entrance was as good a one as was necessary, yet I fancy I stumbled at the threshold, or did something a little awkward; at any rate I was disconcerted, and forgot to acknowledge my reception by the audience, that was evidently disposed to treat me with some consideration.

There was a little difficulty about the volume of voice necessary to the occasion. I fancied I was howling like a dervish, yet the leading lady, who seemed to feel some personal responsibility in my deportment, whispered a word in my ear. It was enough; my face was on fire and my throat as dry as leather, yet I raised my voice a half note and put on the loud pedal.

After a half-dozen exchanges of brief and unimportant lines, I was at liberty to look natural and hold my peace till the close of the scene. It then occurred to me that I was probably the least natural of God's creatures, and I tried to remember what people usually did with such unnecessary appendages as feet and hands.

I did n't rock from one leg on to the

other in continual unrest, as most débutants do: I did n't, for this reason: it was considered a heinous sin, and I had been warned against it at least a hundred times during the previous week. I simply stood there like a post, without one particle of expression in any member of my body, while in my mind I was harping on my next cue, and wondering when it would make its appearance.

My guardian angel, our leading lady of grateful memory, saw that I was sinking into a state of petrification, and bethought herself of a test that was kill or cure in all such cases as mine. I was still unemployed, still wishing that I had something to do, so that I might appear natural; to be so in reality was out of the question.

Our leading lady seized me by the arm with some firmness and walked me down to one corner of the stage, on to the brink of the audience; the foot-lights flashed right under my nose; a million eyes seemed fixed upon me in morbid curiosity; my head swam; I felt an uncommon sense of lightness, and should not have been much surprised to find myself rising into the air and floating over the heads of the whole house.

At this epoch in my life the gentle lady, who had been cruel only to be kind, called me to myself with a few words of encouragement, and we withdrew into the seclusion formed by a table and one chair, near the back of the stage, where I at once became as plucky as possible, and finished my part of the scene in fine style.

Somewhat I managed to make my reappearance in the next scene with considerable composure; the audience had little terror for me then, and in order to make as much of the experience as possible, I began to fret myself about my fellow-actors, though they were as kindly disposed toward me as any novice could wish.

I felt that I was doing with indifferent success what they had achieved reputation with, and the consequence was a general flagging of the enthusiasm awakened by my exit with my

life at the conclusion of the first scene. In the interval at the close of the first act I was the recipient of much kindly encouragement, and likewise a little advice concerning a few stage improprieties that only an actor can have knowledge of. I discovered that there are certain rules that must be observed; most of them traditional, probably; but the stage as yet has not been sufficiently naturalized to admit of their repeal. When one of the ladies dropped her glove and I was just stooping to get it for her, she immediately checked me, assuring me that I must never stoop on the stage when it was not absolutely necessary; she had no further use for the glove in that scene; one of the supernumeraries would gather it up with any other articles shed during the action of the play; the property would thus be restored to the owners thereof, and the artistic effect of the drama would in no wise be disturbed.

I was cautioned against haste in my speech, eagerness to begin my lines before the curtain had fairly reached the dome of the proscenium, and above all, I was urged to avoid betraying any consciousness of the audience, which is, to say the least, thoroughly unprofessional.

These precepts were scarcely committed when the warning bell summoned us to appear for the second act. The extreme novelty of my position was rapidly wearing off; I ran my eye over my play book to freshen my memory, though I observed the majority of the actors preferred trusting entirely to their memory, they finding the book an embarrassment rather than a benefit.

My chief scene in act second was a brief but animated interview with the leading lady; in the play she was about to drown herself or do something equally unladylike, and it was my lot to dissuade her from her fell purpose. I rushed on at the right moment with a confused idea of what I was to do and say; somehow my lines had become hopelessly mixed; she saw the nature of the disorder, and her attention was henceforth divided between her own premeditated end and the most suitable

way of getting me safely back into my dressing-room.

I fancy much of my discomfiture was occasioned by the unexpected recognition of a friend's face, that seemed to shine out like an apparition from the chaotic confusion of faces filling the auditorium.

If that man had been dispatched as an ambassador from the people to confront me in the moment of my triumph and wrest from me the very motive power of my being, he could not have thrown me into a more complete state of stupefaction.

The leading lady, who by this time had given up all thought of her own misfortune, and was in the deepest distress at my miserable condition, clutched me by the arm with such vigor that I was upon the point of screaming out; she saved me by sheer force of will. I felt that it was impossible not to obey her, though she said nothing that was not set down to her; she spoke her lines and wrung from me my replies with her nervous grip upon my arm and her compelling eyes transfixing me like daggers, her sympathetic lips seeming to form for me the words I was unconsciously uttering, and, having brought our astonishing scene to a conclusion without alarming the audience, she walked me off from the stage and deposited me upon the nearest piece of furniture available, where I sank back trembling in every muscle, and folded in a sheet of cold sweat.

Probably I was but one remove from a stage fright; possibly there is nothing more agonizing in the whole round of human experiences than this sudden and unaccountable nervous prostration that has sometimes visited an actor after many years of varied success. I sincerely hope it comes not the second time to any given victim, for there is cruelty enough in it to last a man his lifetime.

Before our five acts were over, I had outgrown the old conditions and seemed to have become a new man entirely. I fancied the world looked different to me; I believed I had cut loose from so-

ciety and set myself face to face with the great public.

Between the fourth and last acts I stood at the edge of the drop-curtain and had an oblique glimpse of the house; there was a triangular slice of the parquette, the tip end of the dress-circle, and one of the crescent horns of the gallery visible; the proscenium box was right before me, and I exchanged ominous glances with its occupants. Looking curiously upon the handfuls of people that were seated within range of my limited vision, I saw those whom I had known in private life, and somehow they seemed to be set apart from me; there was a yawning gulf full of musicians, and a flaming sword of foot-lights that separated us, perhaps forever. I felt that probably those friends would not regard me in the same light as had been their wont; they might try, and fail, for our lives went apart from the day of my *début*, and we met no more on the common ground of social equality. I had become the property of the public, subject to its critical or curious whims; in a word, I was an actor, though a poor one; but my short-comings did not exempt me from all the petty annoyances the actor is subjected to.

Stripped of every remnant of privacy, naked to the inspection of impudent and prying eyes, henceforth I could not fail to awaken some little interest in the bosom of my neighbor, from the mere fact that I was an actor, though, Heaven knows, in our several callings I can see nothing but a distinction without a difference.

Looking out at the edge of the curtain I nodded to a young fellow I knew, and he nodded back, to the admiration of several young fellows in his immediate vicinity; they seemed to be filled with unnecessary emotion, and perhaps felt themselves remotely associated with the profession in consequence of that casual recognition.

I began to grow philosophical, and thought little of my kind, that so small a thing should have its visible effect in a half-dozen breasts that ought to have been less susceptible.

But I had charity for them; I had done the same thing myself, more than once, and had felt my hair rise all over my head when a certain actor gave me a look of recognition which was observed, and perhaps coveted, by the several comrades who surrounded me. There was n't much time for moralizing between the acts, so I stopped it and read over my last scene for the twentieth time, getting more and more confused forever.

Having been congratulated in the early part of the evening I was left almost to myself as the play drew to its close; every one had duties that fully occupied his or her attention; even the singing chambermaid lost interest in me, and the scene-shifter seemed inclined to let me go my way since he had watched me through the trying ordeal of the first entrance and the exit that followed it.

These exits were something harrowing; it seemed as though nothing but a miracle could carry me safely over the three paces that lay between me and the wings, beyond which I was as bold as a lion. Neither is it any wonder that it is as it is; as well think of concluding a poem with a weak line or two, as of slinking off from the stage without making a point of it.

It is one proof of an artist that his entrances and exits are in themselves artistic, forming a fitting opening and close to the business of the scene. One's feet seem glued to the stage just at the moment when a light and graceful step is necessary, and somehow you are never so conscious of your complete unfitness for any part as at the moment when you are about to conclude a scene in it. This is of course the result of nervousness, and may be overcome in time.

At last, after three hours and a half of the utmost animation, the green curtain was about to fall on my first night. I do not remember any walk in life to which I have been introduced where the nervous energies of a man are so taxed; we had not one moment that we could call our own, from the hour of dressing

to the last tap of the prompter's bell at the end of the closing scene.

Then everything seemed to fray out. The audience deserted us. We were of no further interest to them. They returned into the world and forgot us. We hurried to our dressing-rooms, put off our stage-characters with our clothes, donned citizen's apparel, and went into the street.

The lights burned low in the empty house; the curtain was rung up as soon as the audience had dispersed, and when I passed out on to the stage again, the great auditorium yawned like a cavern full of shadows and silence.

The stage carpenter said good night civilly, in a voice that echoed through the deserted galleries; one or two of the minor members of the company seemed inclined to make friendly advances, but I discovered that we had all sunk into the commonplace world again, and we could not hope for a complete resurrection until the place was again magnetized by the enthusiastic multitude who would probably assemble on the following evening.

At the door, five or six youngsters were lounging, and as I passed them, they gossiped together in an audible undertone which I could not avoid interpreting. Well! little fellows, thought I, you do not care much for me now, but if I should make one palpable hit, you would follow me a block or so in the fullness of your admiration.

I was tired and hungry; I sought my hospitable chop-house and awoke the motherly waitress from a nap in the corner. Over oysters and coffee my soul revived; I wanted to tell the good soul all about it; I felt that I must talk to somebody or die, and so I talked stage to her. But, bless her soul! she never went to the play-house, and though she sympathized with me to a considerable extent, it was only because she was so brimful of sympathy that you might tap her on any side and she would respond with admirable but incomprehensible promptness.

So I went to my room, and as the night was clear and the rim of the moon

hung low in the horizon, I leaned over the window to see that strip of yellow gold go down beyond the hill.

It was a time to send pleasant mental telegrams to the dear ones who were perhaps dreaming of the prodigal out in the world again.

A great multitude of frogs sang joyously; I think there was no other sound on my side of the world. I blessed God with the gratefulest heart that ever yearned and was satisfied, and concluded by writing a letter home while the spirit was on me, hopeful, healthful, hearty.

When I was dropping off into sleep

the town clock struck three, and I concluded the programme of the *début* with this high-flown period: Alas for the joyous amateur who sports with fair women and brave men of his acquaintance in the drawing-rooms of his neighbor! who plays at playing in a dainty drama after his own heart, and thinks he is solving the mystery of the profession, but the truths of which he is in no wise aware of; for the end of that amateur shall be egotism and vainglory!

Perhaps I was too philosophical on short notice; I know that I was very sleepy, and what can you expect from a fellow with one foot in the profession?

Charles Warren Stoddard.

FAIR AND FIFTEEN.

SHE is the east just ready for the sun

Upon a cloudless morning. Oh, her cheek

Hath caught the trick of that first, delicate streak
Which says earth's light-ward footsteps have begun!

And still her brow is like some Arctic height

Which never knows the full, hot flush of noon;

She wears the seal of May and not of June;
She is the new day, furthest off from night!

Luring in promise of all daintiest sweetness:

A bud with crimson rifting through its green;

The large, clear eyes, so shy their lids between,
Give hints of this dear wonder's near completeness.

For, when the bud is fair and full, like this,

We know that there will be a queen of roses,

Before her cloister's emerald gate uncloses,
And her true knight unlocks her with a kiss!

And gazing on the young moon, fashioned slightly,

A silver cipher inlaid on the blue,

For all that she is strange and slim and new,
We know that she will grow in glory nightly.

And dear to loving eyes as that first look

The watcher getteth of the far, white sail,

This new light on her face; she doth prevail
Upon us like a rare, unopened book!

Howard Glyndon.

KATY'S FORTUNE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

I.

BEFORE THE LOOKING-GLASS.

EASTWARD of the sun and westward of the moon, and somewhere remote from the sweet influences of the Pleiades, there lies a world like our world contradicted. It is so far that no philosophic tube has sphered its general light into an orb, and yet so near that the flower in the basin and the waterfowl on the lake, stem to stem and breast to breast, see bird and blossom in that other world. Look into the mirror, and you see its phases. It is yourself, your very self, but in reverse. Always that, always a left-handed world that in the very act of identity divides and becomes something sinister. Yet do not turn away. Live as long as you may, and be as introspective as you can, you will never be nearer to seeing your exact self than the phantom in the glass. Do not believe, however, that this mirror is to exhibit your foibles, dear reader. I only hold up certain experiences, and there is reflected a shadowy contradiction: words, scenes, people, never seen elsewhere than in that fragile world behind your looking-glass. They never were, and never will be, as I have arranged them, yet it amuses me to put these bits of glass, these facets, in shape. There is part of a girl's diary, a lawyer's brief, an old woman's gossip, and scraps of letters. As I fit them, bone to his bone, or like a child's puzzle, a story comes of it. So once a learned doctor put together the huge bones of a mastodon so ingeniously that all Europe believed it was the veritable skeleton of Gog-Magog, or a huger Goliath, and preached and prayed about it. This is no more a real giant than that; but the bones are all good bones, with proper amount of lime and phos-

phates. The only imposition is in the art of fitting the incongruities in this shape.

It is an unsettled period, and the glass is blurred and bad. The stale smoke of a long war still lies in flocks and wefts, obscuring the view; and there are soiled spots where the silvering is scratched off. It is the era of a disturbed state under a new system imposed by violence. Its ways are unfamiliar, and novelties in legislation slacken the already loosened ties of business and moral obligation. Public and private faith are demoralized, destroyed. Cruelties in politics; diverse opinions of judges; a divided sentiment in church and state, and on every question that can agitate men's minds, isolate and alienate the elements of society, and make any measures of reform requiring combination impossible. Men, agreed in nothing else, agree in a general distrust. All maxims of business craft are reduced to one formula: Get all you can in any way you can, and pay nothing. In the church it appears in a sordid struggle for valuable eleemosynary and ecclesiastical property; in the state, in proposals to pay the national debt in legal-tender promises to pay; in private affairs, in a sudden scramble for the benefit of the bankrupt law. Man's moral nature, raised by great moral causes in the war above its normal worth, released, now sprang with compensatory recoil to the other extreme. There was no period, not even in the immediate shock and devastation of armies, in which the helpless and confiding were so put upon and plundered, by those who owed them protection and security.

An example precedes the immediate current of this sketch, some three years, and the principal events turn upon it. The scene is at a real estate broker's in

a Southern border State. It is in the parlor of what had been a private residence, now overflowed by the growth of trade, and perverted in its uses. There are the agent, a gentleman in a blue cloth coat with brass buttons, and a German seated in a beery stupor on a settee, apparently disregarded by the other two.

"It will not do," says the blue coat. "I do not like your settling everything on your wife. I do not like the way you are doing business. You must cash up—must. Give me that \$5500 received for Catharine Keith's warehouse yesterday."

The agent demurs.

"Nonsense!" says the other; "it is your way of doing business. You know she will not call for a settlement for months; perhaps a year. You will use her money; if not to pay me, in some other way. In fact, you must or I'll"—

He does not say what, but the agent has a cowed, angry look, as if detected, and he gives it up.

"Of course you must be ready for Miss Keith," continues the other. "I have an advisory interest in her affairs; but this we may call settled, and I leave you to your plans. Ha? Yes—no; I would not mention it—this transaction—unless it was necessary."

The German staggers to his feet. "Mein frau has said mir"—but the agent bundles him rudely out-of-doors, and the interview closes.

In the days when the judges ruled, there lived on the Southern border a certain widow lady with her daughter. She had suffered loss and affliction in the death of her two sons, who had taken opposing sides in the late unhappy differences, and in the breaking of her husband's heart and fortune by accumulated disaster, which laid the father with his sons. The poor man left a will, but it was almost all he left, for, on examination, it was found that the present assets of the business firm were consumed by debts, and all outstanding claims were paid by certificates in bankruptcy. This news Colonel

Filkerdis, her husband's friend, was obliged to report to the poor woman; but he added the comforting assurance that her daughter's, Catharine Keith's, fortune was unencumbered. This was a legacy from the young girl's maternal grandfather, and, in the panic of the period, he had coupled the devise with a recommendation to sell, on Katy's coming to the age of eighteen. This period arrived preceding her father's death, and her agent was properly empowered to sell. Then came these accumulated misfortunes; the two women lived retired in a little country town, in the house not yet seized by the law. Their farm and garden, some of the wreck saved, and Katy's rents, supported them. From the last circumstance, it was inferred that the warehouse, Katy's legacy, was not yet sold; for these two simple women took no account of back rents, possibly accumulated during Katy's minority, and neither the agent nor their friend, Colonel Filkerdis, wrote them a word of the matter.

I shall not say much of Katy in this place. She was a good little girl. She had been one of those quiet, sedate children, who wear an air of womanliness in infancy, and, as a recompense, obtain the child-like look in after years, to wear it all their lives. She was quite particular in those matters of mint, rue, and anise, which some of us take credit for neglecting; yet not so formal but she gave back the light of heaven, not as a star which only reflects its rays, but as a flower that reveals them in its own hue and fragrance. Your wife, on entering a crowded car, would, by womanly intuition, select this little stranger as a companion, and would talk about how simple and good she was, ever after. She had her faults, no doubt, like the rest of us. She was very shy; so shy that the shop-man who sold her a yard of tape could not become intimate with her. If she was less so with elders, I fear it only added to her faults, for thereby divers widowers and bachelors had been reduced to desperate straits, because love, like other childish ail-

ments, goes harder with us as our years increase. An oath shocked her: more her sense of delicacy, perhaps, than her religious principles, just as a scratch that tears the cuticle gives more immediate pain than the imminent deadly wound.

She was particular in all small proprieties, and if she loved you, any solacism of yours would give her pain. She was pretty; very pretty, I think, but then the prevailing expression of goodness so obscured it, that only a rare excitement called attention to her physical loveliness.

Of course an heiress in a small way, and good and pretty, had lovers, and, as is always the case with these shy girls, she had picked up a betrothed where bolder beauties were in vain.

This was George Earley Groth, generally known as Earl Groth, eldest son of Fungus Groth, Esq., of that ilk. The young fellow was one of those astonishingly beautiful men seen occasionally. He had the flossiest curls, the blackest moustache, and the most surprisingly genteel presence, and looked indeed like a Prince Camaralzaman. Yet I am ashamed to say he was only bagman for the agricultural implement makers, Plowstock & Harrow. It is more elegant to say commercial traveler, and we will always do that in preference to bagman or drummer, just for Katy's sake. As to his character, I can only say he drew the longest bow of any young man I ever met. You would think, on his return from a Southern tour, that he could have been governor of half the States he visited, and that all great military, legal, and editorial lights took counsel from him. Half of this, that about the governorships, might be true, and when you saw the confiding simplicity of the little woman who listened to these marvelous tales, I am sure you would not say one word to shake her faith in all of it.

Well, after the sale of the home place,—and what a wretched experience that is!—there began to be some talk of an approaching ceremony. Naturally, the two women made a tempo-

rary sojourn with the elder Groth, in whose family Katy was "the dearest thing, you know, and quite, *quite* rich, you know." She was to see her agent about selling that warehouse, and then put all the money in Earl's hands, with a little kiss, perhaps, and a speech, saying, "It is all, all yours; only be good to mamma, that's a dear." Of course he would, and buy a partnership in Plowstock & Harrow and settle down, neglectful of all those vast military, financial, political, and legal interests submitted and deferred to his sage advice.

There was just a little disappointment, therefore, at the turn of the street, when he left her, saying that for him to go to the real estate agent's might be indelicate. There are business partners who, when there is a hard note to meet, go incontinently to bed; just as there are married men who never will hunt up the new house to be rented. Earl Groth was one of these; a good enough business man in the routine, but shy of new transactions. Katy had to digest her disappointment as she might, and she was a little coward with strangers. Still it had to be done; and, calling herself "a little goose" many times, in which she usually took comfort, she proceeded on her errand.

The dwelling-house of her grandfather's day, like a gentleman fallen into trade, had been converted into offices for this real estate agency. The floor was let down flush with the pavement, and trifid pillars supported a frieze along which strutted in gilt, JOHN OVERDO, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Fat letters crawled about the columns, denoting the States for which he was commissioner of deeds, and a hand and scroll pointed to the Real Estate Gazette office. Katy entered through lofty glass doors, and stood embarrassed till the chamberlain of the gold stick ushered her into the sacred recesses of the private office.

The agent was a big man. Not tall or large, though both tall and large; but his periphery is better described by bigness. There was a swollen puffiness

about him like an exaggerated boy's. He was of the baggy style: generally bulbous about the shoulders, joints, and protuberances of his body; but at his visitor's name he grew flabby, and like a huge, fallow fungus.

Katy took her seat by a dirty window overlooking a moldy court starred with grass in the sun, and mildewed in the shade under a tumbling old kitchen with rotting steps going up, and there heard a story of which the fine front and dirty, neglected back premises were but a symbol.

He had sold her property three years ago, and taken the benefit of the bankrupt act. Her money was involved in the assignment, and was lost. "It was very well, surrendering your own property to your creditors," said Katy, to his shabby excuses, "but this was mine; my property. I don't see what it has to do with your poverty or your bankruptcy."

"I was a land broker," said the agent, nervously rubbing his great fat hands, "like any other broker. There was an open account. It was your grandfather's way and mine; and it all went. It did me no good. I'm sure I wish you had it; it never profited me any."

"But are n't you ever going to pay me any of my money, sure enough?" asked Katy, opening her eyes at the palpable robbery of a refusal. But it was a refusal, and she went out feeling like a child that has been sent on some mistaken errand.

It is well the future is veiled from us, and the knowledge of a misfortune only comes to us in parts. Her simplicity protected her from a full consciousness of the hideous burden thrown upon her inexperience. There was trouble, and there would be difficulty and loss in recovering her own, she thought; but she never supposed the wisdom of all law-givers, from Moses to the Federal Congress, could be turned to instruments of wrong and oppression like that. She must have help, and she went at once to the law office of Groth & Son. The junior, Ben Groth, was her lover's

younger brother, a simple piece of mechanism, adapted to the law, with some native goodness; the senior of the firm was her lover's father. Good friends and true, surely.

The old lawyer drew his heavy brows together over Katy's story, and Ben looked horror-struck. For all this young fellow's legal experience, a piece of downright knavery always struck him as an impossible contradiction. His father said to him, —

"You managed that affair. What dividend did Overdo pay?"

"Fifty-five cents on the dollar," gasped Ben, for he had prided himself on the handsome rate paid by this, his first client in bankruptcy. "It was thought to be unusually good at the time."

"Fifty-five per cent. on \$5500," said the father, ignoring all mere opinions, "is, say \$3000. It is bad enough, my child, but it might be worse. You will get over half. Ben, call on the assignee and learn what you can. Sit down, my child, and wait a moment. We will see what can be done. It might be worse, you know. Not that it isn't bad enough; but it might have been worse."

Katy thought so indeed, as she nestled into the big leathern chair, reading the paper. The old lawyer watched the trim little figure over his spectacles; the pearl-gray complexion with little shelly flushes in it, and the limpid, shaded eyes, as gray as water. He was uneasy. Why had not Overdo mentioned the dividend? As he thought of a sordid struggle for bread that would result from a total loss, he revolted at the iniquity. The marriage must be broken off; that, he said to himself, was common prudence; but he pitied her as he said it. She would be an indifferent client with a bad cause, if Overdo chose to resist, and he thought the agent would hold on to what he had. A professional obligation bound him to the agent, and he would not break it; but as a friend he would do what he could. His theory, then and after, was to adhere to the agent pro-

professionally, but as a friend to rely on his client's generosity. That was what he would recommend rather than legal proceedings to recover. He was very gentle with Katy, bending over her with a fatherly interest as he bade her not to fret, but to go quietly home, and they would bring her their best advice at dinner. It was the pugilist's courtesy. Katy Keith was to suffer much at his hands, and he was to be punished as he had never been, before the contest between this unequal pair was concluded.

The news they brought to her was of the worst. Overdo had taken the benefit of the act; bankruptcy went through its forms; dividends were made, the case settled and assignee discharged, and the certificate declared Overdo absolved from all past liabilities. But Katy's claim? It was very odd; no one knew anything about it. Overdo insisted he was not to blame; he never got the money or any of it; the assignee swore he paid all approved claims, and that he knew of no others. Katy's \$5500 had melted away; gone to irrigate the thirsty claims of other creditors, and it was nobody's business to know anything about it.

Could she not recover somewhere? of somebody? Judge Groth thought not; the matter had been neglected too long, and was legally lapsed. To proceed now would be to incur needless expense and certain disadvantage.

So Katy, "quite rich, you know," yesterday, is now very poor, and all her way of life in the future changed. Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, sat down with her and her mother as with the man of Uz. After the first burst of indignation at the agent's treachery, the Groths fell into the opinion that it had not profited him, and he was not to blame. But the censorious human mind abhors a vacuum, and it must be that Katy is to blame. They "hoped it would be a lesson to her to be more careful." "How could you trust a rascally agent three years without inquiry?" cried her lover. "I declare Katy, you must be" —

"Don't say that," she pleaded; "think what a child I was; and papa and brothers dead, and no one to advise or help me. How was I to know? I am not much more than a child now, Earl."

He did stop for the time, and threatened to "horsewhip it out of the scoundrel." I wish he had, though I lost a story by it, but he did not. He was only of that querulous nature which wore the poor girl out. To do him justice, though postponement of the marriage was now decided, he would not hear of breaking it off, even from Katy. But that querulous fault-finding spoiled all the satisfaction she might have drawn from his constancy.

She was planning her future. She heard the family talk about a music teacher for Florence, aged fourteen, and applied for the position. How unfortunate! An Italian countess, a refugee, had shoaled on the hotel-bar, — I had like to have written it, — and Mrs. Groth could not deny herself the honor of a titled instructress in music for her daughter. Colonel Filkerdis, to whom she also applied, had the widow of a Confederate officer engaged, and as that community was in sackcloth and ashes for past loyalty on account of the Southern trade, of course Katy's hopes were vain. She thought it hard not to get help from her father's friends. She had, in fact, a great deal to learn about that journey from Jericho to Jerusalem. It is still the passing stranger who lifts us from the ditch, pours oil in the wounds, and leaves two pence with the inn-keeper. But she got advice. Judge Groth told her to "assert her position and the world would grant it;" and that nugget I cannot determine to be pure gold or the brightest of brass; but it did Katy no good. Colonel Filkerdis told his own early experiences of hardship; but as Katy could hardly become porter in a store or member of the night police, it cannot be said to have been practical. Indeed, advice came to be a usual dinner-table exercise. Judge Groth would begin: —

"To a young lady of education and

refinement — a little more of the crust, my dear — seeking a congenial occupation — gravy? — I would recommend the position of traveling governess with some of our wealthy citizens visiting Europe, and — jelly, if you please.”

Mrs. Groth thought something might be done as Mother Superior in a convent, only Katy was not a Catholic; but perhaps that made no difference. Angelica would lecture like Olive Logan and Anna Dickinson. It would be such fun to blow up the men, and get well paid for it. So it was from day to day, until the children got at it, and played “What shall Katy do for a living,” as a brand new game.

She made one more small effort, at this time, to institute proceedings to recover her property. Ben Groth was the snubbed of that household, who found comfort in Katy's quiet sympathy. He would drone by the hour about his petty cases, as if he believed the world was thinking of no other subject. All Ben's clients were injured men, and his opponents unscrupulous villains. As he loved the law so much, Katy once asked him why he did not undertake her case. “We would undertake it fast enough,” said Ben, “if you had any; but you see you have none.”

Katy sighed: “It is all those ugly books. I would ask them myself, but then I'm such — a little goose,” biting it off with her thread. “I must get somebody else.”

Ben stared. It had never occurred to him that the quiet, resolute little woman intended to prosecute her claim in defiance or neglect of his father's grave opinion. None of us can meet an example of sterling courage without being moved. It stirred Ben now. He tousled his great black head, as he strode up and down, and then stopped abruptly.

“Try father again,” he said. “I'll try him.” That was all. He gave no further advice, but Katy did try the senior again. She received a long, tedious explanation, with scanty hints about depending on Mr. Overdo's gen-

erosity. Ben tried, and got snubbed and no explanation whatever.

Then a little incident, remote enough, set Katy to thinking. At the breaking up of Mrs. Keith's household, Aunt Cynthy, the old cook, was confided to the tender mercies of Mr. Overdo, then in good repute with them. The negro was banded from pillar to post, in refuse tenements, and at last came to Katy with a story that the agent had distrained her wash-tubs for arrears of rent. The quarter, Cynthy insisted, was not yet expired. She handed Katy a card of “one o' de young gem'men as owed her a bit,” and “lowed” she would “go dar jis' soon's she done seed young missus.” Katy thrust the card into her glove, with little confidence in a lawyer who owed a wash-bill, and went to Judge Groth. She got little comfort. Likely the negro was mistaken as to the time, and, by her own account, her witnesses were all negroes, who could not testify in the State courts. If Katy was much interested, perhaps, at her solicitation or request, the agent would release the articles, or she could replevy.

Much against her will, Katy went again to the shiny agency. She and Cynthy were gruffly received, and the negro told to “bundle out o' that before Saturday night,” or he, Overdo, would “slap her in jail for trespass.”

Katy came out insulted, tingling to her finger-tips as she clenched her mimic fists, and, doing so, the card creased the soft palm. She drew it out: “Brown & Lorn, Attorneys at Law,” — who did not pay their wash-bill. Never mind; she must have somebody, for Katy had made up her mind to fight. She soon found the office; and a young fellow with a big nose, good eyes, and a shabby paletot. He was not very encouraging, but he said “something always turns up, and they have made one slip; the tenement is outside of the corporation. We'll see what we can do with it.”

The landlord's action brought a swarm of petty creditors; among them the inevitable corner-grocery man with his

little bill. But in talking with this person Mr. Lorn, the lawyer, found he could testify from his books as to the date of Cynthy's entering into possession of the tenement. Here was a white witness. The whole case went overboard, for Aunt Cynthy was right. As Mr. Lorn stood congratulating Katy, Overdo pushed up.

"Here, I want possession of these lots; let the nigger take her traps and go, rent free."

"Can't see it," said the lawyer coolly, and to Katy's surprise. "You are in the centre of a bad fix. This hut is out of the town limits, and, by the law of country leases, Cynthy holds on to the end of the year, and you can't move her. At the same time you have sold and given bond in \$1000 for immediate possession. Pay \$100 down, just what you charged the negro for the lease, and you may go in."

The agent said he would see Mr. Lorn reprobated first; but Mr. Lorn declined to be reprobated, laughed in his face, and told him that in twelve hours the cost of release should be doubled. "He will not pay that," said Katy, timid but pleased. There was a good deal of the Adam in the quiet little girl. "Oh yes he will," said Lorn. "The vulgar dog thought he had the negro in a trap, but he is caught himself. He has no choice; in a week I would charge him \$500."

And then they parted, he strolling down the shady side of the street off-wards, crushing an old wool hat in his hand, and crooning a ditty about "the lavrock in the blue lift," and —

"His heart's a' in a flame
To see a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame."

Katy was thinking, too, what a pity that young men should neglect their wash-bills, and other matters! In fact, from a child, this young thing had a way of poking odds and ends into her work-basket that somehow were the very apt things needed at some moment; and I think she stowed this young chap away just then, as a very suitable article wherewith to rout the dragon, John Overdo, as soon as occasion offered.

II.

KATY'S NEW FRIENDS AND THE SORT OF CHAMPION SHE FOUND.

BUT Katy found other matters pressing upon her more immediately. She felt that she ought no longer to intrude upon the hospitality of the Groths. While it was in her means to return it, and the relationship growing out of her marriage engagement subsisted, she might have continued to do so. Now, though her lover was faithful, after his fashion, she felt that it was wrong. She had saved something like two hundred dollars, her piano, watch, and a riding pony, now at a neighbor's in the country. Her mother had reserved a little furniture, which was warehoused in the city. Katy felt that she must keep this as well as she could, and set about making her living. It will be hard for the reader in a well-established society, to believe that this last was difficult with a lady of good character, good family, and of superior education; yet it was so.

As for her immediate friends, the Groths, the bare idea of soliciting employment for a young *fiancée* of Earl, her of whose wealth they had boasted, was humiliating. Suppose parties said, "If she is so good and deserving, why don't Earl marry her and take care of the mother and be done with it?" That would never do. In fact, they all began to feel that Katy was doing them a sort of injury by remaining in the city and soliciting employment. They wished her away, and even her friend Colonel Filkerdis, in whose friendship the simple widow and her daughter believed, thought the same way, and spoke of a little country school, in some remote county, as vacant. But accepting this involved a separation, and brave little Katy would not consent to that. "No, mamma," she said, "I'm young and strong, and can take care of us both; no matter what they say." She did not yet know, poor thing, the weight of the burden she had undertaken.

They got temporary and not very desirable boarding at twenty dollars per week for the two. Katy felt that this would never do, and carried the care of seeking other, cheaper quarters along with the rest. If it were pertinent, I would like to dwell on this struggle, but must not. She undertook a set of shirts for Ben Groth and succeeded admirably; but they could not live on one set of shirts, and eastern competition and machine work spoiled the market. Once, after an excursion to the country, she made a set of photograph frames of rye straw. They were very pretty, and brought her three dollars. It was the first money she had ever earned, and she waved it and danced round her mother like a mad thing, but the first lot over-stocked the market, and she could sell no more. She painted some flowers that were exhibited in H——'s windows as the "work of an amateur." They were admired, but not sold. She made some wax-flowers that shared the same fate. She was a nimble little thing with her fingers, as most of these quiet girls are, and attempted very many things; some of which brought her a little, but the most of which failed.

She watched the newspapers in those days, especially the "Wanted" column. This often led her weary walks and fruitless errands, but she persevered. One day this caught her eye; I copy it from her diary, — if it is a diary and not rather a cookery book: —

WANTED, Ten Good Seamstresses. Constant employment given. No. —, — Street. TH. KONIGRATZ, Fancy and Trimming Store.

Katy slipped on her bonnet and hastened to the place. There was the conventional fine front, disfigured by an old wooden pump, a worn pavement, and a neglected, broken street. As she opened the door, a bell attachment set up an irritable jangle, and a little flat-batted man slouched by, pursued by direful reproaches from the inner depths. A tall, black-haired woman appeared, to whom Katy presented her application.

"Blood of the Saviour!" said the woman with a sudden, trembling voice, like a china jar off a mantel-piece, "I thought you were a lady. Did you ever go out to sew before?"

"No ma'am," said Katy; "but I am quick with the needle. This is my work. I understand the machine very well, I think."

"Oh! Never mind that," said the woman in her quick way, and putting Katy's sample aside. "I don't want any sewing done just now; I wish I did."

"I am sorry," said Katy, lingering. "I saw the advertisement. If you would just try me, I think I could please you. I can do almost any kind of plain or fancy sewing, and I would leave money with you to the value of any article you might trust me with, if you like."

"Bless you, infant!" said the woman impetuously. "You have the air gracious and simple of the good tone. Come in back here, and I will tell you." The building was the sham at Overdo's repeated, — the handsome front and the moldy back premises.

"See what a hole it is," cried the woman, "to bring up one's infants in! That or the streets — which is worst? and that ladrone, my husband. It was him sneaked by you as you came in."

"It is bad," said Katy, sympathizing, "I wish I could say something to comfort you."

"Bless you, my infant, you do it in coming in such a place; but I can't help you. That advertisement, now. All lies. I live mostly on lies; but what is it that I can do? The La Tour and the Bonnetier, they advertise: 'Constant employment for tzen, fifteen good seamstress' — all lies. But what shall I? If I advertise not, one says, 'See the Konigratz! She does not'ing. She is out of the world.' There comes this morning, Mr. The-Beast-Lan'lor'. He rub hes littell beard w'ich is the to-morrow, and have not arrive — so!" extending the fingers like a fan and pushing her open palm over her cocked-up chin. "Holy Virgin! if I haved the

beards to sell, it would be my fortune of him. He say, 'Konigratz, the two room up-stair. I cannot rent of them. You s'all take them off the hand to me.' Beast! How can I rent them more as he? See them!" and she led Katy up a crooked, dark back staircase and forward into two rather pleasant large rooms, overlooking the crowded street below.

"One can come in only by the shop," said the woman, "and who like that, hey?"

"Why don't you occupy them yourself?" said Katy. "I like these better than below."

"Why wear I not all the pretty things in the shop?" asked the woman impetuously. "Is it not, I must eat of them? And must I not eat the roomès of Mr. The-Beast-Lan'lor', hey?" and she went on chattering in her German-Italian way, for she was evidently a mixture of Austrian and Italian in her blood, shrieking and scolding about her hardships and the landlord, and seeming, in a way, to lean her great six feet of trouble on the shy little girl at her side.

Katy said very little. She was stowing facts in her work-box again. That fearful outlay of twenty dollars a week preyed upon her. Was there a chance here to avoid it? She must take the thought home and look at it; talk to mamma about it; consult Aunt Cynthia, wise in household expenses of a city, about it; and see if this thing in her work-box is not the very thing she has been looking for.

As she passed out, the woman hastily snatched a leaden trinket, common enough in Catholic communities, and thrust it upon her. "It is the Blessed Virgin, and as good as gold and diamonds. The Holy Father he has blessed it. She will help you. She would help me, but I get bad, and beat Ludwig Konigratz, and she does not like of that. Much she know of trial," she added, "of a poor wretch like me; when she have the good Lord to her son. You will come back to me; to the poor Italian-Dutchman. Pazienza! but

it is as good as water to drink of your sweet look;" and she bowed her tall figure and surprised Katy with a kiss, flavored with garlic, and dashed back into her shop.

Poor toiler! the pity, more in tones than words, had touched the woman's heart under its coarse crust, and melted it to tears; and, as a reward, Katy found a new and pleasant home in her work-box, which she set up in the two rooms over the fancy and trimming store. It was like home; for the mother and daughter were, so to speak, in their own house, and the good woman was almost oppressively kind at first. Katy found an assistant, and at last a pupil, in one of the children; one of those curious children, shrewd, glib, and prematurely wise, of which news-boys are made. At sight of her books the little fellow broke out in great delight. "Oh, say; do you know all them? Is they picters in em? I'm hefty on the picter but precious slow on the read. A-b ab 's a'most as much of it, and that an't readin'. Who ever see a a-b ab?" This led, a few weeks later, to a second interview. He had been attending the public school, and spoke in this way: "Them schools now. W'at's the good on 'em? I comes in late. 'Hookey,' says a little fella. 'Whar ye been?' says the boss. 'Sell-'n' pape's,' says I. 'You lie!' says he; an' then he larrups me. An' I don't learn nothin'. Buky-buck-et, bucket. I done been in that buky-buck-et, bucket more 'n a week. Ef a boy's lazy, we has to wait until the boss lumps him up. That's w'at's the matter with Hannah. I say; give ye dollar a week to teach me o' evenin's. Mammy says so. Here's the stamps," and he shows his ragged roll. It was agreed to, and that and the work thrown into her hands by the landlady gave Katy a start. She began to think again of recovering her lost fortune, and doing so, referred to the card of Brown & Lorn.

It cost an effort for the shy young girl to do what the reader would have done without thought; that is, to enter the office of Brown & Lorn. There

was no one present but a stout old country gentleman, who saluted her at once.

"Come to see Josh, I reckon. Josh is my son; a reg'lar hoss lawyer o' the best breed, 'f I do say it. D' ye know, ma'am, that fellow was n't fittin' for nothin' on a farm? He mout put a plow in right cend, but that furrer 'd be curly as a pig's tail. He rooted up a field o' sproutin' corn wuss 'n a drove o' shotes; so I let him come to town fur to be a lawyer, an' he 's a h—ll of a one. Yes 'm, that 's the best sort. That thar boy has caught jedges, regular hoss jedges w'at 's been a-buckin' at the law forty year, in rye-dick-less mistakes; police jedges, smart as the thieves themselves; suckit cou't jedges an' jedges o' the cou't of appeals; high larnt men, as is sowed in the law an' growed in the law, reg'lar seedlin's 's I say, — caught 'em in low-down mistakes; the lowest, wo't so't o' mistakes."

"Yes," said Katy, not very favorably impressed by this bragging.

"Yes, hoss — ma'am, I mean," he continued; "yes 'm, caught 'em in it; high larnt men; jedges as is growed in the law, an' don't know nothin' but law. I'm dam ef that boy I jes' graffed in, 's I may say, an't cotched them jedges in low-down mistakes."

Katy was beginning to be amused, in spite of her nervousness, and indicated her attention.

"Yes, hoss — ma'am, I mean. Lem me tell ye. Ther' was a client o' his'n, Josh's, was, nailed for murder. The jedge of suckit, he condemns him; that 's hangin', ye know. Josh 'lowed the jedge had done made a keetle mistake. He riz right up and p'inted it out to the cou't, cool an' easy; jes' a-layin' of hisself back an' a-comin' down the quarter, not a-frettin' a bit. I heered it myself, an' I tole Susan, my wife, that very night. Yes 'm, Josh p'inted it out plain, jes' stood up an' sassed the cou't like a little man. D' ye b'lieve me? That thar jedge could n't see it. My wife Susan 'lowed 't was jes' one o' my braggin' lies, 'bout Josh's bein' smart-er 'n the jedges. No; he could n't see

it, an' he been a-buckin' at the law, head on, nigh twenty year, come grass. Well, Josh, he tuk it up. That 's to say, he 'pealed the case; an' them cou't appealers, reg'lar hoss jedges, seedlin's all, an' ne'er a graft among 'em, made that same dern mistake; an' Josh cotched 'em all in it. I call that right piert for a boy as can't plow a straight furrer."

"But what became of your son's client?" asked Katy, — "the murderer?"

The old fellow scratched his head, as if to make out if that was a part of the case, and then added slowly, "Well, they hanged him; all along o' that riedickless mistake, I reckon; but here 's Josh, ma'am. I 'low he can tell ye."

A foxy-faced young fellow, with lively brown eyes, burst into the room as if pursued. A great wad of tobacco disfigured his mobile mouth, which he first spat carefully into his hand, and then threw into the grate. He nodded to his new client, and then turned on a tigerish fellow in just that finery which sloughs off into penitentiary uniform, who had slouched in, half in bravado, half in shame, and said sharply, —

"For the old market-woman's sake, Bob, I have given bail for your appearance. I know you, and that you don't care a snap for me or the bond; but if you are not up to time, mind you, I'll not trouble the law. I'll shoot you like a dog, wherever I find you. That will do."

The fellow growled something about "not a-goin' to sour on a friend, but he did n't fear no shootin' o' nobody; two could play at that," and so went out. Then the old man introduced Katy, and added, in guttural intended for a whisper, "Look sharp, Josh. She 's the livin' picter o' your sister Melissey, an' you 'll do your level best for her, long o' the old woman at home, and the little gal a-lyin' under the verbeny-bed." With that, he blew his nose like a trumpet, and "lowed he 'd fetch a walk to see if the hay 's done sold."

Katy had some difficulty in commencing. The whole appearance of things,

unlike the grave respectability of Groth & Son's office, grated on her. The story, the tobacco, the coarse client, the roughness of the circumstances, made her feel that she had made a mistake. But in the midst of her hesitation the other partner entered, and as his face lighted up with recognition, Katy felt more assured, and told the plain story of her lost fortune. Mr. Lorn's face grew grave as she proceeded, and, at the conclusion, he asked time. Let us note that his partner pronounced Overdo to be a "blubber-headed swindler," and wanted to take out a warrant at once; but the other was more skilled in civil proceedings. These are notes of the brief of the case he submitted to his new client, a few days later:—

In applying for the benefit of the act, the agent had omitted Katy Keith's name from the schedule, or list of creditors; consequently no notice of the proceedings had been served upon her. If the omission had been in willful fraud, the court, on proof of the fact, could annul the certificate. But the law devolves that difficult proof upon the creditor. Failing that, the bankrupt's certificate operates as a complete discharge of existing liabilities. In effect, it made the unsuspecting girl's confidence in her grandfather's agent a penal offense, attended with forfeiture of the debt. That was Judge Groth's view of the case, and it may be that of the legal reader.

But Katy Keith's new adviser argued differently. Every judgment, civil or criminal, presupposes the presence of the parties in court, and that presence can only be brought about by legal notice. The bankrupt's petition institutes an action in equity forms, and the suit is governed by fixed principles of law. It could not be asserted that Miss Keith was by actual or legal notice, in person or by attorney, in court in this suit in bankruptcy. It was the petitioner's act or omission that deprived her of the notice which the law so jealously defends as her right, and not any neglect or want of due diligence on her part in obeying it.

Certainly, said Mr. Lorn, the decree in such a case binds all parties thereto, and covers all property attached or surrendered. There is no fraud alleged and provable, whereby the discharge may be annulled; it must be held good to cover the claims and property established of record. But it does not bind those who are not parties to the suit, nor does it pretend to bind them. If Miss Keith, after a time, lost her right, upon discovery, to come upon the distributees of the bankrupt's assets for her *pro rata*, there remains her existing legal remedy *in personam* against the agent and his acquisitions subsequent to the bankruptcy. The bankrupt's certificate of discharge did not apply to her, innocently and without laches no party to the action. She was free to pursue her remedy in the State courts of law, and this suit the firm of Brown & Lorn, on a contingent fee, were willing to undertake. The meaning of this term was explained to her, greatly to Katy's satisfaction, as she had secretly grieved over the cost of proceedings she was about to institute.

Our brave little woman was very proud of having set this machinery in motion all by her small self, and had great confidence in her young counselor. He would win her cause, and acquire great distinction for defending the orphan, perhaps be early promoted to a judgeship; for this simple girl had no other thought than that all citizens were actively searching for the most liberal and high-minded men to fill such responsible positions—which is, perhaps, the most singular opinion held by this eccentric young lady.

With that premised, let us look upon the friends she gathered around her in her home over the fancy and trimming store; and first, of course, her lover, Earl Groth. She sits at the window with bright pieces of colored silk about her. Earl sits by, sulky and querulous, as he has been ever since she lost her fortune. At length he breaks out pettishly,—

"I don't think you care a cent. I don't believe you have heard a word."

"Five, six, seven," says Katy counting softly, and then aloud, "Oh yes; you said 'care a cent;' seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. I've dropped one, and I don't know where."

"I never saw such a girl," says her lover; "I've been trying all morning to get you to say" —

"And you don't match a bit," says Katy, rebuking in an under-tone the ill-suited shades of silk.

"I thought I was as secure of your heart as you are of mine," adds he in a vexed tone.

"I really *must* have dropped it, though," cries Katy, looking around, "I know I had twelve and — Let me look under the chair. Ah, there you are, all mussed up. Well, an't you sure of it?" to Earl, at last.

"You won't talk, or hardly let me touch you, or hold your hand, Katy, as you used to," complains the lover.

"There! the floss is gone!" she exclaims. "Did I ever! No; here it is. Well, there! but you must give it right back to me," and she pokes out her little needle-scarred finger-tips, as if they were the scissors or a penknife; "but you must give it right straight back. I am using it — all — the — time," the last very slowly, for she is comparing the shades of silk held at arms-length, with her head cunningly to one side, as she speaks. The reader knows one cannot compare colors without that, but think of Earl! To clasp the soft, shy fingers under the card-table, or to press the little pink palm as you walk from church under the dusky shadows, is surely sweet; but to have the negligent little hand thrust at you like a chip! Earl angrily rejects the offering, and she does not even notice the rejection. She takes back that useful little hand, and puts it to work, quietly, unconscious of the rising of the waters. He gets loud and vehement, expostulatory, and she explains, the needle still slipping with snaky glitter through the bright leaves of silk: —

"Now, Earl, how can you say that? Are we not working, me and Mr. Lorn? You know you said you could not sup-

port me and mamma both, so we must win this case. You don't study it, like I do. I suppose you don't even know the petition comes first, and then a summons which means, Come and answer; and so he does answer, or demurs. I should think both. Me and Mr. Lorn know all about it, but you must not hurry us; positively you must not. Law must be cooked very slowly, you know."

"Me and Mr. Lorn indeed!" mimics he. "I expect you know as much as he does. The governor says it never will come to anything. Even Ben just plays with the case, and trips up your Mr. Lorn, every motion day."

"Ah," says Katy, in perfect good-humor and satisfaction, and like a pretty, green-coated parrot, "Ben is very safe on a plain note of hand, but for a thing like this" — and she shakes her head, as if nothing less than Charles O'Connor, Caleb Cushing, or Mr. Lorn and self were equal to it.

It was no doubt a foolish fancy of the simple little miss, but the thought that in her suit she was partly doing something for Earl which he could not do for himself, was perhaps the only tie of real interest remaining to her between them. This unsatisfactory interview was the last for months; for the commercial traveler had his business engagements to fill. Ben Groth remained on guard. Poor Ben, — the self-instituted watch over the fruit he so dearly coveted for himself, and yet which he was never to taste! He was in love with Katy too. How could he help it, seeing how good and cheerful she was in her adversity? and he was angry as well as jealous at his brother's cowardly procrastination. He would have married Katy, if he could, and a dozen mothers-in-law, today, while Earl shilly-shallied, and those confounded shysters, Brown & Lorn, hung about her so. He did not cease to deride them to Katy, which, take it altogether, was a more stupid policy than even his brother's dilatory wooing.

The shysters were certainly becoming attentive; especially Brown. This was an ingenious young professional, who

never read a book, never drew a plea, and never made a speech. Yet he would "talk to the judge about it," talk to the commonwealth's attorney, gossip with juries; and so contrived a considerable success in police and criminal business. His female acquaintance, heretofore, had been more limited than select, and, as he confessed he had not been in church since he came to the city, Katy must needs take him. But she was almost sorry for it. For, though awed at first by the novel solemnity, and the grand music, that soon wore off. He fidgeted; he scrawled notes to Katy with the stub of a pencil in the hymn-book. Repressed in that, he winked and made faces at the row of negroes on the back benches, till they exhibited one glittering row of ivories. Caught in the act, he made such a sudden assumption of sombre gravity that Katy struggled with a laugh, and the blacks te-he'd right out.

He took Katy and her mother to visit his parents, plain, simple country people, well to do in a sufficient humble way, and the guests were welcomed with hearty hospitality. The mother took Katy to that altar under the verbenabed where the dear, good daughter lay, and told her simple story — a story oh! how common. The child better than other children, and brighter, and as one set apart for holier things. As she concluded, she took Katy in her arms and told her she was like her, for all the difference of hair and eyes. No doubt it was true. There are visible resemblances in things spiritual, and of everything that was good this young woman in some way reminded people.

William Angus Lorn was not so frequent a visitor as his partner, and yet he was, perhaps, more inwardly and essentially moved by the sweet patience he saw, than his more mercurial friend. He had returned to his native city after the war, to find everything changed. Many gallant fellows had fallen, but their sweethearts married, and the world smoothed over them. Nothing lies so lightly on earth's bosom as its dead. He visited law-offices where he used to

discuss Tennyson, Longfellow, and The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. They were debating the validity of negro testimony in the courts of law. The college had been a hospital and was now a shell; the sweet old humanities were dead. The feeling seemed to be, The old world is going to pieces, but it will last our day, and there is nothing to do but to make money. At church, he was told the Lord's hand was in the war, and religious service seemed generally busy about Cæsar's business. He had welcomed peace, even at the terrible price he thought that his section had paid, and this faithless, irreligious fever was that civil life he had longed for. It hurt him; for he knew his own Christian morality had been sadly wounded in the storms of four years' war. He had come home to be refreshed and reinvigorated by that old belief he had received in the old log church. He saw no evidence of such faith about him. No one believes, but every one believes he believes, because he acquiesces. That is the curse of it. There is hope in doubt. An atheist or an infidel is not passive; his mind is awake. But what shall be said of him who believes no more than the infidel believes, yet is so wrapped up in his besotted confidence, that he hears nothing, cares nothing, trusts nothing?

Some such thoughts pass through the young man's mind as he sits with Katy Keith in church, admiring her simple faith and single, unsullied devotion. He knows her pure soul is at peace in communion with higher things, which he may not approach, and that she will go back to her daily toil, refreshed by an undying hope. It humbles him to think she believes implicitly all the man yonder in the velvet-cushioned pulpit utters, while he believes nothing or almost nothing, and almost scorns it and himself. "No minister," he says bitterly, "does his work right who assumes vital truths as premises. It is better to question, to awake the sleeper to doubt, than to leave him to sleep; and for the rest — who cares for all the empty thunders of the Vatican?"

Some of these thoughts he expresses

as they walk quietly home, and she is distressed but hopeful. "Pray, only pray," she says. "Man cannot help you; God will."

"Pray," he says. "Yes, if I can. I can frame phrases of entreaty, but the only stir of vitality within me is the consciousness that it is a lie."

Still she says, "Pray; there is much done by prayer: Lord, help thou mine unbelief." And she too will pray for this poor, erring soul, sick of the world and yet not well toward heaven.

Was he entirely sincere in all this? A great satirist of the age has said that oftenest a mean motive lurks at the bottom of a noble act. May we not as well hope that as often a generous emotion may be at the prompting of a seemingly selfish act? That it was pleasing to excite his kindly listener's interest we need not doubt; but the pain of an empty longing for a better faith induced the thought.

It pleased Katy very much when her pastor, Mr. Jargony, called while the young lawyer was visiting her, for she believed he would remove those painful doubts. This was the one great blunder Katy made in that period of trial, and it cost her severely. Set a polemic at an honest doubter, and the chances are you will make a heathen. Controversy is provoked; arguments to vindicate, not to elucidate, are hunted up, and vague disbelief becomes pronounced rebellion.

These, therefore, were the associations and influences, the aids and discouragements, that surrounded the young girl when she entered upon her famous battle to recover her property. But to treat of the steps therein deserves a separate chapter.

III.

HER CHAMPION PLAYS AND WINS.
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

If Brown & Lorn, attorneys at law, had any vague ideas that Groth & Son would not act vigorously in defense of

the agent's interests, they were soon dispossessed of them. The unusual course of proceeding against a bankrupt in the State court of common pleas had rather surprised the old lawyer. Yet, while he pooh-poohed it, he felt that a popularly-elected judge might look at the case very differently from the Federal court, sitting in bankruptcy to review its own proceedings. When Mr. Lorn, therefore, proposed an agreed case, that is, a case in which litigants submit acknowledged facts to legal judgment, it was roughly rejected. "We deny that your client has any case," said the judge. "Prove that first, and then we will talk about adjudication."

Then followed a system of adroit legal procrastination, in which the older firm had the advantage of experience and position. One of the first and simplest things a lawyer learns is the art of baffling his adversary by delays, and he lays it aside only with the profession. A dilatory motion for plausible cause is always easy to concoct and often difficult to resist; and this was the present tactics of the defense.

But other facts were developed as Brown & Lorn prosecuted their necessary inquiries, showing the practical wisdom of the old lawyer's repugnance to accepting a brief in the case. John Overdo, Esq., with irreproachable bank credit, was perfectly and imperviously law proof. He never let a note go to protest, and he never paid a debt unsecured by that sort of evidence. No execution could penetrate to those secret recesses where he stored his ample gains. If Brown & Lorn were presented with a judgment, they would be scarcely nearer any practical result than before.

It would be tedious to enter into the minute details of a suit at law. Mr. Overdo was one of those cautious clients who do not confide entirely in counsel. When he learned that Miss Keith and her mother were lodging with the Konigratz, and that the suit was actually commenced, some facts in his knowledge made him think it advisable to break that household up. In pursuance

of this policy he devised a plan by which he thought it could be accomplished, and a safe investment be secured at the same time. Ben Groth learned the contemplated act, and, not connecting it with the case of *Keith v. Overdo*, gave Katy warning. It was no less than the purchase and immediate possession of the Konigratz building. Ben brought this news as likely to transpire in a day or two, and added that a cottage of his father's was now vacant, to which the two women were welcome at a moderate rent.

It put Katy in a flutter, and as soon as he was gone she hastened to confer with her landlady. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the woman; "and did I dream three nights running of losing the front door key for nothing? Lauf, Taddy, and bring me the lawyer so quick as never was."

When Mr. Lorn arrived, he could only say the landlord had a perfect right to sell, and give possession at the expiration of Mrs. Konigratz's lease, which was now at hand. Of that he had already warned the woman. But his keenest questioning was over the matter of a purchase by Overdo. He said he must learn all the facts quietly, and even employed Taddy Konigratz to assist him. Let us see what he meant by this and what he made of it.

A day later the scene is in the clerk's office of the county court. Present, John Overdo, Esq., Judge Groth, Mr. Schlater, who is the present owner of the fancy and trimming store premises, his wife, and Mr. Padoun, a stranger to us. The lady sits a little apart, and there are clerks recording and copying, and a stray lawyer or two examining deeds and wills; but nothing of Brown & Lorn. A deputy sheriff, deep in the morning paper, sits near the four gentlemen, who are lively and talkative.

"Five thousand six hundred and seventy-two dollars and sixteen cents," remarks Mr. Padoun to the agent. "I have brought the cash, as you preferred it. Stop; here is the cent. That

makes it even, if you will give me a receipt," and he tenders the money.

The deputy sheriff is not looking at his paper now, but at the money; money in a large, crisp roll is pleasant to look at.

"Pay it into Groth's hands," says Overdo, briskly. "I don't want to touch it; but here is your receipt as soon as it is counted."

"Mr. Schlater," remarks the judge as he carelessly takes the money, "your wife must sign her release before the clerk, and not in your presence. By that time I will have the money counted and ready for you."

This makes the transaction plain. The money paid by Mr. Padoun goes with instantaneous possession through Overdo's hands to Schlater for the Konigratz property. As the judge says "All right," Overdo, like a playful elephant, punches Padoun in the side and hands him the receipt. The judge is looking at Schlater, who is approaching with the deed, when the deputy sheriff taps him lightly on the shoulder, lays one hand on the money, and with the other presents a square slip of paper partly written, partly printed. "Five thousand, six, seventy-two, sixteen. I'll take the chips if you please." He says it pleasantly, and draws the money out of the judge's nerveless fingers.

"The devil!" exclaims Groth, as if he saw the very thing and knew it at once, as he stares at the square of paper.

"What in the — do you mean?" thunders Overdo, frightened out of his obese playfulness.

"Oh, nothing," says the deputy, carelessly turning the money over his thumb; "only a little attachment in the suit of *Keith v. Overdo*, levying on funds of the defendant in possession of Fungus Groth, Esq.," and he nods and turns away, and in ten minutes looks as if he had forgotten the whole affair.

"Only a little attachment," etc. Why, it locks up Katy's fortune secure in the treasury vaults of the court, for her. Overdo looks more intensely himself; not an exaggerated boy, but an

exaggerated baby. Judge Groth looks like old John Willett after the rioters left him. Schlater looks a little foolish, too, but at the sight of the others' faces bursts into a laugh, tucks his wife under his arm, and goes out laughing and explaining to that lady, who is simply amazed.

The proceeding was and is quite common. A statutory provision enables a party suspecting his adversary of intention to avoid judgment or conceal his property, upon affidavit, to have an attachment. Of this Overdo was quite aware, and had laid his plans with his usual address but not his usual luck. Perhaps he had grown careless from long impunity; perhaps he had never attempted such a flank movement before two young lawyers smitten with their client. Certainly he had never been so closely watched. For who would suspect a mite of a newsboy who hung about his place of business all day with pricked ears and sharp eyes, of such a design?

The case was tumbled upside down. It only remained to be seen if Lorn could hold it there. The struggle was not for the plaintiff to recover, but for Overdo to quash the attachment, or, failing that, for the defense to press the main suit to a successful issue. All that adroit dilatory tactics was overthrown. Every interest of the defendant favored immediate disposal of the attachment.

Judge Groth was sure it could not hold; was loud that it should not hold. He would quash it like an egg-shell; and he clenched his huge fist as if he already crushed Katy's puny efforts to recover her debt. He roared about it as lions of that tribe do. As he could not well blast and damnify a young girl, the orphan daughter of his late dear friend and patron, he swore he would "take it out" of her attorney — "that pettifogging rascal who counseled such extraordinary proceedings against one of the first business men of the city; a man who handled a million yearly!"

There was something leonine about Judge Groth, and he was quite capable of skinning a succulent young attorney,

not yet become pachydermatous at the law; and he did it now. Rather roughly to be sure, but the more thoroughly on that account. He distinguished his client as "proverbial for business integrity in a city, the business character of whose merchants was proverbial." He stigmatized the "shameful iniquity" that "entrapped a confiding client, a girl, a child, into impeaching the honor of such a man; one disposed to be her friend," as he, Judge Groth, laying his hand over his ventricles, avouched. He scouted and scarified the image of such an attorney, and kicked him down like a wooden Dagon.

The reporters heard of the execration, and came bustling in from the lukewarm insipidities of the police court, and Lorn nerved himself not to interrupt the torrent of abuse, or to claim the protection of the court. But it was hard to bear, those rough claws tearing the flesh, and coarse jaws cracking the bones of his tender, legal frame, yet in the sap and milk of youth. Before the judge concluded, Lorn had settled his revenge. He would take this roaring lion by the beard, and by his very manhood, cudgel it into decency and good behavior; and by and by it was over and they went into the evidence.

It was pretty soon apparent that a great many people did not share in Judge Groth's good opinion of his client. Marshals, sheriffs, deputies, constables, deputy constables, and a cloud of ex-officials who had held those useful offices, were examined, and they all agreed in this. Every man with sense enough to walk out of a shower of rain knew John Overdo had money and property; but no officer had been found adroit enough to lay the salt of an execution on that nimble bird's tail. He was impregnable; as incapable of legal coercion as the encompassing air. Then followed the suspicious circumstances of the intended purchase; the surreptitious character of the payment; the cautious refusal to touch the money; and the scroll of the deed was produced, showing an allegation in form that the money was paid by Mrs. Overdo. Of this fact

there was no other evidence, and Mr. Padoun swore positively that the cash he paid was to Overdo alone, and Overdo's receipt in his own name confirmed it. John Overdo, Esq., went into one end of that suit a portly gentleman in the clean linens of a fair average repute; he came out at the other as ragged a beggar as Lazarus in the painted cloth. Judge Groth was astonished at the scarecrow he made, and damned his client under his breath freely. The irreproachable bank credit had been a pitfall into which the judge, in his opinion of his client, had tumbled. He was not out yet. His turn was to come. Mr. Lorn owed a debt, and he paid it.

The case did not need argument; the evidence had won it. But Mr. Lorn, modestly, would say a few words to the point. He was distressingly civil, studiously choice in his language; but by the side of every shift and trick of the client exposed by the evidence, he drew the inference of a legal adviser, counseling, watching, approving. The presumption was irresistible. Of course it was so; and as he unraveled the skein the audience saw a great lawyer selling his fame and talents to cover shameful, sordid iniquities. He used no name, but every listener fixed on Judge Groth until the judge felt that every breath in the crowded room called him scoundrel and accomplice. There was a cruel affectation of impartiality in this reference to the candor of the hearers' judgment, which left no choice but to condemn. It seemed to be the facts and not the speaker's presentation of them that made the old lawyer look base; even baser than his client, base as he was. But at the close, when her counsel came to Katy's simple story of trust betrayed, the girl, the child's humble petition for help from her father's friend, and the refusal because that friend was bought and paid to crush her claim, and gave the adroit arts of discouragement and false promise by which that work was done; then indeed he burst into fierce, whispered invective that stirred the hushed and crowded room, and named Judge Groth as the vile dealer in all this

shameless treachery and fraud. The cowed bully of the bar whimpered and claimed the protection of the court. It was not needed; the speech was ended. If it was art, it was that passion of art which men call eloquence. It is given to all professional speakers to make one great or good speech. This was Will Lorn's best effort; the most terrible and classic chastisement inflicted in that court.

Judge Groth struggled to his feet and was speaking. He said nothing the reader would care to hear. The man was stunned and bewildered, though habit and professional reputation kept him up. He felt that the attachment was clenched and his case terribly prejudiced.

There was some curiosity among those who heard the speeches, to see the reports of them next day. As Brown picked his way over police reports and items, he gave a shout and tossed the paper to Lorn, with "Here, read that; read it aloud;" and Lorn did, with a grimace, Brown thrusting his long arms under his partner's arms and doing the gesticulating:—

A SCENE IN COURT. — The bar and attendants were much entertained yesterday at the excommunication administered on a junior member of the shyster order ("That's you," interpolated Brown) by that forensic Boanerges, Judge Groth, Esq. The *casus belli* was a perversion of the statute to the scandal of the business character of our esteemed fellow-citizen John Overdo, Esq., the head of many local charities. We trust the rebuke will have its effect in correcting a licentiousness in legal proceedings disgraceful to the profession.

It in no way impaired the influence of this journal that it was conducted on the avowed principle that the Fourth Estate is no moral or public institution, but a mere private enterprise in trade, for the behoof of stockholders, and that the above notice probably emanated from that patron of "local charities," John Overdo, Esq. The whole body

was diseased, and the press suffered in common.

But John Overdo, defeated in his effort and weakened in his unrighteous hold upon Katy's fortune, became more desperately earnest in his resolution to break up Katy's association with the family of the German Konigratz. Certainly the flat-hatted Ludwig, the snubbed and beaten of his eccentric dame, was, apparently, as little to be feared as any worm on this footstool. Yet Ludwig Konigratz was the terror and nightmare of the agent's life. He applied to an influential friend who was cognizant of the cause of his curious dread, and that friend scouted at it; but at the agent's earnest solicitation, and perhaps for reasons of his own, "to prevent scandal," he used his influence, and the Konigratz family were surprised, the day after the newspaper notice, to learn that the beery Ludwig was appointed to some small railroad agency in a neighboring State, with orders to go at once. It was the breaking up of Katy's pleasant associations. Konigratz went, and his family was to follow in a week. It was curious to observe how the man, even in his own family, rose in respect by this appointment. Even Taddy, habitually the most unfilial critic of his father, had a good word to say of him, and that word startled Katy with hints of a discovery that agitated her, and made her send for her lawyers.

"I tell you, my dad is hunky," said the boy in his usual slang. "Ther' an't none on 'em teches him when his coppers is hot. Ef it was a drunk world he 'd be king on it. Ye jes' orto heered him tell how he screwed ole Overdo into a-givin' o' mammy these yer premises. Ye see Overdo, he 'd done bilked some gal or 'nother onten \$5500, and dad, he knowed it. He 'lowed if Overdo didn't ante up, he 'd find out the gal an' h'ist old bladder-head higher'n a kite, an' then Overdo, he jes' wilted."

Unluckily the partners were not in, and, from the note, Mr. Lorn did not understand what was wanting. Wishing to avoid the appearance of seeking

thanks on his late effort, he turned over the note and business to Brown, who willingly undertook it. The affair was soon dispatched by an interview with Taddy and his mother. The information was meagre enough. Mr. Konigratz had overheard and witnessed the payment of money of Miss Keith to another gentleman who wore a blue dress-coat with brass buttons; but the name of this person was unknown. How had it happened that neither she nor her husband had recognized the young girl's name in Katy Keith's? Because, in the family, Katy's name, taken from her trunks, was given the German pronunciation—Kyte, and there was nothing in the sound to connect her with the name and circumstance attending an indefinite Miss Keet. Mrs. Konigratz undertook to get all the circumstances from her husband, and there was ample time, the case having already gone over to the next term. But this settled, there came another trial to the young woman. She could not fail to know that Mr. Brown loved her. He was just the sort of man never to conceal such a feeling, and Mrs. Konigratz having been called to the shop, there in the little back room he made his declaration in form.

"Oh! Mr. Brown!" she said in great distress, "what am I to say to you? I owe you and Mr. Lorn so much, and I must seem so ungrateful. But indeed, indeed I am not worthy of you, and I have been engaged to—to Mr. Earl Groth, oh! ever so long."

"What! that old cock's—I beg pardon, Judge Groth's son? oh well, that alters matters. Don't distress yourself; no doubt I will get on. I an't a-going to lie about it, and say it don't hurt; but I'll get on. Oh yes, don't distress yourself; and I'll stand by you like a brick. Well, good-by; I guess I'd better toddle. Oh yes, we'll stand by you for what's up. Don't distress yourself about *me*; I'll get on. Good-by," and he went away, not to return again, and I am sorry to say sought a remedy for his disappointment that brought him into very serious trouble.

But the severity of all these changes fell heaviest on Katy and her mother. With all her prudence, her little stock of money was trenched into. The widow especially, habituated to abundance, could not be brought to economize in little wants, or to know the importance of it. The money leaked out, in spite of all Katy could do; Mr. Lorn did not call the week they remained at Mrs. Konigratz's, and after that, Katy seemed to be lost to him in the big city. They occupied a close little room next to the roof in a common boarding-house, and were treated with that indifferent disrespect such poorer boarders receive. They felt timidly, or were made to feel it, that they were an encumbrance in the poor lodgings for which they paid extravagantly, and yet they had no other resource. Katy's bettered prospects in the suit had not helped her or her mother.

At this place, the Rev. Mr. Jargony found them. This good though bigoted man had come to say that it was the season for application for positions in the public schools. It did not make his visit seem kinder because he gave his usual warning against her friend Mr. Lorn, "who did not believe in the Bible." Once, when Mr. Lorn was an habitual visitor, Katy heard these warnings with indifference; but now that he came no more, it hurt her. She clung to the tie of influence she still held over the young man. He had promised her "never to drink," and she thought of that promise, and believed him. It was a sort of link between the two that her influence was over him though absent, and it comforted and pleased her, perhaps more than it ought, considering her engagement to Earl Groth.

But the immediate duty was preparation for the examination. Mr. Jargony had furnished her a list of text-books. Now it was that she learned the defects in her education. Katy had been educated by the old method. She knew French, a little Latin, music, drawing, painting in water-colors, embroidery, etc. She knew arithmetic, and could multiply or divide $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$. She even

knew algebra as ladies do — by sight. But she was woefully deficient. She did not know what her bones were made of; not in the least. They might have been anybody's bones, or no bones at all, mere chalk and gypsum, for all she knew. She did not know she was burning herself up in breathing, or she might have stopped that expensive habit of cremation; and as for sugar and starch, her knowledge of those abstruse subjects was limited to the sugar-bowl, and her cuffs and collars. Katy, however, had been grounded in chemistry and physics, and soon mastered the little shop-made books and was ready for her examination.

The committee of examination and control sit in the superintendent's office adjoining the large room in which the written examinations proceeded. There is the superintendent, Dr. Cutts, and Messrs. Shuffle and Deal. The young doctor has taken a trusteeship to increase his acquaintance, not from any interest in education.

Katy comes in with her neat paper of work, and they put on a sudden appearance of gravity. She hands it to the superintendent, and returns for her bonnet and shawl, for she is done. While she is out the superintendent, the only competent judge there, looks at it and exclaims with honest admiration: —

"It is very neat and all correct; she may be skittish, but she's smart and handy."

Then Katy returns. She has to pass through that room. Mr. Deal stops her. Mr. Deal has two or three little catch questions he puts at applicants, and governs his vote and influence accordingly. The written examination is a mere form.

"Er — ah — see here, my gal: s'posin' a man has — er — ah — thirteen hosses; thirteen hosses. He wants fur to divide 'em among his three boys, Jeemes, John, and Alford. No, Alford's in t' other question — Jeemes, John, and Horry. He's to give Jim a half, Jack a third, and Horry a quarter. How's he to be a-doin' of it and not cut nary hoss?"

Poor Katy! She is in a flush and tremor. Her heart sinks with disappointment, for she thought it all over. Now comes this which she feels, intuitively, is to be the real test.

"He cannot divide thirteen in that way," she says hesitatingly. "He can divide twelve in that proportion," she adds after thinking, "and the parts will make thirteen. Thirteen itself will not divide into those parts."

"So he can't divide 'em, can't he?" says the wretch, exulting over her supposed failure. "You better say *you* can't, my gal; and you think yourself fittin' to be a teacher."

If poor little Katy had answered in numbers all would have been well; but her caution overshot the trustees' small wits. In her mortification she pulls down her veil to hide the rising tears, and hurries out, heedless of Mr. Deal's important question about the "bit caliker." Of course her application failed. When local politicians use the trusteeships as an introduction to city offices, what other result is to be expected? or why see any mystery in the failure of public-school systems in the South?

On her way home she passed a brilliant drinking saloon, and was startled by an oath in a familiar voice. Mr. Lorn was coming out of that place munching a cracker. It came upon her in her distress, to complete her humiliation. The one person who had seemed to understand and to sympathize with her had broken his promise. There could be no more confidence between them. Poor little Katy!

Her mother saw her distress, and ascribed it to her failure. Then gently as she could, she advised her daughter to give up the vain struggle; to accept the love of some of the young men offered to her, and a much-needed home and protector.

Do not blame the mother for not understanding her daughter's nature. Katy was mortal like ourselves, and it is a part of the individualism of this, our clayey nature, to live in dark areas of isolation. Through these friendship or love may send a slender ray, or anger or

ill-will momentarily reveal that inner self in the cocoon it prepares. But in this world the spirit forever toils alone, like that worm weaving with industrious but lonely art the sacred wings that shall bear it in that world of full knowledge and companionship. Who can say that the mother who bore him, or the wife who sleeps on his bosom, knows all the various shades of feeling that agitate his life? The vital law of individual existence is solitude, and the passionate yearning of the heart for that full knowledge of one another, we call love.

But the germ in the mother's mind bore fruit, bitter enough to Katy's lips. Returning from a weary search for employment, she found Ben Groth in the little skyloft room. He sat low down in his chair, his great feet spread out, supporting his head on his hands with elbows on his knees. It was not a pretty or a pleasant sight, and Katy struggled with her own discomposure to rouse him. He only said he "had had a row at home," and sat as before. Sympathy in such a case is a delicate duty, but Katy said, —

"You are so good, Ben, I cannot think you have done wrong, and so honorable that if you have, you will be the first to acknowledge it."

"Do you think so?" said he. "Do you like me, Katy? In fact, it was all about you."

"About me!" said she, shrinking at the thought.

"Yes, about taking up your suit;" and then he spoke. He offered to undertake her case, if she would marry him. "It will cost me my partnership," said he. "I don't mind that, and I don't blame father. Will you have me Katy? I don't mind asking you before her, now."

"You have my approval," said the widow, who had perhaps brought this about, and she was rising to go when Katy stopped her.

"Stay, mamma," said she; "I could not be the cause of division between you and yours, Ben, and I could not marry you because I do not love you well

enough. If I did, I would willingly give up my poor little case for you; but I do not."

That was her answer, and so another good friend fell off from them, and came no more.

In all this time she found no steady occupation of any kind. She had gone the round of her little feminine accomplishments, and failed. Then finding the occupations of her sex monopolized, she undertook a brave thing: to find employment in some lighter duties usually retained by the other. She went about it systematically. She would go up one side of a business street and down the other, applying at every door. There is something inexpressibly touching to me in the picture of this child-woman soliciting help from that harsh, sordid society. I see her as she enters each place of business among crowds of men, trembling with that piteous embarrassment that made it an actual and physical pain, with her, to speak to a stranger. She lifts up that child-like face and presents her poor little petition:

"If you please, sir, have you any work a young woman could do? I write a good hand; that is my writing, sir," and she offers a poor little text of copy-book morality, so different in its humble precepts from the hot, grasping, covetous life around her. Sometimes she adds, "I would try very hard to please you, sir," but oftener a smothered sob chokes the utterance. Some answered kindly, some roughly, and a few coarsely. Given, a helpless, pretty girl and a vulgar, beastly man of means, and the equation is easily solved. But her ignorance prevents offense. She walks over the burning plowshares unscathed, protected by her virgin purity. Yet for her mother's sake, and because it was a part of her sweet nature, she kept her cheerfulness through it all, and when you addressed her, that kind face was always turned to you with the same quiet smile. Surely this world does not know its greatest martyrs.

But with this sketch of her trials, let us return to the case and the lost fortune.

Will Wallace Harney.

THE SHIP IN THE DESERT.

THEY stood upon the mountain brow,
The bearded trappers, halting stood
Irresolute, in nettled ire;
A group from out the cooling wood
They gazed right eagerly below.
The flushed sun settled to the west
Like some far hemisphere of fire;
The sands flashed back like fields of snow.
And yet again they gazed. And now,
Far off and faint, they saw or guessed
They saw, beyond the sands, a line —
A dim and distant lifting beach
That daring men might dare and reach:
Dim shapes of toppled peaks with pine,
And watered foot-hills dark like wine.

Their leader turned and shook his head.
"And shall we turn aside," he said,

“ Or dare this hell? ” The men stood still
As leaning on his sterner will;
And then he stopped and turned again,
And held his broad hand to his brow.
The far, white levels of the plains
Flashed back like billows. Even now
He saw rise up remote, ’mid sea,
’Mid space, ’mid wastes, ’mid nothingness,
A ship becalmed as in distress.
The dim sign passed as suddenly,
And then his eager eyes grew dazed —
He brought his two hands to his face.
Again he raised his head, and gazed
With flashing eyes and visage fierce
Far out, and resolute to pierce
The far, far, faint receding reach
Of space and touch its farther beach.
He saw but space, unbounded space;
Eternal space and nothingness.

They rested on the desert’s rim
Of sand. They saw the sun go down
Like some round, sinking isle aflame.
Behind them wheeled white peaks of snow
As they proceeded. Gray, and dim,
And ghostly shapes, bat-winged and brown,
And awful objects went and came
Before them now. They pierced at last
The desert’s middle depths, and lo!
There loomed from out the desert vast
A lonely ship, well built and trim,
And perfect all in hull and mast.

No storm had stained it any whit,
No seasons set their teeth in it.
The rains, the elements, and all
The moving things that bring decay
By fair green lands or fairer seas,
Had touched not here for centuries.
Lo! date has lost all reckoning
In this lost land, and no new thing,
Or old, can anywise befall,
For time goes by the other way.

The ages have not any course
Across this untracked waste. The sky
Wears here one blue, unchanging hue,
The heavens one unbending mood.
The far, still stars, they filter through
The heavens, falling bright and bold
Against the sands as beams of gold.

The wide, white moon forgets her force;
The very sun rides round and high,
As if to shun this solitude.

What dreams of gold or conquest drew
The oak-built sea-king to these seas,
Ere Earth, old Earth unsatisfied,
Rose up and shook man in disgust,
And smote his cities down, and dried
These measured, town-set seas to dust?
Who trod these decks? What captain knew
The straits that led to lands like these?

Blew south sea-breeze or north sea-breeze?
What spiced winds whistled through this sail?
What banners streamed above these seas?
And what strange seaman answered back
To other sea-king's beck and hail,
That blew across his foamy track?

Sought Jason here the golden fleece?
Came Trojan ship or ships of Greece?
Came decks dark-manned from sultry Ind,
Wooded here by spacious wooing wind;
Some like a grand, sweet woman, when
A great love moves her soul to men?

Came here strong ships of Solomon
In quest of Ophir by Cathay? . . .
Sit down and dream of seas withdrawn,
And every sea-breath drawn away. . . .
Sit down, sit down! What is the good
That we go on still fashioning
Great iron ships or walls of wood;
High masts of oak, or anything?

Lo! all things moving must go by.
The sea lies dead. Behold, this land
Sits desolate in dust beside
His snow-white, seamless shroud of sand;
The very clouds have wept and died,
And only God is in the sky.

Joaquin Miller.

WILLIE.

It frightened us a good deal when we found the little dead boy. This is the way it was. We were three country lads going home across the lots at noon for our dinner. In passing a lonely pasture ground we saw a little basket lying ahead of us upon the grass. We made a race for it and Ed captured the prize; a little farther on we picked up a small hat which we at once recognized as Willie Dedrick's. Then we turned the angle of the zig-zag rail fence, and there in the corner, jammed close under the bottom rail, was beautiful little Willie, only five years old.

His clothing was torn and bloody, and he did not move; we felt a little afraid because he was so still, but we went up to him. He was dead, and his plump little features were all blackened with great bruises.

It shocked us very much. Only three hours before we had been playing with Willie at the pond. We felt that it was a terrible thing to find him dead in this unlooked-for manner. We asked each other what Walter and Mary would do when they should hear of this; Willie was the only boy they had. And then the question came up what *we* ought to do under such circumstances. There was no one in sight to tell us. It was suggested that we might take up the body and carry it home to Walter and Mary; it was not far through the lot and down the bank, to the pond where their home was. It seemed natural and right at first that we should take the chubby little boy and carry him home. But we shrank from the presence of death even in the form of little Willie; and besides that, we had certain dim and confused ideas, as country lads do who read the city newspapers, that somehow a coroner was necessary, and that it would not be lawful or safe for us to meddle with Willie thus strangely found dead from an unknown cause.

So we sat down upon the large stones

near by Willie and held a council. There was no chairman appointed and no secretary, and none of the surroundings that ordinarily belong to deliberative bodies; nevertheless in all the essentials of a great council this occasion was very eminent. Here were three lads seated upon three fragments of the ancient granite which strews the northern slope of the Adirondack Mountains, and below them stretched the wild woods, away to the valley of the mighty St. Lawrence; and in their midst, upon that bright summer day, sat the skeleton king with his awful sceptre and his iron crown, pressing upon their young hearts those matchless terrors which have ruled the world since time began.

It was an august presence, and the boys felt their responsibility more than members of councils ordinarily do. Their final conclusion was, that one of their number must go and tell Walter and Mary, while the other two watched the body. It required quite as much courage as wisdom to reach this conclusion, for to tell the parents was a task the boys dreaded.

The lot was cast, country-boy fashion, with three blades of grass, to determine who should be the messenger of evil tidings. The lot fell upon Phil, and he immediately rose up to start. Ed suggested at this point that in sending word the death ought to be ascribed to some cause. The boys had been very much puzzled from the first to know what *could* have done it. They gazed about the pasture ground to discover what suggestion could be made. There were a couple of horses, some cows, and some sheep grazing in a distant part of the inclosure. As soon as it was suggested that one of the horses might perhaps have done it by kicking Willie, the boys accepted that as the natural and undoubted solution of the mystery. And so Phil took that word with him.

Phil went upon a little trot through the lot and down the bank, moving rapidly so that his heart might not have time to quail or shrink; and in less than five minutes he stood by the little house near the pond.

He looked in at the door, which was wide open upon this warm summer day, and there he saw Walter and Mary. Walter sat cleaning the lock of his rifle, while the gun itself was lying across his lap. Doubtless Phil's face was somewhat pale as he went in at the door, for Mary looked at him as if she saw something there, and dreaded it.

The lad had good sense; he did not blurt out the sad news suddenly. He said to Walter in a quiet way, "Will you please to step out of the door with me; I wish to see you."

It was the earnestness of the voice, perhaps, that caused the man to put aside his gun and obey so quickly.

When they were out of the house Phil said, "I have bad news for you; we have found your little son in the lot kicked by a horse, and we are afraid that he is so bad that he is dead."

Phil had thought of this way of saying it before he got to the house. When he said dead, Walter gave a little start and said, "Is he *dead*?"

Phil had to say, "Yes, we are afraid he is, and we *think* he is."

Walter stepped into the cottage and Phil stood at the door to see how he would tell Mary. Walter said without any preface, "Mary, our little Willie is dead!"

"That was not a prudent thing," the boy thought, as the tragic words fell upon his ear and fixed themselves in his memory.

The effect of the words upon Mary reminded the boy of the way he had seen a rifle-shot tell upon a rabbit or partridge. The woman passed through a kind of flutter or shudder for a moment and then sunk straight down in a little heap upon the floor. Then followed a series of quick gasps and catching for breath, and short exclamations of "Oh dear! oh dear!" and then the stifled shrieking began.

Walter took his wife up in his strong arms, and tried to undo in part the sad work which had been accomplished upon her by the few words he had so suddenly and imprudently uttered. He said that Willie might not be dead after all, but only hurt. And so he placed her upon a bed, and he and Phil left her there and started to go and see Willie.

Not many words were said as the man and boy climbed the bank and strode hastily along to the fatal spot. As they neared it, there sat the two watchers, faithful to their post and as still as statues.

Phil and Walter turned the angle of the fence, and the father came up to the body of his little son. He had not seemed stricken with grief until now, but only excited. As he looked steadily upon the chubby little form, all battered and bloody and bruised, the lad who had brought him there felt that some word must be said.

"It's a kick, an't it?" said he.

This was hardly the right thing to say at such a moment, perhaps. The poor father choked and trembled, and replied, "A kick or a bite or something—oh dear!" And then he turned his head and looked away, and there was the sound of his sobbing, and a strange, moaning cry.

Walter would not stay by the body, but directed the boys to remain and watch while he himself went and brought his friend the doctor. And then he turned away and went off over the fields toward the settlement, uttering loud sobs and that same strange cry.

It was hardly more than ten minutes' walk down to the road toward which Walter directed his steps, and in a very short time the boys saw groups of men coming from the houses, up the acclivity toward the fatal spot. They came hastily, two and three together, and soon a dozen or more were gathered around the three boys who had watched, and were gazing at the body.

After the first look the men made characteristic remarks.

"That is a rough piece of business!" said Dan.

"Fearful!" said Pete.

"That's durn queer work for a hoss now, ain't it?" said Levi, a tall, keen fellow intended by nature for a lawyer.

"It don't look like a hoss to me," said another.

And so they went on to comment and examine. It appeared that the rail under which Willie was jammed was dented and marked as if hammered by many blows. The three innocent boys who had originated the "hoss theory," as the men called it, accounted for the marks on the rail by saying that the horse pawed at Willie after he was under the fence.

The men said they knew better; they began to question the boys as if they entertained suspicions in regard to them, and the boys became very uncomfortable. The men asked repeatedly just how the body was lying when the boys had found it, and inquired again and again whether they had moved it at all. The lads felt these insinuations very keenly.

Men continued to come, and at length women came in groups, until quite an assembly was gathered there in the open field. Finally Walter returned slowly up the hill with a few friends, as if he were reluctant to come again to the place. Just as he reached the spot, good old Father Mosely, and his wife, a sharp, managing woman, came from the opposite direction and met Walter. Father and Mother Mosely lived down by the school-house at the other side of the settlement.

Mother Mosely at once seized hold of Walter, and while she wrung his hand exclaimed in a high voice, that seemed to the boys not a becoming or natural voice in which to express grief,—

"Oh, Walter! we can't give him up; no, no, no, oh dear!"

The gesticulation which accompanied this was tragic and stagey, and it was by far the most theatrical thing done upon that occasion.

Father Mosely spoke a few words which interested the people very much.

Hearing some allusion made to the "hoss theory" he said,—

"The little boy down at the school says it was a sheep that did it."

And then it came out that Willie's playmate, Charlie Sanders, was "the little boy down at the school," and that Charlie had cried all the forenoon and dared not tell the teacher what the matter was; but finally at the noon-spell he told a little girl that Willie did not come to school because a sheep in the lot had chased them and knocked Willie down, and he could not get up.

Here was light indeed, especially for the three lads, who had begun to feel, since the horse theory was criticised, as if they themselves were culprits unless they accounted for "the murder."

Across the lot the sheep were still feeding. A young farmer stepped out of the crowd and called "Nan, nan, nan," and the flock, raising their heads, responded with a multitude of ba-a-as, and came galloping over the grassy field. At their head was "the old ram," a fine "buck" with great horns curling in spirals around his ears.

The young farmer held Willie's basket in one hand, and making a brawny fist of the other, struck out toward the ram, offering him battle. The buck at once brought his head down in line of attack, squared himself for a big butt, and came on with a little run, and a charge that in an artistic point of view was quite beautiful. The farmer, stepping aside, caught him by his horns as he came, and that magnificent charge was his last.

There was a blood-thirsty feeling pervading the crowd, undoubtedly, but Buck had a fair trial. There on his white bold face and horns were the bright carmine drops of fresh blood. No other witnesses were needed. In a moment a glittering keen knife flashed from somebody's keeping into the bright sunshine, and in a moment more a purple stream dyed the white wool around Buck's throat, and there was a red pool upon the grass; and a little later, as Dan remarked, "some tough mutton."

The excitement abated; for the mys-

tery was cleared up and Justice had its due. Kind-hearted Joe, who superintended the Sabbath-school and led the religious element of the neighborhood, stepped forward and said to the crowd:

"Well, boys, it is all right here, and no suspicion and no need of any ceremony; let us take him home."

And then Joe took Willie in his arms and held him closely with the little face against his own, as if he were still living, and started for the cottage. Some of the people followed in a picturesque procession, through the pasture lot and down the bank and along by the shore of the pond. When Walter's house was reached, a few of the women went in to soothe Mary; and Joe and the doctor went in also, and the people clustered about the door.

In the course of an hour it seemed that all had been done that could be done for Walter and Mary, and the people, except a few, who remained as watchers and helpers, dispersed to their homes.

The three days that followed were bright, sunny days. A strange stillness and unusual hush reigned in the neighborhood of the cottage. The harsh, grating sound of the saw-mill was not heard as at other times, for the mill was stopped in token of respect for the great sorrow. Only the softly flowing stream was heard, mingling its *susurrus* with the hum of the bees in the garden.

Now and then groups of children, dressed in their Sunday attire, would come down the bank, and with hushed voices and fearful looks steal up toward the cottage door. Then kind Joe would see them and would come out and take them in to see Willie; and after a few moments they would issue forth again, and walk sadly homeward, and as they went the sunlight dried their tears.

And farmers and hunters came from many miles away "to see the little boy that was killed by a sheep." Some of the rough men manifested their sympathy by exhibiting vindictive feelings toward the ram. After going in and viewing the bruised corpse, they would come out with dark, determined looks, and grasping again the long rifles which they had brought with them and "stood up" by the door, they would inquire of any by-stander, with fierce emphasis, whether the ram that "did that" was dead. On being informed of his execution, they would say, "*That will do,*" with an air that implied how much they would have enjoyed it to have had a shot at him. Indeed, it appeared that if the poor brute had been possessed of fifty or a hundred lives, so that each irate hunter might have taken one, it would have been a great relief and satisfaction.

On the fourth day Willie was buried. Mary continued inconsolable. All of the social influences which the neighborhood could command were put in operation from the time of the funeral onward, in order to cheer her and bind up her wounded spirit. Social meetings were held and pleasant little gatherings made for her. Wherever there was enjoyment Mary must be. She gratefully submitted herself to all their kindness, and tried to please her friends. But it seemed to do her little good. She remained pale, weak, and dispirited.

After a few months Walter and Mary discovered that somehow they were not suited with their farm. They sold the place at the first opportunity, and returned to their former home in New England, the remains of little Willie having been forwarded in advance to a cemetery there, with which they in their early days had been familiar.

P. Deming.

JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS.

THE readers of Mr. Frederic Hudson's entertaining history of Journalism in the United States from 1690 to 1872 — that is, from the birth of Franklin to the death of Greeley — have learned therefrom, long since, what the modern newspaper is, how it originated, and whither it is tending. It is a common saying in England that America is governed by newspapers, — and this by way of sneer, according to the charming fashion of Englishmen. But long ago Jefferson anticipated and met this reproach, when he said, "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers." The alternative is seldom presented nowadays; indeed, it has been found easier to overthrow a government at Paris, Madrid, Mexico, or Rome, than to stop a well-managed newspaper. The steam-press, the electric telegraph, the enormous development of commerce and industry in the last half-century, accompanied as they have been by the swift growth of democratic ideas and institutions, social as well as political, have given newspapers a position and a responsibility which is but imperfectly understood, even by those who have the most to do with them. Journalism has been called the Fourth Estate (though what the other three are in America, it might puzzle us to tell), and certainly it is somewhat in the attitude of the Third Estate of France, as described by the Abbé Sieyès in his brief catechism: "What is the Third Estate? Everything. What has it hitherto been? Nothing. What does it aspire to be? Something." Journalism in America is something, has been nothing, and aspires to be everything. There are no limits, in the ambition of enterprising editors, to the future power of the American newspaper. It is not only to make and unmake presidents and par-

ties, institutions and reputations; but it must regulate the minutest details of our daily lives, and be school-master, preacher, lawgiver, judge, jury, executioner, and policeman, in one grand combination. We find it intruding and interfering everywhere. It reports everything, has an espionage as universal and active as any despot ever established, and makes its comments with that species of boldness which the undiscriminating call impudence, on all that happens, or is imagined to happen or to be about to happen. It scorns to confine itself to the realm of the past and the present, but deals largely with the future. A German play represents in one of its scenes "Adam crossing the stage on his way to be created;" and much of the news gathered by our dailies is of this anticipative sort; imposing upon these active journals the necessity of contradicting on Tuesday the intelligence they have given on Monday.

Sydney Smith was fond of dating events before or after "the invention of common-sense;" and certainly the common-sense that contrived the modern newspaper does not go back many centuries. It is traditional to speak of newspapers as first originating in Venice early in the fifteenth century; but this Venetian *gazette* (whence our *gazette*) was only a monthly government bulletin, and unworthy of the name of newspaper. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, asserts that "this mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the Civil War," that is, in Cromwell's time; but Cleveland, the loyal poet, affirms in his *Character of a London Diurnal*, that "the original sinner of this kind was Dutch; Gallo-Belgicus the Protoplas, and the modern Mercuries but Hans en Kelders." Fabricius, the German contemporary of Addison, gives the date of this *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus* as from

1555 to 1632, and mentions that it had been collected into eighteen octavo volumes, and published at Frankfort. Carew's Survey of Cornwall, published in 1602, quotes some news from this Flemish newspaper. Its title of Mercury was copied by the real founder of English newspapers, Marchamont Nedham, whose Mercurius Britannicus did good service against King Charles and the prelates in the early years of the Long Parliament. As Captain Nedham is not only historically but typically the first representative of the modern "able editor," it may be well to speak of him more at length.

Disraeli the elder (whose account of the origin of newspapers, it must be said, is very inaccurate) calls Nedham "the great patriarch of newspaper writers, a man of versatile talents and more versatile politics; a bold adventurer, and the most successful, because the most profligate, of his tribe." Some account of his life is given by old Anthony à Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, from which we learn that he was a student of Oxford about the time that Milton was studying at Cambridge; and that, like Milton, he came afterwards to London and was a school-master there. Then he dabbled in law and was an under clerk at Gray's Inn; afterwards "studied physic and practised chymestry;" and finally, he became a soldier and was known as Captain Nedham of Gray's Inn. By this time we have got to the year 1643, when he began the publication of his weekly "newsbook," *Mercurius Britannicus*. Then, says the Tory Anthony, "siding with the rout and scum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble in his Intelligence, called *Mercurius Britannicus*, wherein his endeavors were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the king himself, to the beast with many heads." He soon became popular, and "whatever he wrote was deemed oracular." In 1647, however, either because he thought the Presbyterian party were going too far, or for a worse reason, he went on his knees to King Charles, was

reconciled to the royalists, and, to quote Wood again, "he soon after wrote *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, which, being very witty, satirical against the Presbyterians, and full of loyalty, made him known to and admired by the bravadoes and wits of those times." He began this second newspaper in September, 1647, when the king was intriguing with Cromwell and with the Presbyterian party, to see which would offer him the best terms; he seems to have continued it till the king's cause became hopeless; when, persuaded by Bradshaw and Speaker Lenthall, as Woods says, "he changed his style once more in favor of the Independents." This was early in 1649; and now he again christened his Mercury, and called it *Mercurius Politicus*, under which name it continued for more than ten years, and through the whole of Cromwell's reign. "He was then the Goliath of the Philistines," says Wood, "the great champion of the late usurper; and his pen, in comparison with others, was as a weaver's beam." In 1659 the government ceased to make his "weekly newsbook" their official organ, and, on the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, Nedham fled to Holland, fearing for his life. After a while he was pardoned by the king and allowed to return, but forbidden to continue his newspaper; and, instead of him, the servile wit, Roger L'Estrange, became the official editor.

The career of Marchamont Nedham has been repeated in every generation since his day, by some able man, in every country where newspapers have flourished. His first successor was De Foe, the novelist, who began to publish his *Review* in 1704, and continued it through nearly the whole reign of Queen Anne, supporting sometimes one side in politics, and sometimes the other, but always with spirit, and with an eye to the good of his country. His advice to editors, based, as he says, upon his own experience, is as good now as when he wrote it: "If a writer resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind, neither to give nor

take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells their virtues (when they have any), then the mob attack him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless; *and this is the course I take myself.*"

If De Foe meant to say that he had been martyred for his truth-telling, he was right, for he began his newspaper, as his contemporary, Bunyan, did his sacred romance, in jail, after he had been set in the pillory by Queen Anne's government for writing satires on the high church party. He was thrown into Newgate in 1703, and pardoned out by the queen, at the request of Harley and Godolphin, in the latter part of 1704, when his semi-weekly Review had been in course of publication for eight or ten months. In March, 1705, he made it tri-weekly, and it so continued till May, 1713, when he was again imprisoned, fined, and compelled by his misfortunes to suspend the publication of his newspaper. He was a second time pardoned out by the queen, but she died the next year, and he was left with no powerful protector against the malice of his enemies. The persecutions to which he was exposed, along with other causes, now induced De Foe to accept a situation from which most men of honor would have shrunk, and which must be regarded as a blemish on his character, in spite of the arguments used in his behalf by his latest biographer, Mr. Lee. He became connected with the Tory newspaper, *Mist's Journal*, and was concerned in its management for several years, during the reign of George I., all the while acting as a spy on its contributors, and in correspondence with the Whig ministry, who were glad to make this use of his services. De Foe's contributions to this and other newspapers, during the last fifteen years of his life,¹ have been culled from them by Mr. Lee and published in two large volumes. They show with what zeal and industry he followed

the profession of journalism, at an advanced age, and when he had become a famous and popular author.

As Nedham and De Foe are good examples of public journalists discussing politics, so Addison is the earliest instance of journalistic success, apart from political or religious controversy. The *Spectator*, though a daily, could hardly be called a newspaper. Its predecessor, the *Tatler*, had increased its circulation by publishing news from the Continent; but when Steele gave up the *Tatler* in 1710, and joined his friend, Addison, in beginning the *Spectator* (March 1, 1711), he ceased to make news any part of his plan, and devoted the new journal solely to literature. At first it was somewhat colored with the liberal politics of its editors, but this was gradually changed, until it became equally popular with all parties. But Steele, who was a warm patriot and partisan, soon grew weary of this neutrality, and in his *Guardian* (1713), and *Englishman* (1714), returned to political writing, in consequence of which he was censured and expelled from the House of Commons in 1714. Nor did he take any share in the revived *Spectator* of 1714, which was managed by Addison alone, without any meddling with politics.

The success of the *Spectator* was something extraordinary for that period. It was printed on a half sheet "of the vilest paper of which any specimens have descended to posterity," says Chalmers, and sold at first for a penny, at which price it had a daily sale of from three to ten thousand. When the stamp duty was first imposed (August 1, 1712) the additional half penny thus exacted reduced the sale one half, for the price was raised to two pence. This tax eventually killed the *Spectator*, as it did Swift's *Examiner*; and no doubt it had something to do with the failure of De Foe's Review. Occasional issues of the *Spectator* seem to have sold as many as fourteen thousand copies; a very large number when we consider that the *London Morning Post*, nearly

¹ He died in 1731, at the age of seventy-one. The misfortunes of his last years are believed by Mr.

Lee to have been in some way connected with his unhandsome behavior towards *Mist* and the Tories.

a hundred years later, was thought to have an enormous circulation when Coleridge's leading articles and the news of Napoleon's wars had increased its sale to four thousand five hundred copies; and the London Times was some forty years in reaching a circulation as great as the Spectator acquired in a year.

Before De Foe, or Addison, Steele, Swift, Berkeley, Bolingbroke, or any of their witty contemporaries had engaged in journalism in the mother country, New England, according to the traditions, had seen the first American newspaper, the Publick Occurrences of Benjamin Harris, of which one number was published in Boston, September 25, 1690, "at the London coffee-house, which Harris kept." Mr. Hudson reprints this sheet in full; its authenticity has been questioned, but, so far as can be seen, without sufficient cause. De Foe's kinsman, the bookseller Dutton, gives a brief notice of Harris, who was a printer, and like De Foe, had stood in the London pillory for some publication. His Boston sheet was harmless enough, but the magistrates of that city saw fit to suppress it, as they afterwards tried to suppress the Courant of the Franklin family, for its strictures on the Mathers and other Boston ministers. Their view of the matter, both then and afterwards, — and it is an opinion still discernible in some parts of Massachusetts, — had been expressed by Roger L'Estrange, when he succeeded Marchamont Nedham as official organ of the English government. "Supposing the press in order," says L'Estrange, "the people in their right wits, and news or no news to be the question, a publique Mercury should never have my vote; because it makes the public too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious; and gives them not only an itch, but a colorable right and license to be meddling with the government."

In 1722, the Massachusetts General Court took notice of this impertinence of the Franklins in venturing to have a different opinion from the Mathers, and

voted that James Franklin should be forbidden to print or publish the New England Courant, or any other pamphlet or paper of the like nature, "*except it be first supervised by the secretary of this province*;" inasmuch as "the tendency of said paper is to mock religion, and bring it into contempt; that the Holy Scriptures are therein profanely abused, the reverend and faithful ministers of the gospel are injuriously reflected on, and the peace and good order of His Majesty's subjects of this province disturbed by the said Courant." In consequence of this vote, the newspaper was for a while published in the name of Benjamin Franklin, then a youth of sixteen. The rest of the story is well known; the two brothers quarreled, and Benjamin, at the age of seventeen, went to Philadelphia, where a few years later he established the first really good newspaper in America — the Pennsylvania Gazette.

When our Revolution began, a hundred years ago, daily newspapers had become common in England, and were not unknown in America. Dr. Johnson, writing at this period, said in his tumid way, "Journals are daily multiplied without increase of knowledge. The tale of the morning paper is told in the evening, and the narratives of the evening are bought again in the morning," a description which may still apply in Boston, if not in London. A few of the London dailies now existing are as ancient as the Worcester Spy, which kept its centennial in 1870, and of which that worthy old printer, Isaiah Thomas, was the founder. The Spy was not a daily, however, for the first seventy-five years, but generally a weekly. In 1794 it had the pedantry, not unusual then, to print its motto — *The Liberty of the Press is Essential to the Security of Freedom* — in four languages, English, Latin, Greek, and French. At that time it was just about one fourth of its present size; that is to say, its readers received in a week less than a twentieth part of the matter that the readers of the daily Spy now get. But, on the other hand, it cost but a dollar and a half, instead

of the eight dollars now paid for the daily *Spy*, and only a fourth of its space was given to advertising, instead of about three fourths, as now. Its news from Europe, in 1794, was nearly three months old, from Canada and Georgia more than a month old, and from New York a week, instead of coming twice every day from all these and a thousand other places, as it now does. Its editorial writing was almost nothing; and this was true of most American newspapers at that time. If principles were to be discussed or events commented upon, the task was usually left to correspondents, who, under various English and Latin names, maintained one side or the other of political and social questions.

The connection of poets and literary men of the highest rank with the modern newspaper is well known, and need only be alluded to. Had Goethe lived in England, instead of Germany, he would have been a newspaper editor rather than a theatre-manager, as he was at Weimar. In Paris everybody commences by writing for the journals. Sainte-Beuve and George Sand did so from the beginning; Thiers was and remains a journalist; and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* — the first authority in the world in matters of literature and philosophy — is but an exalted and glorified newspaper. Of this review and its editor, Buloz, George Sand said twenty years ago, "With perhaps two or three exceptions, all that have preserved a name as publicists, poets, novelists, historians, philosophers, critics, travelers, etc., have passed under the hands of Buloz, that man of sense, who cannot talk, but who has great keenness under his rough exterior. It is very easy, too easy, in fact, to laugh at this capricious and uncivil Genevese; he is even good-natured enough to let you make sport of him, when he is not cross; but what is not so easy is to avoid being persuaded and controlled by him. I have been urged many times to attack Buloz, but I have always squarely refused; although his critics steadily asserted that I had a great deal of talent so long as I

wrote for the *Revue*, but since my quarrel with it, — alas, alas!" This is an able editor's portrait, which might almost serve for a type of the class; it is such men who succeed with newspapers and with magazines.

Thoreau's pungent criticism on the newspapers is not quite so true now as when he made it, twenty years ago. "I am sure," says he in *Walden*, "that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. To a philosopher all news, as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea." "Read not the Times; read the Eternities." But even this philosopher admits that he read one newspaper a week, though he feared that was too much, and found that the sun, the clouds, the snow, the trees, did not say so much to him as before he desecrated his mind by letting in idle rumors and trivial incidents. And it is very true that to the serious thinker the murmurs brought by every day's report of the incessant stir of mankind are chiefly a disturbance and dissipation of his thought. But the journal of to-day is no longer a mere record of daily events; it occupies itself with the thoughts of men, the discoveries of science, the treasures of literature, and the acts of heroes.

There came a time after Thoreau had said these things, when he was driven to the morning paper with as much eagerness as anybody; when, as he says, "I read all the newspapers I could get within a week." It was when John Brown lay wounded at Harper's Ferry, and his enemies, thronging about him, drew from him those answers that rang through the country for years, and still thrill the heart as we recall them. It was the everlasting reporter of the *New York Herald*, who then and there noted down the undying words that might else have been lost, or distorted in the recital of the base men to whom they were spoken. Then it was made manifest for what purpose the *Herald* had been allowed to exist all these years, — no other paper could have had a reporter there, and without him the con-

version must have perished. All this was "foreordained and freely pre-determined;" and John Brown, lying there on the armory floor, was the final cause of the Herald and its otherwise unaccountable editor. In those days the Times and the Eternities got printed on the same sheet, as they always do when a hero appears.

The triviality for which Thoreau complained of the newspapers, he was no less sensible of in the daily life of his fellow-men. "Nations!" he cries, "what are nations? Tartars and Huns and Chinamen. Like insects they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable." How, then, could he expect the journalist to do it? whose business is to record what he finds, be it trivial or momentous, if it only be significant. And the great struggle of the editor, as of the historian or the essayist, always is to choose the significant fact, the event that really means something, and to give prominence to that. The telegraph and the innumerable newspapers have made the world one enormous ear of Dionysius—a perpetual whispering gallery; and out of the confused mass and rumble of rumors, the poor journalist must snatch and print what he can, for it is quite impossible to give currency to everything. But the best journals now aim to furnish their readers not only the news of the day, but the thought and spirit of the epoch; and to some extent they do so.

Of late, too, there has been a perceptible increase in the courage of our journalists. The same thing has been happening in this country within a dozen years, which an acute Frenchman, Baron d'Haussez, who was one of the ministers of Charles X., and followed him into exile in England, noted as going on in Europe forty years ago. "For a long time," he says, "the English newspapers limited themselves to studying public opinion; to follow in its wake was their sole aim. But lately the English press, following the example of the French journals, has jumped from the tail to the head of

popular opinion; it seeks to mark out the course this opinion should follow, and aspires to direct it. The newspapers find fault with, denounce, menace one party and stimulate the other; and public sentiment is no less the slave of journalism in London than at Paris." Every observer of our American newspapers since the civil war began will see how well these remarks apply to them. Their tone has greatly changed; and though they are not yet models of courage, they are by no means deficient in boldness and confidence. They no longer deem it their highest duty "to feel round for the average judgment of their readers, and express that," as Wendell Phillips used to say; no, they have an ambition to lead rather than to follow; and instead of drawing steadily in the traces of party, as political newspapers did in the days of Jackson and Polk, they now try, every now and then, to form new parties, and raise new political issues; and sometimes they succeed. One reason for this change, which all must have noticed, is the vast change in the circumstances of our country and the features of American society. We have passed rapidly from a provincial to an imperial position among the nations, with all the attendants of our prosperous career,—fabulous wealth, increased culture, a prodigious diversity of tastes and interests, and a wide expansion of the horizon of individual ambition. These things stimulate us in all directions, and their influence is nowhere more keenly felt than in the field of journalism, where they are first noted and most frequently registered and compared.

Under the spur of such excitements, a new class of newspaper editors has appeared. In the book of Captain Basil Hall, an English traveler in this country in 1833, occurs this graphic sketch of the editors of that day: "The conductors of American journals are generally shrewd but uneducated men, extravagant in praise or censure, clear in their judgment of everything connected with their own interests, and exceedingly indifferent to all matters

which have no discernible relation to their own pockets or privileges." How well this describes Thomas Ritchie, Isaac Hill, Thurlow Weed, and men of that stamp, a few of whom still remain at the head of newspapers they have founded or inherited! But the new race of American editors is different. In spite of Mr. Greeley's bucolic sneer, — "Of all horned cattle, a college graduate in a newspaper office is the worst," — nearly all the rising and lately risen journalists in the country are educated men, many of them highly accomplished in scholarship or literature. Such as were not educated at the outset have oftentimes pursued their studies, and taken their degrees in half a dozen newspaper offices, — no mean school for acquiring a liberal culture. They are traveled men, too, familiar with foreign countries, and, what is quite as necessary and less common, with their own; accustomed to meet and deal with people of all sorts, and especially with the able men of their region. Not a few of them, in the late war, enriched their minds with the experiences of army life, either as soldiers or as war correspondents; some are popular lecturers, others are cultivating literature with zeal and success; all, as a class, are alert of mind, with their faculties ready at command, and trained to steady service as much as any professional men in the land.

Moreover, journalism is drawing into its ranks every year more and more of the intellectual ability of the country; clergymen leaving their pulpits, lawyers their briefs, school-masters their desks, and scholars their studies, to ply the pen for the daily and weekly newspaper. Add to these the multitude who, without abandoning their old avocations, are correspondents or occasional contributors for the press, and the number becomes enormous; including, as it does, so many women of genius and culture. When Mrs. Child, that genial grandmother of feminine journalism in America, wrote her *Letters from New York*, and when Margaret Fuller went to the same city to help Mr. Greeley edit the *Tribune*, how daring and strange their

venture seemed to their country-women! But now their successors may be counted by the thousand; and nothing so much surprises and delights a young editor as to find what rich stores of womanly talent and insight he can draw upon to enrich his columns. Every editor now rejects, for want of room, bushels of manuscripts from feminine hands, that twenty years ago would have been sought out and proudly printed, — only, twenty years ago they did not exist.

And yet, with all this thronging of recruits to the rendezvous of journalism, the number of really able editors is small. Some years ago a journalist in another city was lamenting the poverty of Boston in this respect, and said with real pathos, "Why, they've only got one good journalist in all Boston, and they're spoiling him in the pulpit!" Of course, things have changed for the better since then, in Boston — but hardly elsewhere. Brilliant and forcible and sensible as so many American journalists are, they seldom develop into marked superiority; each has his foible, his impediment, and does not rise beyond a certain level. Some of them remind us of the compliment paid by a German prince to Wellington's troopers; he liked the British cavalry, he said; "there were none better in the world, — *if they only knew how to ride.*" Mr. Greeley, for example: how magnificently was he equipped for journalistic service! how much he has done, too! And yet, he too often suggested that homely figure of a cow who gives a good pail of milk and then kicks it over — so furious, so ungovernable, were his whims. His great rival, Mr. Raymond, certainly could ride, but he persisted in riding nowhere; he would trot smartly northward, then canter briskly southward, then amble easterly and westerly; but always came back at last to his centre of indifference. Unequaled in the details of journalism, he lacked the steady force and moral purpose that alone accomplish great results. Mr. Dana, who, like Mr. Raymond, was for a while the associate and afterwards the rival of Mr. Greeley, has shown some of the

rarest and most masterly traits of a successful journalist; but in these later years he has wantonly sacrificed the best parts of his reputation by a coarse, sensational, and impudent manner of conducting his newspaper. No other names than these three, — who are, on the whole, the most famous of American journalists, — are needed to remind us how easy it is for editors of rare ability and opportunity to fall short of the lofty ideal of journalism. Had Franklin lived in our day, and devoted himself to the work of a newspaper, as he did in his own century, he perhaps would have come nearer than any other to the true standard; but even of Franklin it was said by Timothy Pickering that “he was never found in a minority.” Yet the ideal journalist must, like the greatest general, sometimes lead a forlorn-hope, and often must resist the public for the public good.

Courage, indeed, is the one quality indispensable for journalism of the highest order, and it is what our journalists still lack most. Of courage as an intellectual accomplishment, or a means of winning respect and deference, they have a much better perception than of its moral quality. They are, therefore, often bold and self-confident, audacious to the verge of insolence, and sometimes beyond it; but for that steady courage which accepts certain risks for uncertain advantages, and for that modest courage which dares more than it proclaims, they are not conspicuous. But it must be said that our newspapers, of late years, have one increased inducement and guarantee for a courageous course, — a much greater pecuniary independence than formerly. It grows more and more difficult each year to hire or buy a successful newspaper, because it can afford to hold its price high. Nor do newspapers now depend for success, except indirectly, upon their subscribers. It is advertising that supports them mainly, and a great subscription list is chiefly valuable, pecuniarily, to a great newspaper, as being certain to attract advertisers. This, to be sure, is only changing the burden of servitude, for an ed-

itor whose chief aim it is to please his advertisers and retain their “patronage,” as it is called, is but one degree less fettered than he who dodges and shuffles to please his subscribers. And it is important that newspapers should be the property, so far as possible, of those who have the editorial management; for without this security from monetary dictation, a journal may be as venal as if it were purchased outright. Neither is it well for the owners of a newspaper to have much other property actively employed in business; else they will be tempted to use their newspaper columns to promote their private speculations. There is no more common mode of bribing editors and legislators, as we have lately seen illustrated, than by offering them an interest in schemes that depend upon public favor or special legislation for their success. The one excuse for all the annoyances and impertinences of which newspapers are guilty is their devotion to the public good; and a journalist who is detected feathering his own nest, or helping his friends to do so, loses at once his privilege as public benefactor. Need we add that detection makes no difference in the offense? It is the one unpardonable sin against journalism to cloak private gain or personal malice with professions of public virtue.

Great as the temptations of a journalist are to enrich himself by subservient or corrupt courses, they are far less than his temptations to self-conceit, which is the main vice of modern editors, the sin that doth so easily beset us. To err is human; this is a common frailty in all occupations, especially such as are literary or political. We have an amusing instance in a religious poet of the seventeenth century, who had a picture of himself engraved, kneeling before a crucifix with a label from his mouth, “Lord Jesus, do you love me?” which was answered by another label proceeding from the mouth of Jesus, “Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, poet-laureate of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenberg,

—yes, I do love you!” The flattery which our journalists devise for themselves is less heavenly-minded than this, but no less gross.

Alcæus and Callimachus are nothing to the titles we bestow on one another, when in good humor; if you will take us at our own valuation you need be under no concern for the future of American literature. As Colonel Diver remarked to Martin Chuzzlewit, when handing him the Rowdy Journal for his perusal, “You’ll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilization and moral purity.” The original Jefferson Brick has departed, no doubt, but he has left a family, and a numerous one, who have divided his mantle between them. Who is not forced to smile, sometimes, in the intervals of admiration, at the airs these gentlemen assume? as if uncreated wisdom had taken bodily form in their persons. They will allow us to know nothing which they have not told us; they give us epitomes of history after Tacitus, sketches of character after Clarendon and Kinglake, and systems of political economy as elaborate as Adam Smith’s. And so positive, too, in all their knowledge! It should be the humble effort of a young student’s life-time to acquire the omniscience of an American journalist under the age of thirty-five. “I wish I knew anything,” said Lord Melbourne, “as positively as Macaulay knows everything.” Why wonder that our American bishops at the Ecumenical Council easily agreed to the Pope’s infallibility? Had they not seen an infallible chair in every one of the five thousand newspaper offices in their own country?

Still, let us be just to these instructors of ours; it is no mean talent that they possess, nor, on the whole, ill-employed. It is common to laugh at newspaper English, and the knowledge that is derived only from the newspapers. But, except in those masters of style who are above comparison, there is no better English than we find in the newspaper; and we can now fully appreciate what Horace Walpole meant in saying, a hun-

dred years ago, “Every newspaper is now written in a good style; when I am consulted about style, I often say, ‘Go to the chandler’s shop for a style,’”—that is, read any old newspapers you may pick up. And he adds a strikingly just remark: “Had the authors of the silver age of Rome written just as they conversed, their works would have vied with those of the golden age. Writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style; hence elaborate stiffness and quaint brilliance. What a prodigious labor an author often takes to destroy his own reputation!” It is because a journalist thinks more of his matter than of his manner, and seeks to make himself understood rather than admired, that he writes so well; and how well our best editors and correspondents write one can easily see by writing himself on one of their themes. These men and women are the lineal successors of Hobbes, who said if he had read as many books as the learned, he should have been as ignorant as they; of De Foe, whose “low style” is the admiration of all good critics; of Franklin, who acquired his art of writing, by no means inferior to Addison’s, in a printing-office; of the letter-writers and diarists, whose vocation has almost died out, except as they reappear in newspaper correspondents. Nor is it extravagant to say that the careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries; while the multitude of men and women are actually instructed so, more rapidly than in any way ever tried before.

At the same time, every able journalist, and nearly every mediocre one, is tempted to be a smatterer; he must have his say on every topic, and cannot be well informed about all. There was no royal road to geometry in Euclid’s time, nor is there any railroad to universal knowledge now; to acquire it is impossible, and to come within sight of it demands much time and much patience, neither of which our journalists commonly have. The fancied necessity of scribbling something about every

event and every intellectual and social manifestation is the plague of an editor's life, the ruin of his good manners, the cause of delusion, bewilderment, and skepticism in his readers. Couple this with that other superlative folly, the rule never to retract an assertion or correct a mistake, and we have the cause of more than half the impertinence, error, and mischief of which newspapers are guilty.

A great deal is said about the slanderous character of the modern newspaper, and of its entire disregard of privacy and the right of individuals to be respected in their withdrawal from public notice. But in these respects our age is no worse than those before it. We have made error and slander more public by our inventions, but not more common, perhaps, nor more hurtful. In fact, the purely libelous industry of the press is probably less now, in comparison with its whole activity, than at any former time since pamphlets (*libelli*) began to be printed. This passage occurs in the letters of Prince Pückler-Muskau, written from England in 1826, before the era of railroads, to say nothing of the telegraph and the power-press:—

“A strange custom in England is the continual intrusion of the newspapers into the affairs of private life. A man of any distinction not only sees the most absurd details concerning him dragged before the public, — such as where he dined, what evening party he attended, and so forth, — but if anything really worth telling happens to him, it is immediately made public without shame or scruple. Personal hostility thus has full scope, as well as the desire of making profitable friends. Many use the newspapers for the publication of articles to their own advantage, which they send themselves. It is easy to see what formidable weapons the press thus furnishes. Fortunately, however, the poison brings its own antidote with it; this consists in the indifference with which the public receives such communications. An article in a newspaper, after which a Continental would not show himself for three months, here excites only a

momentary laugh, and the next day is forgotten.”

Would not this pass for a description of the — New York newspapers, we will say? The personalities in which the editor of to-day delights, annoying as they often are, surely are no worse than those here censured, while they fill a much smaller space in the reader's mind than formerly; partly because the modern journal contains so much besides, and partly for the consoling reason given by the German prince, — that so much publicity defeats its own aim and makes little impression.

It is also true, little as we may think it, that our American newspapers are vastly improved in most respects from what they were thirty years ago, when Dickens saw, felt, and caricatured them. How we all winced under his satire in Martin Chuzzlewit, knowing so much of it to be deserved! How the cries of the New York newsboys made our ears tingle! “Here's this morning's New York Sewer! Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the Sewer's article upon the judge that tried him, day afore yesterday, for libel, and the Sewer's tribute to the independent jury that did n't convict him, and the Sewer's account of what they might have expected if they had!” etc., etc. This satire no longer stings us as it once did, because, notwithstanding the occasional efforts of the New York Sun, Times, and Tribune to rival the scarcely imaginary Sewer and Rowdy Journal of Martin Chuzzlewit's day, — notwithstanding the recent appearance of the interviewing reporter, that pest of society, — the moral and intellectual standard of our newspapers has risen a great many degrees in thirty years.

Nor is this the only change that has taken place. Since the death of Horace Greeley and the events which preceded and followed it, there is no difficulty in perceiving that we stand at the close of a long era of American journalism, and

are entering rapidly upon a new dispensation. The presidential campaign of 1872, and the death of Mr. Greeley, mark the end of partisan journalism in its old form,—that epoch of which the New York Tribune was the product and the survivor. “With the death of the founder of the Tribune,” says Mr. Hudson, “party journalism pure and simple, managed by accomplished and experienced editors, inaugurated by Jefferson and Hamilton, aided by such writers as Fenno, Bache, Duane, Freneau, Coleman, Cheetham, Ritchie, and Crosswell, has ceased to exist, and independent journalism becomes a fact impressed on the minds of the people.” To Mr. Hudson’s mind, loyal as he is to the memory and the traditions of the New York Herald, this event is but a fulfillment of the plans and hopes with which James Gordon Bennett, in 1835, announced the first publication of his great newspaper—the first successful example of an independent journal in the United States. The Herald was disreputable enough in those days, and for many a long year afterwards; it has not yet achieved the best reputation in the world, with all its expeditions and discoveries, but it has been tolerably true to the purpose indicated in the first number. Mr. Bennett expressed himself with coarseness and cynicism, but with much sincerity, when he said, “In *débuts* of this kind many talk of principle, political principle, party principle, as a sort of steel-trap to catch the public. We mean to be perfectly understood on this point, and therefore openly disclaim all steel-traps, all principle, as it is called, all party, all politics. Our only guide shall be good, sound, practical common-sense, applicable to the business and bosoms of men engaged in every-day life. We shall support no party, be the organ of no faction or *coterie*, and care nothing for any election, or any candidate, from president down to a constable. We shall endeavor to record facts on every public and proper subject, stripped of verbiage and coloring, with comments when suitable, just, independent, fear-

less, and good-tempered.” This was not a very lofty ideal of editorial duty, but it was an honest one, and in the line of what the nation needed and the future promised. So far as it adhered to this profession, the Herald succeeded and deserved success; but its notorious faults have long kept its true and important mission from being fully recognized, and the proper credit given therefor. It has been the rude, low-bred, boisterous pioneer, preparing the way for the finer and better race of newspapers that are to follow in its track with nobler aims, a keener sense of decency and responsibility, and a broader culture in the men who conduct them. Nor is it by any means impossible that the Herald itself may eventually become a newspaper of the kind just described.

Delighting in the great advances now making in American journalism, but not quite satisfied with any of the existing journals, there are a few persons so unreasonable as still to hope for a model newspaper, though they have never seen one, and though the most brilliant instances of journalistic success are generally coupled with grave and incurable faults. Such enthusiasts deem it possible to walk uprightly and deal justly with all mankind in the career of the journalist as much as in any other; that it is inferior to no other in the interests it protects, the need it serves, the high standard of character and performance it exacts.

“It was not for the mean;
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending.”

Not less does it require the deepest purpose, the most active spirit, the broadest thought and culture, the most tolerant heart. Journalism now is what the stage was in Shakespeare’s time; its purpose, as Hamlet says of the “purpose of playing,” “both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as ’t were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.” But literature, of which journalism is now the most alert

and prolific form, has even a nobler aim than this, to describe which we must borrow the words, not of the tolerant dramatist, but of the more heroic moral poet, Milton. Its office, like that of poetry, of which it is so apt a vehicle, is also "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe."

To succeed in all this, without doing injustice to the shipping list and the price current, to the last great fire, mammoth squash, Cardiff giant, new novel, or new religion; to discuss, be-

sides, all the social topics, little and large, that have come upon us in the present age for consideration,—this certainly gives scope enough for the greatest activity and the best talent. Moreover, this ideal journalist, like the poet in *Rasselas*, must "disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same. He must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being superior to time and space." The reader, still subject to these limitations, is doubtless by this time ready to cry with *Rasselas*, "Enough, thou hast convinced me that no human being ever can be a *journalist*. It is so difficult that I will at present hear no more of his labors."

F. B. Sanborn.

CRITICISM.

"CRUDE, pompous, turgid," the reviewers said;
 "Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
 Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read—
 Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick!"

But while, assaulted of this buzzing band,
 The poet quivered at their little stings,
 White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
 Went flying with his fame beneath their wings!

And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
 As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore.
 And it befell that after many years,
 Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.

"Cold, classic, polished," the reviewers said;
 "A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
 We missed the old careless grandeur as we read,
 The power and passion of his younger days!"

Edgar Fawcett.

AN EARNEST SOWING OF WILD OATS.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN taking temporary leave, last November, of my Atlantic readers, I told them that, at the age of twenty-seven, I engaged in a somewhat Quixotic enterprise, adding: "I saw what seemed to me grievous errors and abuses, and must needs intermeddle, hoping to set things right. Up to what point I succeeded, and how far, for lack of experience, I failed, or fell short of my views, some of those who have followed me thus far may wish to know."

It was in one sense, though not in the popular one, a "sowing of wild oats;" for many of the thoughts and schemes which in those days I deemed it a duty to scatter broadcast were crude and immature enough. Yet the records of such errors and efforts—if the errors be honest and the efforts well-meant—serve a useful purpose. It is so much easier to intend good than to do it! Young and rash reformers need to be reminded that age and sober thought must bring chastening influence, before we make the discovery how little we know, and how much we have still to learn.

It is forty-five years since Frances Wright and I established in the city of New York a weekly paper of eight large quarto pages, called *The Free Enquirer*. This paper was continued for four years;

¹ During the first year Frances Wright and I edited the paper, aided, chiefly in the business department, by Robert L. Jennings, whom I have already mentioned as one of the Nashoba trustees; then we severed connection with him. In the autumn of 1829 Miss Wright left for six months, returning in May, 1830; to remain, however, only two months, then crossing to Europe and not returning until after our paper was discontinued. From July, 1830, to July, 1831, I conducted the *Free Enquirer* entirely alone, aided only by occasional communications from Miss Wright; then I engaged the services of Amos Gilbert, a member of the society of Friends (Hicksite), one of the most painstaking, upright, and liberal men I ever knew, but a somewhat heavy writer, who remained until the paper closed, managing it as sole resident editor for the last five

namely, throughout 1829, 1830, 1831, and 1832. It was conducted, during a portion of that time, with Miss Wright's editorial aid, and also with other assistance; but it was chiefly managed and edited by myself.¹

Looking back through nearly half a century on these stirring times, I seem to be reviewing, not my own doings, but those of some enthusiastic young propagandist in whom I still take an interest, and whom I think I am able to see pretty much as he was in those early days of hope and anticipation; upright but hare-brained, with a much larger stock of boldness and force than of ballast and prudence, but withal neither mean nor arrogant nor selfish. I had failings and short-comings enough, very certainly,—among them lack of due meekness and of a wholesome sense of my own inexperience and ignorance and liability to error,—but the time never has been when I paltered with conscience, or withheld the expression of whatever I felt to be true or believed important to be said, from fear of man or dread of forfeiting popular favor. I have sometimes doubted since whether this zeal with insufficient knowledge resulted in much practical good; yet perhaps Herbert Spencer's view of cases like mine is the true one, when he says:—

"On the part of men eager to rectify

months, when I was in Europe; but I left him a dozen editorials, and sent him a regular weekly article throughout that time.

Orestes A. Brownson, well known since, especially in the Catholic world, then living at Auburn, New York (where he had been editing a *Universalist* paper), was agent and corresponding editor of our paper for six months (from November, 1829, to May, 1830), but he sent us only two or three articles. In one of these he thus defines his creed: "I am no longer to appear as the advocate of any sect nor of any religious faith. . . . Bidding adieu to the regions where the religionist must ramble, casting aside the speculations with which he must amuse himself, I wish to be simply an observer of nature for my creed, and a benefactor of my brethren for my religion."—*Free Enquirer*, vol. ii. p. 33.

wrongs and expel errors, there is still, as there ever has been, so absorbing a consciousness of the evils caused by old forms and old ideas, as to permit no consciousness of the benefits these old forms and old ideas have yielded. This partiality of view is, in a sense, necessary. There must be division of labor here as elsewhere: some who have the function of attacking, and who, that they may attack effectually, must feel strongly the viciousness of that which they attack; some who have the function of defending, and who, that they may be good defenders, must over-value the things they defend."¹

Some of the leading opinions which I put forth in our paper were without foundation. I made assertions, for example, touching man's inability to obtain knowledge in spiritual matters which I now know to be erroneous. Yet perhaps the frank expression even of such errors was not without its use; it has taught me charity to those who make similar mistakes; and I have since taken pains to correct these false conceptions in as public a manner as I expressed them. Then again, there is wisdom in what a thoughtful clergyman of the Anglican church (holding to the Oxford Essayist school, however) has well said:—

"It is necessary that absurd and harmful ideas should be expressed, in order that they may be seen to be what they are, and that time and conflict may destroy them. Hidden, repressed, they exist as an inward disease: freely expressed, they are seen and burnt away. . . . Whether any new phase of national thought be good or evil, the very fact of its being new will be a good in the end; for it will disturb the waters and provoke conflict: if evil, it will throw the opposite idea, which is good, into sharper outline; and if good, it will make its converts and subvert some existing evil. The only unmixt evil is to silence it by intolerance."²

The scope of our paper and the spirit

in which we proposed to conduct it may be traced through a few brief extracts from its prospectus. After premising that we had not found, even in this land of freedom, "a single periodical devoted—without fear, without reserves, without pledge to men, parties, sects, or systems—to free, unbiased, and universal inquiry," we added:—

"We shall be governed in our choice of subjects by their importance, and guided in our estimation of their importance by the influence each shall appear to exert on the welfare of mankind. We will discuss all opinions with a reference to human practice, and all practice with a reference to human happiness. Religion, morality, human economy,—those master-principles which determine the color of our lives,—shall obtain a prominent place in our columns. . . . We exact from our correspondents what we promise for ourselves, courtesy and moderation. While there is no opinion so sacred that we shall approach its discussion with apprehension, there is none so extravagant that we shall treat its expression with contempt. . . . To the believer as to the heretic we say: 'He who will tolerate others shall himself be tolerated; exclusive pretension only shall be, with us, cause of exclusion.'"

Of ourselves we said: "We neither dread public censure, nor court public applause. We need not popular favor to put bread into our mouths, and we care not to put money into our pockets. We search truth alone and for itself. We think meanly of man's present condition, and nobly of his capabilities. Are we wrong? we want others to prove us so. Are we right? it shall be our endeavor to convince them of error. . . . We trust that many are wiser and we know that many are more gifted than ourselves; but we have yet to see—would that we could see!—those who are as earnest in the work and as fearless in its execution."

Somewhat boastful, certainly! Not at all what I should write to-day! But so it is, in this world. Experience and enthusiasm are much like the two buck-

¹ Study of Sociology; concluding chapter.

² Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, *Freedom in the Church of England*: London, 1871; pp. 5, 6.

ets of a well; as the one rises the other sinks, and they are found only for a moment together. While the heart is fresh and the spirits untiring, they lack prudence for a guide; and when at last prudence comes to our aid, she too often finds the heart cold and the spirits sluggish. Ah, if to the free and buoyant ardor of youth we could but unite the deliberate sagacity of age! In the life to come, perhaps—if, there, old and young are meaningless terms—some such dream may be realized.

As regards theology, which during the first two years was our chief topic, my views touching a First Cause were substantially identical with those recently put forth, in succinct and lucid terms, by Herbert Spencer. Our consciousness, he tells us, which is our sole guide to any knowledge of mind, does not enable us to conceive the character or attributes of an "originating mind." This, he says, is not materialism. It is not "an assertion that the world contains no mode of existence higher in nature than that which is present to us in consciousness." It is simply "a confession of incompetence to grasp in thought the cause of all things." It is a "belief that the ultimate power is no more representable in terms of human consciousness than human consciousness is representable in terms of a plant's functions."¹

Such an avowal of inability to comprehend a first cause called forth, in those days, a storm of abuse quite beyond any with which Spencer and his co-believers are visited now. Press and pulpit assailed us as atheists. The mail brought us daily missives of wrath. Some of these I consigned to the wastebasket; a few I answered. One of the last—a fair sample of the rest—inclosed a tract which depicted the horrors of an unbeliever's death-bed, and an anonymous letter in which the writer said: "If you feel inclined to make any remarks in your infidel paper, you are at liberty to do so; but remember, there *will* be a day when you will regret that

you ever turned a deaf ear to those warnings that are contained in that blessed book, the Bible." I inserted his letter, and, after stating that I had most earnestly sought religious truth, replied:—

If such a day indeed arrive, when I shall stand before the judgment-seat of a great immaterial Spirit, to answer for the deeds done in the body, then and there will I defend my honest skepticism. Then—when the secrets of all hearts shall be known; there—before that Being who will see and approve sincerity, will I say, as I say now, that for my heresies I am blameless. If my correspondent be there to accuse me, how shall he make out his case? Let us imagine the scene:—

Accuser.—During thy mortal life, thou didst turn a deaf ear to holy exhortations.

Mortal.—Nay, I heard them, but believed them not.

Accuser.—Thou hast not known on earth the great Judge before whom thou now standest in heaven.

Mortal.—True. There I knew him not, for he concealed his being from me. Here I know him, for he reveals to me his existence.

Accuser.—I warned thee of his existence.

Mortal.—But I did not believe the warning.

Accuser.—Dost thou confess thy sin?

Mortal.—I have no sin to confess in this; but I confess my human ignorance.

Accuser.—Thy ignorance was sinful.

Mortal.—To thee! hitherto unknown Spirit, I appeal. I knew thee not on earth, for thou hiddest thy existence from me. I thought not of thee, nor of this day of judgment; I thought only of the earth and of my fellow-mortals. The time which others employed in imagining thy attributes, I spent in seeking to improve the talents thou hadst given me, in striving to add to the happiness of the companions thou hadst placed around me, and in endeavors to improve the abode in which thou hadst caused me to dwell. I spoke of that which I knew.

¹ Herbert Spencer on Evolution, in Popular Science Monthly for July, 1872.

I never spoke of thee, because I knew thee not. To thee I appeal from this my accuser.

Judge. — Thou hast well spoken. I placed thee on earth, not to dream of my being, but to improve thine own. I made thee a man that thou mightest give and receive happiness among thy fellows, not that thou shouldst imagine the ways and the wishes of gods. Even as thou condemnedst not the worm that crawled at thy feet, so neither do I condemn thy worldly ignorance of me.¹

An illustration more forcible than well-judged; yet it will be conceded that it involves the assertion of a sacred privilege long and strangely denied to man — his right freely to express sincere convictions, especially in religious matters. That my creed was simply a confession of ignorance was due to the fact that, at that time, I had found no evidence which seemed to me trustworthy, of the spiritual or its phenomena.

My present opinions as to the evidence for a supreme intelligence, in some way personal, whose directing will is the equivalent of cosnical law, are at variance with Herbert Spencer's, and may be thus stated: I admit, to modern science, that force, aggregating atoms and acting on and through them, is the immediate cause of all the material objects that are presented to the senses. But if we go back of force, seeking its motive-power, can our consciousness supply no aid in the search? It informs us that, as regards that class of appearances which we call the handiwork of man, the originating cause is, in a certain sense, our human will. Beyond this we cannot go; for the materialist has utterly failed to prove that the will is the result of molecular changes in the brain. Whatever the cerebral mechanism may be, it is the spiritual principle within us which wills, and which, availing itself of that mechanism and acting in accordance with cosnical law, produces the thousand results of human skill and of human mind.

¹ *Free Enquirer*, vol. i. p. 325.

We speak familiarly, in these days, of motion, when it is arrested, being convertible into heat. May not will, when it is excited, be converted into force? or may not will be the original form of force? The spiritual part of man *is* the man — is, and will be, in another and a better phase of life than this; all else is only earthly induing. Is it not a reasonable belief that the entire phenomenal world, as manifest to sense, is but an outer investment — the epiphany of a deeper reality, and traceable to a spiritual force?

Certain it is that we reach, as ultimate, so far as our consciousness goes, human will-power; in other words, we detect what, within the range of its influence, may be termed originating mind. Within the petty range of its influence only, it is true, and subject, be it remembered, to forces which exist and operate independently of man. As to the myriads of phenomena that occur outside of human agency, or of similar limited influence, are we not justified, by strictest rule of analogy, in concluding that they, too, are due to will-force? And does not our consciousness thus enable us to conceive the overruling will-force of an originating mind, infinitely higher, wiser, more potent than ours?

I may here add that, in some of the recent developments of science, connected with the doctrine of evolution, and thought by many to be of atheistic tendency, I find, on the contrary, provided they are interpreted with enlightened limitations, proofs confirmatory of the views which I have here given touching a supreme intelligence controlling and directing the universe.

The great principle of natural selection, which in the main explains so strictly the mode of gradual progress in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, seems to me only partially applicable, as an element of advancement, to man. The origin of man's highest mental faculties cannot be logically traced to the preservation of useful variations. Some other principle intervenes. The degree of the human intellect, at any given time,

is not so much the result of past selection as the earnest of needs to be satisfied only in ages to come. The oldest human skulls yet found (some of them equal in size to the average of modern skulls and all quite disproportioned, in capacity of brain, to the requirements of their savage owners) were evidently constituted with prophetic reference to the distant future. So the human hands and voice, organs eminently delicate and sensitive, were, in the rudest ages, capable of being trained for elevated uses and refined enjoyment which for tens or hundreds of centuries were not to be attained.

But if, as from these and similar facts it appears, savage man's endowments (being of proleptic character and looking to far-off triumphs in intellectual and spiritual fields) have been due to some cause other than natural selection,¹ does not our human consciousness lead us to conceive that cause as a supreme being, forecasting the future, foreseeing what the needs of our race will be when generation after generation shall have passed away, and expressly preparing man for a high destiny to come — preparing him even in the dim beginnings of his existence on earth, when the instincts of the brute almost sufficed to provide for his rude wants and to satisfy his vague longings? I think we may rationally rest in such a belief.

The opinions which I held in those days touching a future state are condensed in this extract:² "From all assertions, affirmative or negative, re-

garding other worlds than this, I abstain. They exist, or they exist not, independently of our conceptions of them. Our belief cannot create, our unbelief cannot destroy them. Hereafter we shall enjoy, or we shall not enjoy them, whether we have anticipated such enjoyment, or whether we have had no such anticipation."

Mistaking that of which I knew nothing for the unknowable, I was, in common with my co-editors, what is now called a Secularist, and having adopted from Pope and Southwood Smith³ the maxim that "Whatever is, is right," I sought to persuade myself that our horizon was wisely bounded by the world we live in; and that our earthly duties are better performed because of such a restriction. I have since had occasion to express my conviction that evidence, manifest to the senses, which assures man of a life to come, is one of the most cogent among civilizing influences; and that the human race will never attain that wisdom and virtue of which its nature is capable, until the masses shall have reached, not a vague belief, but a living, ever-present assurance, that character and conduct in this world determine our state of being in the next.

But at that time, in the absence of such evidence, I not only rejected, as I hope all men will, some day, reject the doctrine of *plenary* inspiration, but I lacked faith also in any inspiration other than that of genius; quite ignoring what Swedenborg calls influx from the spiritual world. My present views on that subject are given in a recent work: —

1 It would be out of place here to follow up in detail the argument that primeval man, supplied with attributes beyond his early needs, could not have obtained these merely by the persistent survival of those individuals of his race who were the fittest to protect and support themselves in ages of barbarism. For full details on this subject, I refer the reader to a recent work by a distinguished English scientist, Alfred Wallace; the first who put forth, in outline, the principle of natural selection, and one who has made special study of that subject. In his *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* (London, 1870) there is a chapter on The Limits of Natural Selection as applied to Man (pp. 232-271), which merits careful perusal. On that subject his deductions are, in the main, similar to mine. From the class of phenomena which he describes, his inference is (p. 359), "that a superior intelligence has guided the

development of man in a definite direction and for a special purpose, just as man guides the development of many animal and vegetable forms." He does not regard the human will as "but one link in the chain of events," and concludes: "If we have traced one force, however minute, to an origin in our own *will*, while we have no knowledge of any other primary cause of force, it does not seem an improbable conclusion that all force may be *will-force*; and thus that the whole universe is not merely dependent on, but actually *is*, the *WILL* of higher intelligences, or of one supreme intelligence" (p. 368).

2 From a manuscript lecture now before me, which I delivered, on various occasions, in the years 1831 and 1832.

3 In his *Divine Government*, a volume in which the author advocates earnestly, and (so far as I remember) logically, the principle of optimism.

"Inspiration is a mental or physical phenomenon, strictly law-governed; occasional, but not exceptional or exclusive; sometimes of a spiritual and ultra-mundane character, but never miraculous; often imparting to us invaluable knowledge, but never infallible teachings; one of the most precious of all God's gifts to man, but in no case involving a direct message from him — a message to be accepted, unquestioned by reason or conscience, as divine truth unmingled with human error. . . . Inspiration, in phase more or less pure, is the source of all religions that have held persistent sway over any considerable portion of mankind. And just in proportion to the relative purity of that source, welling up in each system of faith respectively, is the larger or smaller admixture of the Good and the True which, modern candor is learning to admit, is to be found in certain measure even in the rudest creed."¹

But while in those days neither Frances Wright nor I regarded Christ as an Inspired Teacher, both of us expressed in strong terms our respect for his exalted character. She wrote thus: "The real history of Jesus, if known, will probably be found to be that of every reformer whose views and virtues are ahead of his generation. By his ignorant friends his superior natural powers were mistaken for inspiration, and by his ignorant enemies for witchcraft. . . . Jesus appears to have been far too wise and too gentle to have conceived the scheme now attached to his name."²

This called forth, from a correspondent, one or two articles in opposition, speaking of Jesus as possibly a myth; at all events as "a miracle-monger, a magician," and as "wanting in filial affection and respect," etc. To these I replied after this wise: "I think of Jesus as one of the wise and good . . . who pleaded the poor man's cause and was called the friend of publicans and sinners; who spoke against hypocritical forms and idle ceremonies, and was de-

nounced as a Sabbath-breaker setting at naught the law; who exposed the selfishness of the rich and the powerful, and thus incurred their hatred; who attacked the priesthood of the day and by their machinations lost his life. This is a picture too strictly verified by all history to be refused credit, merely because its outlines are awkwardly filled up. There is, mixed with the mystery which beclouds Jesus' biography, too much of gentle, tolerant, high-minded principle to warrant the supposition that it was all the biographers' invention. Ignorant men do not invent tolerant democratic principles, nor imagine unpretending deeds of mercy, nor paint gentle reformers. . . . And if, speaking in parables, Jesus kept back much that might more distinctly have marked the character of his heresy, let us recollect that he spoke with his life in his hand, and that it is hard to blame him for having ventured so little, who suffered death, probably, for having ventured so much."³

Expressions of sentiment so plain as these did not save us, however, from bitter abuse; for instance by a certain Dr. Gibbons, a Quaker preacher with orthodox proclivities, who, quoting against us in an abusive pamphlet the words employed by our anti-christian correspondent, accused us of treating with indignity Christ and his teachings; and also of holding that "what is vice in one country is virtue in another." To him I replied:—

"No, Dr. Gibbons. You yourself know that we never expressed any such doctrine. Virtue is virtue in itself, independently of time, of name, and of country; honesty, for instance, and candor. You know, too, that the quotations touching Jesus given by you were not from our pens. Not one word of them was approved by us. You *know* that; and, knowing it, you suppress our words, *impute to us our very opponents' arguments as our own*, and thereupon (with a degree of assurance which to be credited must be seen) you found your

¹ The Debatable Land between this World and the Next: New York, 1872; pp. 242, 243.

² Free Enquirer, vol. i. p. 199.

³ Free Enquirer, vol. i. p. 256, and vol. ii. p. 190.

assertions that we have 'railed against Jesus Christ,' and 'reviled the author of Christianity.'

"In no country, Dr. Gibbons, will this pass for virtue. In no country will it be approved by any one whose approval is worth having. No end can justify such means; no cause sanction such weapons."¹

Dr. Gibbons made no answer. This is but a specimen of a hundred similar attacks, to which I replied after the same fashion; gradually fighting my way, I think, to considerable respect. At all events, after the first two years, we were treated with much more consideration than at the outset, by the press and by the pulpit of the more liberal sects, Unitarian and Universalist, and more especially by the Hicksite Quakers.

Some of the New York dailies were bitter enough, refusing even our paid advertisements; others, hitting us from time to time, did it good-naturedly: among these last, M. M. Noah, then conducting the *Inquirer*. Major Noah (as he was usually called) was a man of infinite humor, and I used to enjoy his jokes even when made at my expense. He said of my father, commencing operations in Indiana: "Robert Owen, the Scotch philanthropist, has been putting his property at New Harmony into common stock; he ought to be put into the stocks himself for his folly." When some country editor came out against him thus: "We can't endure Noah for two reasons: first, we hate his politics; secondly, he spells *Enquirer* with an I"—the major replied: "Any man who would put out his neighbor's *ii's* (eyes) ought to forfeit all *ee's* (ease) for the rest of his life."

We had other heresies which brought us reproach, aside from those of a theological character. We advocated the abolition of imprisonment for debt and of capital punishment; equality for women, social, pecuniary, and political; equality of civil rights for all persons without distinction of color, and the

right of every man to testify in a court of justice without inquiry made as to his religious creed. Above all, we urged the importance of a national system of education, free from sectarian teachings, with industrial schools where the children of the poor might be taught farming or a trade, and obtain, without charge, support as well as education.

This last brought upon us the imputation of favoring communism and holding agrarian views; quite unjustly, however, for I had taken pains to say: "We propose no equalization but that which an equal system of national education will gradually effect." As to the province of the general government as distinct from that of the States, I had then, like most foreigners, no very exact idea of the distinction.

Financially our enterprise was so far a success that it ultimately paid all expenses, including those of our household, with a trifle over. This was due to very strict economy, for we had but a thousand paying subscribers, at three dollars a year: in those early days, however, deemed a fair subscription list. We leased, at four hundred and forty dollars a year, from Richard Riker, then recorder of the city, a commodious mansion and grounds on the banks of the East River, some half mile southeast of Yorkville. There we lived and there our paper was handsomely printed by three lads who had been trained in the New Harmony printing-office. They boarded with us, and we paid them a dollar a week each.² We bought a small church in Broome Street, near the Bowery, for seven thousand dollars, and converted it into what we (somewhat ambitiously) called "The Hall of Science;" adding business offices in front. In this hall we had lectures and debates every Sunday, and sometimes on week-days; admission, ten cents. It paid interest and expenses, leaving the offices free of rent. We carried on also a small business in liberal books; our sales reaching two thousand dollars a year.

¹ *Free Enquirer*, vol. ii. pp. 134, 135.

² They got out the paper in five days of the week,

and we paid them for extra work, when they did any.

We lived in the most frugal manner, giving up tea and coffee, and using little animal food; were supplied with milk from a couple of good cows, and vegetables from our garden. We kept two horses and a light city carriage; had two female servants, and a stout boy who attended to the stable and garden. I have now before me a minute account which I kept of our expenses.¹ Including paper (upwards of five hundred a year), printing, expenses of house, stable, and office, rent, etc., our total expenditure was but three thousand one hundred a year when Miss Wright and her sister were with us, and after they went, twenty-seven hundred dollars only. I was my own proof-reader, rode on horseback to and from the city (ten miles) daily, and my only assistant in the office was an excellent young man of fifteen, Augustus Matsell, to whom we paid two dollars a week. I was occupied fully twelve hours a day; and, having a vigorous constitution, my health was unimpaired.

Though it was a somewhat hard and self-denying life, my recollections would prompt me to say that I was bright and cheerful through it all, but for a letter of mine which recently came to my hands, written to a European friend in the autumn of 1830, in which, alluding to the death of my sister Anne, I wrote:—

“It is customary to lament the dead; I lament the survivors. If, indeed, the world were what it ought to be, we might sorrow for those who go; for from how much of enjoyment would they be cut off! But as it is, one must be very favorably and independently situated, to render it certain that death is a loss and not a gain. I myself am thus situated, so that these reflections have no special application in my own case. From nature or education, or both, I derived a lightness of heart which few circumstances can depress.”

These are cheerless views of human

¹ Some of the items sound strangely to-day: Flour five dollars a barrel, horse feed two dollars a week each, butter sixteen cents a pound, and so on.

² John Stuart Mill, in his Autobiography, says

life: quite different from any which I take now in old age. Can a skeptic, with vision restricted to this world and regarding our existence here as a finality, not as a novitiate, ever obtain assurance (except perhaps during the heyday of a prosperous youth) that life, with its lights so often overshadowed, is a gift worth having at all? ²

I think that Frances Wright, less light-hearted than I, took a still gloomier view of the world as it is. Our deepest feelings are wont to crop out in genuine poetry; and Miss Wright, though it is not generally known, was a poet. I have read many of her fugitive pieces in manuscript, but she was never willing to have them issued in a volume. Some of these possessed, I think, considerable merit; as witness the following lines:—

TO GENIUS.

I.

Yes! It is quenched, the spark of heavenly fire
Which Genius kindled in my infant mind:
Fled is my fancy, damped the fond desire
Of fame immortal — all my dreams resigned.
All, all are gone! Yet turn I ne'er behind,
Like pilgrim wending from his native land?
Shall I in other paths such beauties find
As spring beneath Imagination's hand,
As bloom on wild Enthusiasm's visionary strand?

II.

Celestial Genius! dangerous gift of Heaven!
How many a heart and mind hast thou o'er
thrown!
Broken the first, the last to frenzy driven,
Or jarred of both for aye the even tone!
Once, once I thought such fate would be my own,
And only looked to find an early grave;
To die as I had lived, my powers unknown;
Content, so reason might her empire save,
Unseen to sink beneath oblivion's rayless wave.

III.

But oh! with all thy pains thou hast a charm
That nought may match within this vale below;
E'en for the pangs thou giv'st thou hast a balm.
And renderest sweet the bitterness of woe:
Thy breath ethereal, thy kindling glow,
Thy visions bright, thy raptures wild and high,
He that has felt, oh, would he e'er forego?
No! in thy glistening tear, thy bursting sigh,
Though fraught with woe, there is a thrill of ecstasy.

of his father, James Mill, who was a skeptic in religion but a man of the strictest moral principle: "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." — Amer. Ed. p. 48.

IV.

And art thou flown, thou high, celestial Power?

Forever flown? Ah! turn thee yet again!

Ah! yet be with me in the lonely hour!

Yet stoop to guide my wandered fancy's reign!

Turn thee once more, and wake thy ancient strain!

No joys that earth can yield I love like thine;

Nay, more than earth's best joys I love thy pain.

And could I say I would thy smile resign?

No; while this bosom beats, oh still, great gift, be mine!

These verses indicate the writer's ambitious aspirations, her self-estimate, and the restless and desponding moods to which, though not habitually sad, she was subject. In middle life, however, Frances Wright's ambition took the form of zealous endeavor to aid her suffering fellow-creatures. When the experiment at Nashoba proved a failure, and it became evident that the slaves there, instead of working out their freedom, were bringing the institution, year by year, into debt, she still resolved that the hopes with which she had inspired them should not be disappointed. She left New York for her Tennessee plantation in the autumn of 1829, and was absent six months, engaged in carrying out her final intentions regarding them.

I have in my possession the manifest of the brig — appropriately enough it was the John Quincy Adams, of Boston — in which the little colony was conveyed to Hayti. It shows that by that act, thirteen adults and eighteen children, — thirty-one souls in all, — liberated from slavery, were transported to a land of freedom. I have also the letter of the President of Hayti (Boyer), dated June 15, 1829, in which, after eulogizing Miss Wright's philanthropic intentions, he offers, to all persons of African blood whom she may bring to the island, an assured asylum; adding that they will be placed, as "cultivators," on land belonging to kind and trustworthy persons, where they will find homes, and receive what the law in such cases guarantees to all Haytian citizens, half the proceeds of their

labor;¹ all which he faithfully carried out.

Miss Wright herself accompanied these people and saw them satisfactorily settled. The experiment thus brought to a close cost her some sixteen thousand dollars; more than half her property.

M. Piquetpal d'Arusmont, of whom I have already spoken as a teacher at New Harmony, escorted Miss Wright to Hayti; and when she returned, I learned that they were engaged to be married. Soon after, she left for France accompanied by her younger sister: and there, next year, two misfortunes happened to her: the one her marriage, the other her sister's death. That lady, inferior in talent to Frances, but unassuming, amiable, and temperate in her views, exercised a most salutary influence over her. The sisters, early left orphans and without near relatives, had spent their lives together and were devoted to each other. When I heard of the death of the younger, Mrs. Hemans's touching lines rushed to my mind: —

"Ye were but two; and, when thy spirit passed,
Wee to the one — the last!"

In that sister Miss Wright lost her good angel. In her husband (gifted with a certain enthusiasm which had its attraction) she found, from the first, an unwise, hasty, fanciful counselor, and ultimately a suspicious and headstrong man. His influence was of injurious effect, alike on her character and on her happiness; and certain claims made by him on her property finally brought about a separation. Whether there ever was a legal divorce I do not know. I saw but little of Madame d'Arusmont after her marriage, and lost sight of her altogether in the latter years of her life.

The "Fanny Wright" of Free Enquirer days — her self-sacrificing philanthropy overlooked, or reproached as rank abolitionism — attained notoriety not only in virtue of her theological

leur accorderont, suivant la loi qui garantit et protège tous les citoyens, la moitié du produit de leur travaux."

¹ "Comme cultivateurs, ils seront placés sur les habitations, dont les propriétaires, connus sous des rapports de sagesse et de justice, leur prodigueront tous les soins que nécessiteront leur situation, et

heresy, verging nearer to materialism than mine, but also because of her expressed opinion that, in a wiser and purer future, men and women would need no laws to restrict and make constant their affections. I shared this opinion, as a theory; but I think she was not sufficiently careful explicitly to declare, as I did: "I have never recommended, and am not prepared to defend, any sudden abolition of the marriage law in the present depraved state of society. That great and immediate benefit would result from giving to married women independent rights of property, I am convinced; and I think such a change in the old Gothic antiquated statutes regarding *baron and feme* will soon be made in this country."¹

We were both strongly opposed to indissoluble marriage; favoring divorce for cruel treatment and for hopeless unsuitability;² and adducing, in proof that this merciful provision was of virtuous tendency, the domestic morals of Catholic France and Spain and Italy, where marriage was a sacrament binding for life, which no secular law could reach. My present opinions remain the same as those expressed, in detail, on that subject in a correspondence with Horace Greeley (comprised in five letters each), originally published in March and April of 1860, in *The New York Daily Tribune*; afterwards in a pamphlet which had a very wide circulation. Greeley undoubtedly persisted in holding to his opinion then expressed, that marriage was no marriage if it could be severed by divorce; for, several years afterwards, he called on me, in his hurried way, one morning before early breakfast, earnestly asking me if I could not possibly supply him with a copy of that

pamphlet, to be reprinted in the appendix to his *Recollections of a Busy Life*. I told him I had no copy remaining, but should do my very best to get one for him. I did so, and it appeared as he proposed; as much, I am quite sure, to my satisfaction as to his.

An additional cause of the harsh feeling toward Miss Wright which was felt, especially by the orthodox public, was the somewhat bitter manner in which she was wont to speak of what, like my father, she used to call the "priesthood." Her public lectures, of which she gave many throughout the country, East and West, usually attracted large crowds, thousands sometimes going away unable to find even standing-room. In one of these, she spoke of the clergy as "a class of men whom no one, not absolutely bent on self-martyrdom, would wish to have for enemies; but whom no honest man ever had — ever could have — for friends."

So sweeping a censure would place me, with all my heresies, in the category of the dishonest; seeing that I have found, throughout my life, nearly as fair a proportion of friends in the clerical profession as in any other calling.

I myself lectured, not only statedly at our hall on Sundays, but also in many of the principal towns and cities of the northern and northwestern States. I met, during my travels, with many amusing incidents, one of which occurs to me.

The stage-coach was then the usual mode of transit even on the chief routes; and familiar conversation with chance companions was more common there than it is now in rail-cars. On one occasion I sat next to an old lady of grave

sent' of the contracting parties? Whenever any marriage (be it of a king to his subjects or a husband to his wife) 'becomes destructive of these ends,' is it not right that it should be dissolved? Has not 'all experience shown' that women (and subjects) 'are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed?' And is not the abolition of these forms often right, desirable, a virtuous wish? Is not divorce, is not revolution, a virtuous act, when kings and husbands play the despot?" — *Free Enquirer*, vol. iv. p. 141.

¹ *Free Enquirer*, vol. ii. p. 200.

² Here is a specimen of the arguments by which then fortified my position: —

"The household sovereign little thinks, when he issues capricious commands, exacts grievous service, or employs tyrannical language, that George Washington's example will justify domestic disobedience. Yet are not all women 'endowed with unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'? Are not governments (matrimonial and national) 'instituted among men to secure these rights'? Do not marriages as well as governments 'derive their just powers from the con-

and anxious aspect. She expressed great interest in the state of my soul. Then she asked me: "Are you going to our great city of Boston?"

"Yes."

"Great cities," she added, "offer great temptations; and there are many heretics in Boston. Are your religious opinions made up?"

Unwilling to offend, I replied, in general terms, that I was a searcher after truth.

"What church do you propose to attend?"

"I shall probably visit more than one."

"But you have a preference, I suppose?"

Thus pressed to the wall, I confessed that I hoped to hear Dr. Channing.

"Dr. Channing!" she repeated, "Dr. Channing! I fear—I greatly fear, young sir, that you are one of the *moral* sort of men!"

"I hope so, madam," I answered quietly. "I should be sorry to believe that I was not."

Some of the passengers smiled, but my reply evidently horrified the good dame. She lifted up her eyes to heaven; and, probably regarding the case as hopeless, relapsed into silence.

My lectures were well attended, commonly listened to with deep attention; in the case of a few audiences, interrupted by applause. On one occasion only did I meet with anything like violent opposition. It was at Cincinnati, where the authorities had granted me the use of the court house. I lectured there twice. During the first lecture, a member of an orthodox church rose, indignantly denied some statement I had made, and called on the audience to put me down. The audience resented the interruption by loud cries of "Out with him!" and I had to interfere, to prevent his expulsion. Next day the court house could not contain half the crowd that assembled, for opposition was expected. I took the precaution to obtain two moderators, Mr. Gazlay and Mr. Dorfeuil, proprietor of a large museum containing an elaborate

collection of natural curiosities and scientific specimens. But I was suffered to close what I had to say without interruption, except that, while I was speaking, a stone, thrown from without, crashed through the casement of a window near by, and fell pretty close to where I stood.

Next morning I visited the museum; and Mr. Dorfeuil showed me, among his geological specimens, one a little larger than a man's fist, which a friend of his had picked up in the court house the evening before, and which now bore the quaint and pithy label:—

THIS ARGUMENT

was introduced through a window of the Cincinnati court house, in an attempt to put down Robert Dale Owen, while delivering there an address on Religion, March 6, 1832.

In addition to lecturing and the editorship of the *Free Enquirer*, I contrived, within the four years during which that paper appeared, to do a good deal of extra work.

I wrote and published a duodecimo volume of seventy or eighty pages, entitled: *Moral Physiology*; or, *A Brief and Plain Treatise on the Population Question*. In this little work I took ground against the theory of Malthus that the checks of vice and misery are necessary to prevent the world from being overpeopled. It had a circulation, in this country and in England, of fifty or sixty thousand copies.

I also engaged in a debate touching The Existence of God and the Authenticity of the Bible, with the *Origen* Bachelier. This extended to papers each; which were published in the *Free Enquirer* in two volumes, which I called

But the heaven was in connection with the matter, called The *Temple*, commenced a few entries in the *Free Enquirer* "Worship"

disappointed in an editor whom they had engaged; and, at their request, I agreed to supply his place for a few weeks, till they could find another. The few weeks stretched into months; and finally to more than a year, during which time I wrote for them, on the average, upwards of a column of editorial matter daily. This I did partly because, after a time, I got interested in editorial skirmishing, and partly to help the young fellows in their undertaking; not charging them, nor receiving from them, a dollar for my pains. I concealed my name, always leaving my articles with a friend, Mr. Samuel Humphreys; and many were the speculations as to "who the devil it was that was running the *Workies'* paper." I wrote as one of the industrial classes; and certainly had a good right so to do,

considering my regular twelve hours' daily labor.

It was during the years 1828 and 1829 that I made the acquaintance of that young English lady of whom I have spoken, in one of my works on Spiritualism,¹ under the name of Violet. Her early death was a great grief to me. But I have received a communication (as to which the attendant circumstances forbid me to doubt that it was truly from her) to the effect that she has been able to aid and guide me from her home in the other world, more effectually than if she had remained to cheer and help me in this.

The readers of *The Atlantic* will be better able to judge the cogency of evidence that forces on me belief in such phenomena, when they shall have read my next chapter.

Robert Dale Owen.

¹ In *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*: New York and London, 1873; book

iv. chap. iii., entitled, *A Beautiful Spirit manifesting Herself.*

DREAMS.

WHAT do we call them? Idle, airy things
Broken by stir or sigh,
Or else sweet slumber's golden, gauzy wings
That into heaven can fly.

What may we call them? Miracles of might.
For such they are to us
When the grave bursts and yields us for a night
Some risen Lazarus.

And if no trace or memory of death
Cling to the throbbing form,
' in a dream we feel the very breath
So fast and warm, —

real; we know life's waking thrill
Various things are told,
Dream is even stranger still
Of old.

Charlotte F. Bates.

TWO EUROPEAN SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

I.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

If the artistic genius of England were to be judged by its art institutions, its position, already not too high, would become ridiculous; for the occasional individual examples of genuine art-feeling which crop out of the mass of stolid indifference to art seem never by any chance to diffuse their influence into the educational system. In artistic countries we see schools gathered together by the magnetism and genius of individual masters, and the best talent almost invariably more or less devoted to the perpetuation of its traditions; but in England, almost without exception, the men who have real talent put it in the market for what it will bring, without a trace of the generous enthusiasm which one finds in the great Continental *ateliers*. Artists thrive in England commercially, though art starves, and pictures are sold in quantities and at high prices, and now and then a genuine and remarkable artistic nature does appear; but in general, art as art does not enter into English education, or exercise any influence on it. I must not forget to notice one exception quite worthy of the artistic *confrérie* of the old times — Ford Madox Brown, the well-known “Pre-Raphaelite,” whose knowledge and time have always been given freely to art-students.

A popular superstition prevails in England that to have art you need only to have art-schools; whence South Kensington, with numerous tributaries, and yearly competition and prizes; and as the popular mind is tolerably indifferent to the quality of the art, and the legislative mind utterly in the dark as to the measures to be taken to encourage it, the result has been that South Kensington is a huge receptacle into which everything notable in applied art drifts,

and where it lies, the object of indiscriminate and undigesting admiration. I believe that in the course of generations these superb public collections will develop taste, perhaps an art; and if artists arise in England capable of teaching on correct principles, and with a notion of what art really is, there may be created a school; but meanwhile we have — South Kensington.

Last September I looked through the annual exhibition of prize drawings for the national competition, and a more hopeless mass of childish, misdirected patience and microscopic enthusiasm I have never seen. The system of study followed, if it deserves to be called system, seems to be analogous to what geography might be as studied by pismires — the attempt to crawl over and investigate at near sight every point and detail of the subject, without in the least comprehending the larger relations of it, much less the rhythmical tendencies; in fact, such a mapping of nature as a somewhat intelligent photographic machine would do if left pretty much to itself. Sign of masters or proof of mastery there is none; and of the three general divisions into which the work may be divided — drawing from the east, from the life, and from nature, and decorative design — I was not able to discover a single example which showed the least promise of originality, or betrayed a comprehensive way of looking at things. The drawings from the east were, in the specimens selected for the chief prizes, mainly distinguished by the carefulness and lithographic quality of the execution, all point-work, and painful from the excessive attention to the most minute markings and little fractures in the plaster of the original, and the laborious way in which a flat background was laid in, stippled, and pointed up like commonplace engravers' or lithographers' work. A plaster cast is a good sitter, and the worst lesson in the

world; but at least a draughtsman ought, with time and patience, to be able to rival the photograph in exactitude. Not one of these drawings of antique statues, however, showed more than a superficial apprehension of the original. The clear quality of the lines was gone; the muscle markings were all there; the pose and action no one could miss: but the subordination of detail to the action, and to the larger masses, was lost entirely; the outlines were hesitating and undulating, without expression, weak, and flabby. Through all the spiritless manipulation one felt that the object was seen by its details more than by its *ensemble*; that the feeling which lay at the root of the work was, Get the details right and the masses must be right — a superficial maxim, and one that is invariably falsified by practice; for no one ever does get the details absolutely right, and the sum of the errors is worse than any possible error in the larger way of working. The French system, the only correct one in use nowadays, is to get your *ensemble* at once and without reference to detail; your “motive” fixed, you may go on and add detail as long as you like; but the artist’s work must be like the creation, first divided by the broadest demarkation. Any system of drawing not based on this principle will be wasteful certainly, weak probably, and invariably inaccurate. And it is not at all in the practice of working with the point of the crayon that the error exists, any more than inaccurate grammar lies in a bad pen. A good draughtsman, whether he begin his work with chalk, with a stump, as in most French schools, or with a huge hog tool, will invariably work largely, while the South Kensingtonian will but blunder without his point because he has learned to see nothing but detail, and the stump or the brush is too large for his facts.

But if the system of building up by detail be unfortunate in statuary even, what will it be with the mobile and easily-tired living model? Here Rousseau’s precept, “If your picture is not made in the first five strokes, it never

will be,” is absolutely true. If the motive of the drawing, the character of the figure, is not caught in the first few strokes and the first few minutes of the pose, it will never come right; and so all depends on the rough cast, the blocking out, of it. And the South Kensington system betrays its votaries from the beginning, for it does not lead them to look mainly at this larger truth, without which all addition of facts is decoration without meaning, and finish without structure. There were no figures in full from the life, but a collection of studies of heads was just what we might have anticipated from the errors of system followed in the antique; not one was there which would not disgrace a French student three months in the atelier. It is not that there was no genius (if there were, it would not find its way through these sophistications), but there was an utter want of style and breadth in the drawing — all the petty points of feature elaborated and likeness hunted out with the eyes of a ferret, while the solid and plastic qualities, the roundness and large contours, were utterly lost sight of; detail protruded everywhere — hard, liney, and anatomical.

The studies from nature similarly had the character of botanical studies. There was no limit, except that of eyesight, to their faithfulness, but there was no artistic relation in them. If training is wanted for scientific draughtsmen in botany and inanimate nature, here it is; but one need not have South Kensington for that; it wants neither method nor masters nor public competition to bring it out — the true pismire habit is perhaps the best for it.

There remains only the decorative design to be considered. Here I failed to find anything beyond ingenious adaptation of the styles of ornamentation so well known, Persian, Italian, Morris & Co. — nothing equal as decoration to Japanese either in form or color, the best in color being some that were very like Morris & Co.’s designs for papers. There were conventional styles of decoration in which the daisies are a little more realistic and the climbers and

creepers more botanical, but this is, except for a naturalist's eye, rather an objection than an excellence. The essence of all good ornament is that it should be felt as ornament merely, not as natural history. There must be a certain conventionalism of type in the forms if the forms are borrowed from nature; but the noblest schools of decoration have always based their work on abstract or geometrical forms, and only unartistic people, or those with whom art has gone to decay, adopt naturalistic types with realistic treatment. A strongly realistic tendency is the worst possible symptom in a rising school, and in the whole history of the world there is no example of a noble school of art growing out of *imitation* of nature. A certain affectionate representation, far off and fantastic, with a strong subordination to the first motives of the work, have always attended the introduction of nature into the great schools. It is only in the English school that we have even the ornamental arts made intentionally realistic, and the ensemble sacrificed to the parts.

There were designs for fans in which the French of Louis XIV., or the *salon* style, was most appropriate and equally good with any. But in all, the principles of art were not so much as recognized. Now, the larger question at once arises, if, when art is to be cultivated, even for ornamental purposes, it is not better to lay the basis in the practice of the better style of design; and whether, if the commercial demand for ornamental designs alone were to be consulted, it is not wiser to aim at making artists (so far as training can accomplish that end) even for our house-papers, than to adopt a system which may make clever draughtsmen, but never will help make a true designer? Vulgar and uneducated tastes are caught by the recognition of the little facts of nature, and delight in being deceived by that artifice which they mistake for art. The study of nature is not necessarily art, but it is made artistic by a proper method, as we shall see in examination of the Belgian schools.

II.

THE SCHOOL OF ANTWERP.

THE course of instruction in the Academy of Antwerp is substantially in preparation for the higher branches of art-production, although the plan of organization extends over all the occupations in which design is applicable: painting, historical and genre, ornamental design, landscape, and animals; sculpture; architecture; ship-building; and engraving. The course is divided into elementary (comprising linear drawing of ornaments, heads, and figures, and geometrical drawing; ornaments, heads, and figures in light and shade, and orders of architecture), from which the pupils pass into the middle classes (*enseignement moyen*) by a competition in which they must satisfactorily acquit themselves in the execution of a drawing or model in the branches for which they compete, without assistance or direction, to show that they have thoroughly mastered their material, their subject being a print or cast. In the middle class the modeling or drawing is from an antique statue, from nature, with studies of expression, etc., in the classes of painting and sculpture; in architecture, of the principles of construction; and in engraving, of the different styles of copper and steel plate engraving and wood cutting with modeling in wax for medals, etc.

The competition for passing into the upper class is in the execution of a figure from an antique statue; in architecture, of a design for a dwelling-house, etc. There are, beside, competitions in costume and knowledge of antiquities, anatomy, proportion of the human body, perspective linear and picturesque, expression and geometry considered as accessory, and in the different branches of application of art to industry.

The plan of organization is very large and comprehensive; to carry it out in all its branches effectively would demand resources greater than any government has yet seen fit to devote to

such an object; but beside being the central institution of forty-six academies and schools of design in the different cities of Belgium, it has in its own schools given instruction in the last ten years to nearly sixteen thousand pupils, of whom forty-seven were from the United States, and of them one, Mr. Millett of Boston, is recorded in the last report (1873) as having taken seven first prizes out of eleven given in the department of painting and drawing of the highest classes. The staff consists of the director, De Keyser, and twenty professors. The primary classes were not in train when I visited the school, but of the evening classes, to which the artisans and apprentices of Antwerp come in great numbers, all instruction being free, that of architecture was by far the most striking, from the number of operatives of different occupations who come to receive an education which they may carry as far as their talents permit them. Of the total of the students in the academy last year (1872-73) one hundred and sixty-two were decorative painters, three hundred and eight carpenters and cabinet makers, seventy-seven stone-cutters, sixty-three plasterers and masons, twenty goldsmiths, and thirty-two other metal workers, beside representatives of nearly every trade in use in the city, about five hundred and sixty being undetermined yet as to their future careers.

The system of drawing is similar to that so long established in France, and in principle the antithesis of that employed in England. The pupil is taught to look mainly, in the antique school, for the individual character of the statue employed as model, and to render this in the drawing, beginning with the largest relation and carrying the elaboration on in all parts more or less *pari passu*, so far at least that no part shall be finished in advance of the whole. In the life school not only is this throughout insisted on, but the more difficult feat of catching the motive of the pose, and expressing it in the fewest and largest lines, is kept constantly before the pupil, for the double

reason that the model soon loses the pose from weariness, and the draughtsman himself, if he does not catch the pose at once, is less likely to get it with each successive alteration; and the larger and simpler the cast of the outline, the more likely it is to give the essential character of the action. The pupil is taught, in other words, that the less his eye is diverted to details, the easier and truer his generalization is likely to be, and that no amount of detail will compensate for the loss of the general fidelity.

Some drawings which are hung in the class-room are admirable examples of the results of the system—outlines pure and clean, anatomy well developed, and the larger qualities of form underlying the expression of all the surface markings. There was not as much recognition as I have been accustomed to see in some of the French ateliers, of the distinctions of local color in terms of black and white, but it is a moot point amongst even good draughtsmen how far this should be carried, some preferring to render the forms as if they were monochromatic as in the plaster cast, others noting local color in equivalent of tint in the monochrome, much as the photograph renders it. The latter seems to me the true system, and certainly the most expressive and effective drawings are obtained in this way.

The drawings for the competition, such as those I saw in the class-room, are done without any assistance or advice from the professors, and so represent truly the attainment of the pupil. There are, beside drawings from life, anatomical studies in which the student can have no assistance even from diagrams. The professor makes a number of small sketches of figures in certain attitudes, and draws from them by lot those which must be the basis of the anatomical study, for which the pupil has no other guide than this sketch. He is shut into the drawing-room and must in twelve hours make a study showing all the anatomical developments in a figure taking that attitude—one drawing for the muscles and another

for the skeleton. For the drawing from the cast he is allowed eight sittings of two hours each, and for that from the living model ten, at the end of each of which sittings the drawings are put under the seal of the academy and kept so until the next sitting.

There is of course a certain degree of apprehension to be felt that such a vigorous system of positivism in artistic education would produce an academic rather than an individual development; but the director, though a master of all that pertains to academic art, is well aware of this danger, and knows that any indication of individuality must be protected and fostered as far as is consistent with sound knowledge and thorough draughtsmanship. The talent must be of a very weak order of individuality — hardly in fact more than an eccentricity — which will not be bettered by the system of instruction followed at Antwerp, which seems to me, so far as plan and scope is concerned, very nearly if not quite all that an institution of this kind can be made. Beyond this what may be realized is in part dependent on the means afforded, and in part on the assistance of col-

lections of good art, in which it must be said Antwerp does not rival most of the artistic cities of Europe. In some respects the favorite French custom of the leading artists teaching the aspirants in their own schools is pleasanter, but it may be seriously questioned if the magnetism of a great genius, and the fascination of his results, may not be more dangerous to individuality and real rising genius than all the rigidity of an academic system. Few artists of great and peculiar powers have been able to lay down a plan of education which would adapt itself to widely different talent, and rarely have they succeeded in making worthy followers. The best painter is often far from being the best teacher, and indeed is rarely able to tell the reason of his working, while many a man of mediocre artistic powers has succeeded remarkably well in forming the talents of men of widely diverse character. I think that the experience of the world will prove that a good educational system like that of Antwerp, even if it possess no peculiar talent in its direction, is better than an individual influence, whatever may be its power or attraction.

W. J. Stillman.

WHILE THE ORIOLE SINGS.

THERE is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal.

O oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cottonwood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From loss and absence laugh and leap
My school-mates to their flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdeer starts and stops
Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge — a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun —
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Unto strange coasts, unknown, or won

Only by daring more than mine
Of older boys that breast the tide:
Dimly their slim, white bodies shine
Far over from the other side;

And on those alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the stream's
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams. . .

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath —
But in the song the oriole sings
Lives a lost world that knew not death:

The world we somehow hope at last —
So the heart juggles with the brain —
We shall find somewhere, and the past
Forever make our own again.

W. D. Howells.

SCOTTISH BANKING.

IN 1695 William Paterson, born in 1658 in the parish of Tinwald, Dumfriesshire, established the first bank which ever existed in Scotland. It was known by the name of the Bank of Scotland. The capital was fixed at £100,000 sterling, but of this sum only £30,000 was subscribed, and such was the poverty of the country, that even of that small sum the larger portion came from London, Holland, and Hamburg.

William Paterson had previously organized the Bank of England, which had occupied his thought for many years, and which was incorporated by royal charter, July 27, 1694; but for his share in establishing it, so far as I can ascertain, he never seems to have received any pecuniary reward; and, strange to say, from that day to this, no Scotsman has ever been allowed by our "ancient enemies of England" to be governor of the Bank of England, although Scotsmen are not by law excluded from its direction, as Jews and Quakers are. The nearest approach to having a Scotsman as governor was about thirty-five years ago, when Sir John Rae Reid, of Reid, Irving & Co., the son of a Scotsman, but born in England, attained, if I remember rightly, that high financial position.

About the same time that the Bank of Scotland was established, William Paterson was actively engaged in promoting his scheme for the colonization of the Isthmus of Darien, and such an enterprise had far greater charms for the "perfidum ingenium Scotorum" than the sober pursuits of banking; for while £30,000 could not be raised in Scotland to carry on the Bank of Scotland, £400,000 sterling were subscribed for the Darien expedition! The consequence was that much of the little capital of Scotland was lost in that disastrous affair; and banking facilities seem to have been little understood or appreciated for very many years after-

wards. This is little to be wondered at if we consider the condition of Scotland during the last ten years of the seventeenth century, as portrayed by that famous Scottish patriot, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, in 1698: "There are," says he, "at this day in Scotland 200,000 people begging from door to door; these are not only no ways advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country, and though the number of them be perhaps double what it was formerly, by reason of the present great distress, yet in all times there have been about 100,000 of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or submission either to the laws of the land or those of God and nature. They are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread or some sort of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together." It is only fair to the Scottish people to say that the demoralization described by Fletcher was in a very great measure, if not solely, owing to the anarchy and confusion caused by the religious persecutions under Charles II. and James II., from 1661 to 1688, and the unsettled state of politics in Scotland, after the accession of William III. to the English throne, while it was as yet undetermined whether or not the Scottish Parliament would accept him as King of Scotland.

The total population of Scotland at this time was probably not over 950,000. It was estimated at 1,050,000 in 1707, at the union with England, only about

250,000 in excess of that of the city of London; and down to the present day the whole population of Scotland bears much the same proportion to the population of that metropolis. In the midst of a population of about 950,000, — 200,000 of which was of the character described by Fletcher of Saltoun, — the peaceful pursuits of commerce and finance could have little place.

In 1707 the union of Scotland with England was consummated, and as an equivalent for various losses sustained by Scotland, especially by Paterson's Darien scheme, and probably by way of smoothing matters with the recalcitrant Scots, the union commissioners recommended that £398,085 10s. sterling (the balance of a long debtor and creditor account between the two kingdoms) should be paid in cash to the Scottish exchequer. This was a large sum to be received by the poorer country, though hardly equal to what it lost by the Darien expedition alone, and it appears to have had but small effect in bettering the condition of the people, who were still to suffer from the political disturbances caused by the rebellions in favor of the Stuarts, of 1715 and 1745, before they finally settled down into quiescence.

It was not until some four or five years after the suppression of the latter rebellion, that Scottish agriculture and commerce took that start which has resulted in the magnificent development of both which we behold to-day.

Meanwhile, in 1727, the Royal Bank of Scotland had been established, which was followed in 1746 by the British Linen Co. Bank. The Bank of Scotland, established in 1695 by Paterson, was carried on under a special act of the Scottish Parliament; the Royal Bank and the British Linen Co. were chartered banks: and it was believed that in all three the shareholders were only liable for the amount of their shares. With regard to the last two this is now deemed to be a mistake, and the shareholders are presumed to be personally liable to the extent of their whole fortunes, and it is matter of doubt

whether the shareholders of the Bank of Scotland are not so also.

It was as late as 1750 that private banks began to be established in Scotland, and before giving some details regarding them, it may be well to note the remarkable difference between the mercantile classes of Scotland and those of England. The former sprung from the younger sons of lairds or landed gentry, the latter worked their way up from the laborers and yeomanry. The Glasgow merchants trading to Virginia and the West Indies, up to the close of the last century, used to appear upon Change in scarlet cloaks, as indicative of their aristocratic position; and the family of the Dunlops of Carmyle, near Glasgow, had a whole collection of these scarlet cloaks worn by their ancestors, which having been stowed away for more than half a century were brought forth from their hiding-place and cut up into hoods and under-garments for the Scottish soldiers in leaguer before Sebastopol in the dreadful winter of 1855-56.

From the time of the establishment of the Bank of England, a banking firm in England could not consist of more than six partners, and could only issue notes outside of the London district. There was no such restriction as to the number of banking partners in Scotland, and there a registry office for the registration of sales, transfers, and mortgages of land existed, while in England there was nothing of the sort. Therefore in Scotland, if the landed gentry became partners of a bank, any change in their holdings was at once known by an inspection of the books of the registry office; no such clew was afforded to the condition of the affairs of bankers in England.

The Scottish bankers, from the very origin of banking in their country, held a high social position; they were men of "mark and likelihood." When Andrew Drummond of Macheany, — an uncle of Viscount Strathallan, and a kinsman of the Duke of Perth, who after 1715 established the great banking-house of Drummonds, 49 Charing Cross, London, as it was surmised with

a view to forwarding the interests of the exiled Stuarts, — was upbraided by some of his aristocratic kinsmen for engaging in trade, he replied, “A gentleman may be a banker, though it by no means follows that every banker is a gentleman.” Fifty or sixty years after his days, it was almost held as an axiom in Scotland that every banker was, *ex officio*, a gentleman. Within my own recollection, bankers in Scotland were looked upon as a sort of demi-gods, only to be approached with “bated breath and whispering humbleness;” but with all this there was a very kindly feeling between them and their customers, and there was a thorough appreciation, on the side of both, of the great principle expressed in the modern formula of “mutuality of service.” The sphere of action of the various banks was comparatively limited, and the banker was thoroughly acquainted with the business and social habits of his customers.

The origin of private banks in Scotland was nearly coincident with the purchase by the government of the “hereditary jurisdictions,” after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745. In exchange for these high but invidious privileges, which had cast a blight over the whole country, the sum of about £150,000 sterling was awarded to the Scottish lairds and Highland chiefs holding these privileges in 1748, and so the hereditary jurisdictions, hitherto instruments of oppression and extortion when represented by money, were turned into blessings in promoting the growth of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. Of the £150,000 mentioned above, £21,000 were awarded to the Duke of Argyll, £6621 to the Duke of Queensberry, down to the smallest sum of £65 19s. 9d. to Sir James Lockhart for the regality of Carstairs. This money was a perfect godsend to Scotland, wasted as it was by the war of the rebellion, and as it was derived directly from the result of that rebellion, Scotland may be said literally, out of the nettle danger to have plucked the flower safety.

What those hereditary jurisdictions

had been, it may be well to explain. The holders of them had the power of “heading and hanging” within their respective domains, but the Scottish lairds and Highland chiefs who possessed them had long anticipated Jeremy Bentham’s apothegm that “The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him.” Burton says in his *History of Scotland from 1698 to 1748*: “The authority of the lairds did not enable them to transport convicts, but when the gallows was in the background, they had little difficulty in persuading those who came under their wrath that it would be well not to be clamorous, but submit at once to the alternative of entering as apprentices in one of the American plantations. Some of these potentates increased their scanty incomes by prudently turning their judicial powers in this profitable direction. It is the natural effect of such powers as those involved in the hereditary jurisdiction that they exercise a tyrannical influence beyond their strictly legal bounds.” Hence, besides convicts exiled as stated above, there was a regular trade in kidnapping carried on in Scotland, during the first half of the eighteenth century, and small as was the commerce of Scotland at that time, it was deeply stained with this criminal traffic during the period before the rebellion of 1745.

So little demand, however, was there for banking accommodation by the merchants of the commercial metropolis of Scotland in the last part of the seventeenth and earlier portion of the eighteenth century, that the Bank of Scotland, which attempted to establish a branch in Glasgow in 1696, had to withdraw it the following year for want of business; they tried it again in 1731, and again abandoned it in 1733 from the same cause, and for seventeen years afterwards Glasgow had no bank whatever.

In 1750 a few wealthy men determined to establish a private bank in that city, and in the early part of the year the Ship Bank was opened; the partners were Colin Dunlop of Car-

myle; James Dennistoun of Dennistoun; Alexander Houston of Jordanhill; William MacDowell of Castlesemple; George Oswald of Scotston; and James Simson, merchant; all but the last, it will be seen, lairds or landed proprietors. This was followed at the end of the same year by the establishment of the Glasgow Arms Bank, and about the same time was established in Edinburgh the private bank of Sir William Forbes & Co. The founder was a man of ancient lineage, but owing to the forfeitures from the rebellion of 1745, his family was reduced to very narrow circumstances. His father died when he was very young, predeceasing the grandfather of Sir William Forbes, and therefore never succeeding to the baronetcy. Sir William was brought up in a very thrifty manner by his mother, who, however, educated him well, and gave him literary tastes, so that after he had achieved fame and fortune as a banker he wrote a *Life of Dr. Beattie*, the author of *The Minstrel*, a poem in some repute eighty or ninety years ago. It is of him that Sir Walter Scott writes in the introduction to the fourth canto of *Marmion*:—

"Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his minstrel's shade,
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold;"

which I take the opportunity of quoting to show that the Scottish name Forbes should be pronounced as a dissyllable, instead of as a monosyllable, as it always erroneously is in England and America. It was the second Sir William Forbes, successor of his father in the management of the bank, who married Miss Belsher-Stewart of Fettercairn, the first love of Sir Walter Scott, a match which did not interfere with the warm friendship of the gentlemen. The youngest son of this marriage, James David Forbes, was the contestant with Agassiz for the honor of first discovering the glacier theory.

The Scottish banking system may, then, be said to have fairly taken root in 1750. Before that time it was a very sickly plant, showing hardly any

vitality, but afterwards "grew, and waxed a great tree, and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it." Private banks gradually increased in Glasgow, Paisley, Ayr, and Greenock on the west side of Scotland, and in Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen on the east side.

The last private bank established in Glasgow, and I believe in Scotland, was the Glasgow Bank, established in May, 1809, by my grandfather, the late James Dennistoun of Golfhill. Besides himself the partners were sixteen in number: namely, the Right Honorable Lord Kinnaird, the elder brother of Byron's friend, Douglas Kinnaird, — who by the way always pronounced the poet's name as we should the Irish name of Byrne; John Tennent, Peter Macadam, Robert Blair, Robert Brown, William Taylor, all merchants in Glasgow; W. B. Cabbell, Samuel Nicholson, Thomas Hayden, William Morland, and Henry Boase, merchants in London; Walter Fergus, merchant in Kirkealdy; John Baxter and William Roberts, merchants in Dundee; Alexander McGregor, merchant, Liverpool; and John Grundy, Jr., woolen manufacturer, Bury, Lancashire.

It is worthy of remark that the partnership is nearly all of mercantile men, instead of being nearly all of landed proprietors, as that of the first private bank established in Glasgow was, fifty-nine years before. The Glasgow Bank maintained a very high character under the management of Mr. Dennistoun until he retired from business in 1829. On that occasion (December 2, 1829) a great public dinner was given to him at the opening of the Glasgow Royal Exchange, by the magistrates and his fellow-citizens, in testimony of their respect for him, not only as a banker, but as a man of most liberal political views and principles. He was offered a baronetcy by Lord Grey's government in 1832, which he declined, a very unusual thing for a Scotsman to do. The Glasgow Bank became finally one of the numerous private banks merged in the Union Bank of Scotland.

The basis of all Scottish banking, from its real commencement with the establishment of private banks in 1750, seems to have been:—

1st. The receiving and keeping of one person's money at one rate of interest, and the lending of it to another person at a higher rate of interest, generally at a difference of two or two and one half per cent. per annum, the capital of the bank, and the unlimited liability of the partners, forming a reserve against bad debts.

2d. The issuing of notes payable on demand and the keeping of the same in circulation as long as possible.

3d. The keeping very considerable reserves in London, invested in such a manner as to enable the banker, at a moment's notice, to meet any demands which may be made upon him.

There appears to have been no particular proportion kept between the reserve and the liabilities, that being a matter regulated by the prudence of the partners of the individual banks.

Up to 1845 notes of £1 and upwards were issued by the various Scottish banks without any apparent rule as to the proportion between the issue and the sum reserved for the redemption of the notes, but any overissue by an individual bank was efficiently checked by the clearance in Edinburgh, twice a week, of each bank with every other bank. So that if any bank were too eager to get out its notes, they were speedily returned to it by its competitors, and the excess over what it held of the notes of other banks had to be settled by exchequer bills payable in London.

Scotsmen always have had a most infantile and perfect trust in the notes of their own banks, with little or no consideration as to the standing of the issuing banks. A "note" with them was a convertible term for £1 sterling, and it could not have been held in greater respect had it been a golden sovereign. In fact, of the two, the note by ninety-nine resident Scotsmen out of one hundred would have been preferred, and this was the case all

over Scotland; and even as far south as York, Scottish bank-notes were circulated before 1814.

The Scottish *demand* bank-notes were always legally convertible into coin, except during the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England for the twenty-four years from 1797 till 1811; but I well recollect that if any English bagman, who had come down to Scotland to collect accounts for his masters in England, wished to convert the notes he received into gold, to carry with him to England, the look of the paying teller to whom he made the unusual and unwelcome proposition was much the same as that with which he would have regarded a highwayman who had bidden him, with a pistol at his head, "Stand and deliver!"

In 1761, when silver change became extremely scarce, as it continued to be for sixty years afterwards, the Glasgow banks for a time issued ten-shilling notes on demand, but temporarily made their £1 and £5 notes payable "either on demand, or six months after presentation, at the option of the bank, with six months' interest." After some time the Edinburgh banks, which had a great jealousy of the Glasgow banks, had sufficient influence with the government of the day to have an Act of Parliament passed prohibiting the optional clause in the Glasgow bank-notes.

Guinea notes were originally issued by the Ship Bank of Glasgow about 1780, with a view of meeting, to some extent, the difficulty of procuring silver change. Thus, if a person owed £20 18s. sterling, he gave his creditor eighteen guinea notes and two £1 notes, and never a sixpence of silver passed between them.

To show the great scarcity of silver at the period referred to, and the dislike of the wealthy Glasgow banks to be called upon even for the smallest sums of specie, the following anecdote will suffice. A little boy was sent out by his mother to get change for a £1 note, and having in vain tried to change it at their own baker's and grocer's and at various other shops, he went and pre-

sented it at the Ship Bank, by which it was issued, and requested change. "What's your name, sir?" asked the teller. Being told, his next question was, "Who is your master?" The boy replied he had none. "Who told you to come here, then?" said the persistent inquisitor. "My mother," replied the boy. The teller then gave a "Humph!" and sullenly doled out the necessary change. When silver was demanded for a guinea note, a gold guinea was frequently handed to the owner of the note, the teller well knowing that the gold was not wanted, being really less easily converted into silver change than the note itself. The Glasgow branch of the Royal Bank in those days absolutely refused to cash the mother bank's notes in silver, except to its own customers, and referred strangers, asking for change of these notes, to the head office in Edinburgh where the notes were issued and domiciled.

The ten-shilling bank-notes had gone out of existence long before my day, but I do very well remember that after I had finished my college course and entered the office of my father's firm, James and Alexander Dennistoun of Glasgow, in 1827, the payments for cotton sold by the house were not made by checks on the bank in favor of the sellers of the produce, which was in those days a thing unknown, the banks expecting that their customers would draw out notes by checks in their own favor, and pay these notes to those to whom they owed money; and the notes so paid were not of the £5 denomination, which were unlikely to circulate long, but consisted of huge bundles of greasy one-pound and one-guinea notes which might be paid out to laborers and others, and remain in circulation.

A peculiar feature of Scottish banking is the granting of what are called "cash credits" to small farmers and manufacturers. These cash credits are not generally for large amounts, the majority of them probably for sums not over £1000 sterling; their aggregate, however, may amount to a very considerable sum. They are granted upon

the security of the person receiving the credit, and also of two other persons whose circumstances are well known to the bank, and who produce, before such cash credit can be granted, evidence of their sufficiency as guarantors. On this particular sort of banking business, there has been, it is understood, very little loss to the banks, and in the earlier stages of Scottish agriculture and manufacture the system no doubt tended greatly to develop both. In advancing money to farmers on cash credits, the Scottish bankers had the great advantage over their English rivals, that in Scotland farm leases ran from nineteen to twenty-one years, whereas in England the farmers were mostly tenants at will. In a small country such as Scotland, the circumstances of persons in trade were and are pretty generally known to bankers, and the applications for cash credits are granted or refused generally upon the personal knowledge of the bankers of the entire sufficiency of the sureties.

In order to obtain a wide circulation for their notes, and in districts whence they would not speedily return, the Scottish banks often purchased landed property in distant counties, and also advanced money to needy lairds on mortgage. Neither, scientifically considered, was a good bankable security, but they answered the purpose in the infancy and youth of Scottish banking. The owner or mortgagee owner of land at once had a standing and credit in the neighborhood of the property so held, and the notes of the bank for wages, etc., were easily paid out, and kept out, in those days when railways were not, and even stage-coaches were of rare occurrence out of the line of the great roads between Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London.

Another mode of circulating notes was by getting the Highland drovers to use them in their journeys with cattle from the Highlands to England. Robin Carrick, as he was familiarly called, who managed the Ship Bank with great profit to himself and his partners for forty-six years, from 1775 till

1821, — and whom I well recollect, when I was a boy, being pointed out to me as a very wealthy and very miserly man, in his shabby carriage, with its scarecrow driver and wretched horses, — cultivated the acquaintance of the Highland drovers with considerable assiduity, for the purpose of passing his bank-notes through their agency. The following anecdote illustrates the keen dealing of both banker and drover, the former, with all his eagerness to circulate his notes in the remote regions of the Highlands, being equally determined not to abate one jot of his rights as a discounting banker. A drover came into Mr. Carrick's private room, and presenting a bill which wanted three days of maturity, asked the cash for it. Carrick readily agreed to discount the bill, and remarked that there was sixpence discount to be taken off.

"Na, na!" said the Highlandman, "she maun hac a' t'e siller."

"I can't do that," replied Carrick, "the discount must be deducted." He handed back the bill to its owner, put on his spectacles, resumed his pen, and commenced writing. The Highlander, getting outside the door, kept it a little ajar, and popping in his head said, —

"She 'll gie 't for a groat" (fourpence).

"No, no!" replied Carrick, "it must be sixpence."

"Weel, weel!" cried the drover, "if it maun be sae, it maun be sae." So the sixpence was deducted, and the balance handed to the drover in notes and change.

It may be said, I think, with great truth, that the infancy and youth of Scottish agriculture and manufactures were nourished and cherished chiefly by the private banks. The manhood of these industries is sustained by joint stock banks alone, there not having been a private bank of issue in Scotland for upwards of a quarter of a century; all have been absorbed by the joint stock banks.

The Commercial Bank of Scotland was established in Edinburgh in 1810, and the National Bank of Scotland in

1825, both joint stock banks; and even remote Aberdeen, as early as 1825, established a joint stock bank, under the name of the Aberdeen Town and County Bank; but it was not until 1830 that the usually enterprising and energetic merchants of Glasgow established their first joint stock banking institution, under the name of the Union Bank of Glasgow. Its establishment was soon followed by that of the Western Bank and others, but I will only trace the process of absorption by the Union Bank of various private banks, and thus show the course of all the other joint stock banks, in reference to the private ones.

The Glasgow Bank, already referred to as established in 1809, and the last private bank opened in Scotland, absorbed in 1836 the Ship Bank, the first private bank, established in 1750, and the name of the two associated banks became thenceforth the Glasgow and Ship Bank.

The Union Bank of Glasgow assumed the name of the Union Bank of Scotland, and under that designation absorbed in the order named, the following private banks: —

1st. The Thistle Bank of Glasgow.

2d. The Paisley Union Bank of Paisley.

3d. Sir William Forbes & Co. of Edinburgh.

4th. Hunter & Co. of Ayr.

5th. The Glasgow and Ship Bank of Glasgow.

6th. The Old Bank of Aberdeen.

In 1826 Sir Robert Peel had attempted to put an end to the Scottish bank-note circulation, and substitute for it Bank of England notes, without any notes of a lower denomination than £5, while the currency of Scotland consisted almost entirely of £1 notes. The Scots felt greatly disgusted at the proposed change, as they were perfectly satisfied with their own bank-note system, had asked for no change, and wanted none. Their national pride was also roused, feeling, as they did, that their whole monetary system was to be upset by an English statesman, apparently for no other reason but that the Scottish sys-

tem might be made uniform with that of England.

The national feeling found a fitting mouth-piece in that greatest of Scotsmen, Sir Walter Scott, who, under the *nom de plume* of Malachi Malagrowther, in the pages of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, with mingled invective, sarcasm, and wit, put an entire stop to Peel's project of uniformity.

After this, Scottish banking was let severely alone for eighteen years, that is, until after Peel's Bill of 1844, regulating the management of the Bank of England, had become law. It was then determined that as the note circulation could not be assimilated with that of England, the law regarding it should be so altered as to give it a tendency in the same direction. The note circulation, therefore, of each bank of issue, as in 1844, was ascertained, and to that amount each bank was restricted in future, excepting that beyond that authorized amount any one of the existing banks might issue as many notes as it could circulate upon a gold basis; that is to say, for every £1 of notes issued beyond the authorized amount, it must have a sovereign in its coffers; but the £1 note circulation, thanks to Sir Walter's efforts in 1826, was not otherwise interfered with. No new bank of issue was allowed to be established in Scotland after 1844.

The Scottish banks are now all joint stock and of unlimited liability, that is, the shareholders, beyond losing the money paid for their shares, in case of failure of the bank, are liable to the utmost penny of their property, present and future, to both note-holders and depositors. From this category of unlimited liability it is possible that the Bank of Scotland may be an exception, as previously stated.

The present bank-note circulation and entire banking business of Scotland is provided for by the following eleven joint stock banks, their branches and sub-branches, as shown by the following tables, made up to December 31, 1873:

Name of Bank.	Instituted.	No. of Part-ners.	Branches.	Paid up Capital.
Bank of Scotland,	1695	1405	76	£1,000,000
Royal Bank,	1727	1412	101	2,000,000
British Linen Co.,	1746	1203	61	1,000,000
Commercial Bank,	1810	1170	94	1,000,000
National Bank of Scotland,	1825	1602	86	1,000,000
Aberdeen Town and County Bank,	1825	828	40	252,000
Union Bank of Scotland,	1830	1215	116	1,000,000
North of Scotland Bank,	1836	1407	44	320,000
Clydesdale Bank,	1838	1378	76	900,000
Caledonian Bank,	1838	786	20	125,000
City of Glasgow Bank,	1839	1234	122	1,000,000
Paid up Banking Capital of Scotland,				£9,597,000

The authorized and actual circulation of notes, with the reserve of coin held by the foregoing banks, as made up on December 31, 1873, was as follows:—

Name of Bank.	Authorized Circulation of 1843.	Actual Average Circulation of 1872-73.	Average Coin Held 1872-73.
Bank of Scotland,	£343,418	£644,187	£394,956
Royal Bank,	216,451	684,431	590,606
British Linen Co.,	435,024	539,262	214,718
Commercial Bank,	374,880	727,994	466,198
National Bank of Scotland,	297,024	551,885	336,131
Aberdeen Town and County Bank,	70,133	179,299	137,077
Union Bank of Scotland,	454,346	761,112	432,255
North of Scotland Bank,	154,319	286,102	162,668
Clydesdale Bank,	274,321	516,485	319,675
Caledonian Bank,	53,434	94,804	63,669
City of Glasgow Bank,	72,921	611,445	617,879
1 £2,749,271 £5,597,006 £3,785,832			

The deposits in the Scottish banks, as given in evidence before the parliamentary committee on the bank acts in 1858, were estimated at £50,000,000 sterling, and I think it will be pretty safe to add a million per annum since that date. If this supposition be correct, it would make the deposits in the Scottish banks at present in the neighborhood of £66,000,000, which I apprehend is not far from the truth. The circulation of these notes is now a far less profitable operation to the Scottish banks than it was thirty or forty years ago. Scotland has become so permeated by railways that notes are very speedily returned to the issuing bank.

¹ The par of exchange with England is now, gold, \$4 8665 per pound sterling, and \$5 gold per pound is

therefore a sufficiently near approximation for converting these tables into American coin.

The poorer classes no longer hoard notes, but at once deposit them in savings-banks or with the ordinary banks and their numerous branches, where the smallest depositors are allowed exactly the same rate of interest as the largest depositors.

Prior to the panic of 1857, when there happened to be a run on any Scottish bank, its note-holders were quite satisfied if they got them exchanged for notes of other undoubted banks; but in 1857 there was a decided run for *gold*, which had to be met by bringing gold from the coffers of the Bank of England. This gold was obtained by the Scottish banks selling securities in London (such as consols, exchequer bills, and London bills of exchange), which were of course paid for in Bank of England notes, convertible into gold on demand. The Bank of England complained of this extra demand for gold from the Scottish banks, and the latter proposed that in future Bank of England notes should be made a legal tender in Scotland from all parties but the Bank of England itself, as well as in England, so as to obviate the necessity for bringing gold to Scotland. To this, however, the Bank of England was opposed, although it is difficult to see how it would have been placed in any worse position by the arrangement, which apparently would, to some extent, at least, have relieved it from a drain of gold in times of panic. Of the gold brought to Glasgow from London in the worst week of the panic of 1857, about a third was sent back to London the following week.

I think it not improbable that with its increased and increasing wealth, Scotland, before the end of this century, will have no notes below £5, its £1 notes being superseded by sovereigns, and then will follow the substitution of Bank of England notes for its remaining paper currency. The note circulation of the whole of Great Britain will then be uniform, and Sir Robert Peel's fond dream of 1826 be fully realized.

The highest dividend paid by any of the joint stock Scottish banks in 1873

was fifteen per cent. per annum by the Union Bank of Scotland, and the lowest nine per cent. per annum by the Royal Bank; the others paid from ten to fourteen per cent. per annum. In general terms the dividends paid by the Scottish banks hardly exceed four per cent. per annum on the existing market value of their shares, or only about one per cent. per annum more than consols, and I believe the Scottish people have quite as much confidence in the one security as in the other. They have always had a stout faith in their banks, bankers, and bank-notes, and they have hitherto had good reason for the faith that is in them.

In 1873 the minimum rate of discount charged by the Scottish banks on three months' local bills ranged from three and one half per cent. on August 22d, to nine per cent. on November 8th, and beginning at five per cent. in January, it closed at the same rate in December. The Scottish banks charge about one half per cent. per annum less discount on bills domiciled in London than on local bills.

In 1873 the interest charged by the Scottish banks to their customers on cash credit accounts ranged from four and one half per cent. on August 22d, to nine per cent. on November 8th, and beginning at six and one half per cent. in January, it closed at five and one half per cent. in December. In the same period the interest allowed on deposits ranged from two per cent. on August 22d, to six per cent. on November 8th, and beginning at four and one half per cent. in January, it closed at three and one half per cent. in December, 1873.

In Scotland there is a continuous and active employment of the means of the banks, and the numerous branches suck up, as it were, all idle capital from numerous small depositors in the remoter provinces; and beyond the moderate amounts which the managers of the branches are permitted to lend out on the spot, they remit to the mother banks for investment in the great financial centres, Glasgow and Edinburgh, where

there is always an active demand from borrowers for the pursuits of commerce, manufactures, ship-building, mining, and agriculture.

The number of ordinary directors in the existing Scottish banks ranges from seven to twelve, and it is usual for two of the directors to go out annually. In some of the banks, I believe the outgoing directors are reëligible at once; in others, two new men must be introduced; but in a directory of twelve this rule can readily be adhered to, and yet a permanent staff of directors be maintained by choosing from the same body of fourteen men. Although the directors attend at specified times each week, and some of them are probably in the bank daily, yet the manager or president is *de facto* lord of the ascendant in all ordinary routine business; and in nothing so much as in banking is this one-man power necessary for success. Thorough mastership of the position, promptitude of decision, and honesty of purpose are of course essential attributes of a good bank manager, and in all these elements the Scottish bank managers, whether as respects the old private banks or the modern joint stock ones, have very rarely proved deficient.

I cannot conclude these remarks on Scottish banking better than by quoting what Adam Smith wrote on the subject

of banking, more than one hundred years ago, and I may say that upon the principles therein enunciated the Scottish banks have almost uniformly been conducted. These principles are equally applicable now as when predicated by Smith, and to this side of the Atlantic as well as to the other: —

“ Though the principles of the banking trade may appear somewhat abstruse, the practice is capable of being reduced to strict rules. To depart on any occasion from these rules, in consequence of some flattering speculation of extraordinary gain, is almost always extremely dangerous, and frequently fatal to the banking company which attempts it. But the constitution of joint stock companies renders them in general more tenacious of established rules than any private co-partnery. Such companies, therefore, seem extremely well fitted for this trade. The principal banking companies in Europe, accordingly, are joint stock companies, many of which manage their trade very successfully without any exclusive privilege. The Bank of England has no exclusive privilege, except that no other banking company in England shall consist of more than six persons. The two banks of Edinburgh (Bank of Scotland and Royal Bank) are joint stock companies without any exclusive privilege.”

William Wood.

COUNTERPARTS.

A LOVER'S CONCEIT.

I SEND, sweet, my yearning
Half-kisses to thee;
Oh send your returning
Half-kisses to me.

When our half-kisses meet, love,
What marvels have birth!
All fair things and sweet, love,
New heaven, new earth!

J. J. Piatt.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

II.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE ARMY.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent has told us that the great leader of the German armies, Count Von Moltke, has never read anything — even a history — of our war, and that when questioned on the subject, he has said he could not afford to spend time over “the wrangling of two armed mobs.” If he ever said anything of the kind, which is doubtful, his characterization of the two armies had reference, probably, to their condition during the first year or two of the struggle, when they could lay very little claim indeed to any more distinctively military title. The Southern army, at any rate, was simply a vast mob of rather ill-armed young men from the country.¹ As I have said in a previous paper, every gentleman in Virginia, not wholly incapable of rendering service, enlisted at the beginning of the war, and the companies, unarmed, untrained, and hardly even organized, were sent at once to camps of instruction. Here they were in theory drilled and disciplined and made into soldiers, by the little handful of available West-Pointers and the lads from the Military Institute at Lexington. In point of fact, they were only organized and taught the rudiments of the drill before being sent to the front as full-fledged soldiers; and it was only after a year or more of active service in the field that they began to sus-

pect what the real work and the real character of the modern soldier is.

Our ideas of the life and business of a soldier were drawn chiefly from the adventures of *Ivanhoe* and *Charles O'Malley*, two worthies with whose personal history almost every man in the army was familiar. The men who volunteered went to war of their own accord, and were wholly unaccustomed to acting on any other than their own motion. They were hardy lovers of field sports, accustomed to out-door life, and in all physical respects excellent material of which to make an army. But they were not used to control of any sort, and were not disposed to obey anybody except for good and sufficient reason given. While actually on drill they obeyed the word of command, not so much by reason of its being proper to obey a command, as because obedience was in that case necessary to the successful issue of a pretty performance in which they were interested. Off drill they did as they pleased, holding themselves gentlemen, and as such bound to consult only their own wills. Their officers were of themselves, chosen by election, and subject, by custom, to enforced resignation upon petition of the men. Only corporals cared sufficiently little for their position to risk any magnifying of their office by the enforcement of discipline. I make of them an honorable exception, out of regard for the sturdy corporal who, at Ashland, marched six of us (a guard detail) through the very middle of a pud-

¹ In order that no reader of *The Atlantic* may misconceive the spirit in which this paper is written, I wish to say, at the outset, that in commenting upon the material of which the Southern army was made up, nothing has been further from my thought than to reflect, even by implication, upon the character of the Union army or of the men who composed it, for indeed I honor both as highly as anybody can. I think I have outlived whatever war prejudices I may have brought with me out of the struggle, and in commenting upon some of the better characteristics of the early Virginian volunteers, I certainly have not meant to deny equal or like excellence to their foemen. I happen, however, to know a great deal about the one army and

very little about the other, — a state of things consequent upon the peculiar warmth with which we were always greeted whenever we undertook to visit the camps of our friends on the other side. Will the reader please bear in mind, then, that my estimate of the character of the Southern troops is a positive and not a comparative one, and that nothing said in praise of the one army is meant to be a reflection upon the other? Between Bull Run and Appomattox I had ample opportunity to learn respect for the courage and manliness of the men who overcame us, and since the close of the war I have learned to know many of them as tried and true friends, and gentlemen of noblest mold.

dle, assigning as his reason for doing so the fact that "It's plagued little authority they give us corporals, and I mean to use that little, any how." Even corporals were elected, however, and until December, 1861, I never knew a single instance in which a captain dared offend his men by breaking a non-commissioned officer, or appointing one, without submitting the matter to a vote of the company. In that first instance the captain had to bolster himself up with written authority from head-quarters, and even then it required three weeks of mingled diplomacy and discipline to quell the mutiny which resulted.

With troops of this kind, the reader will readily understand, a feeling of very democratic equality prevailed, so far at least as military rank had anything to do with it. Officers were no better than men, and so officers and men messed and slept together on terms of entire equality, quarreling and even fighting now and then, in a gentlemanly way, but without a thought of allowing differences of military rank to have any influence in the matter. The theory was that the officers were the creatures of the men, chosen by election to represent their constituency in the performance of certain duties, and that only during good behavior. And to this theory the officers themselves gave in their adhesion in a hundred ways. Indeed, they could do nothing else, inasmuch as they knew no way of quelling a mutiny.

There was one sort of rank, however, which was both maintained and respected from the first, namely, that of social life. The line of demarkation between gentry and common people is not more sharply drawn anywhere than in Virginia. It rests there upon an indeterminate something or other, known as family. To come of a good family is a patent of nobility, and there is no other way whatever by which any man or any woman can find a passage into the charmed circle of Virginia's peerage. There is no college of heralds, to be sure, to which doubtful cases may be referred, and there is no law governing the matter; but every Virginian knows

what families are, and what are not good ones, and so mistakes are impossible. The social position of every man is sharply defined, and every man carried it with him into the army. The man of good family felt himself superior, as in most cases he unquestionably was, to his fellow-soldier of less excellent birth; and this distinction was sufficient, during the early years of the war, to override everything like military rank. In one instance which I remember, a young private asserted his superiority of social standing so effectually, as to extort from the lieutenant commanding his company a public apology for an insult offered in the subjection of the private to double duty, as a punishment for absence from roll-call. The lieutenant was brave enough to have taken a flogging at the hands of the insulted private, perhaps, but he could not face the declared sentiment of the entire company, and so he apologized. I have known numberless cases in which privates have declined dinner and other invitations from officers who had presumed upon their shoulder-straps in asking the company of their social superiors.

In the camp of instruction at Ashland, where the various cavalry companies existing in Virginia were sent to be made into soldiers, it was a very common thing indeed for men who grew tired of camp fare to take their meals at the hotel, and one or two of them rented cottages and brought their families there, excusing themselves from attendance upon unreasonably early roll-calls, by pleading the distance from their cottages to the parade-ground. Whenever a detail was made for the purpose of cleaning the camp-ground, the men detailed regarded themselves as responsible for the proper performance of the task by their servants, and uncomplainingly took upon themselves the duty of sitting on the fence and superintending the work. The two or three men of the overseer class who were to be found in nearly every company, turned some nimble quarters by standing other men's turns of guard-duty at twenty-five cents

an hour; and one young gentleman of my own company, finding himself assigned to a picket rope post, where his only duty was to guard the horses and prevent them, in their untrained exuberance of spirit, from becoming entangled in each other's heels and halters, coolly called his servant and turned the matter over to him, with a rather informal but decidedly pointed injunction not to let those horses get themselves into trouble if he valued his hide. This case coming to the ears of Colonel (afterwards General) Ewell, who was commanding the camp, that officer reorganized the guard service upon principles as novel as they were objectionable to the men. He required the men to stand their own turns, and, worse than that, introduced the system, in vogue among regular troops, of keeping the entire guard detail at the guard-house when not on post, an encroachment upon personal liberty which sorely tried the patience of the young cavaliers.

It was in this undisciplined state that the men who afterwards made up the army under Lee were sent to the field to meet the enemy at Bull Run and elsewhere, and the only wonder is that they were ever able to fight at all. They were certainly not soldiers. They were as ignorant of the alphabet of obedience, as their officers were of the art of commanding. And yet they acquitted themselves reasonably well, a fact which can be explained only by reference to the causes of their insubordination in camp. These men were the people of the South, and the war was their own; wherefore they fought to win it of their own accord, and not at all because their officers commanded them to do so. Their personal spirit and their intelligence were their sole elements of strength. Death has few terrors for such men, as compared with dishonor, and so they needed no officers at all, and no discipline, to insure their personal good conduct on the field of battle. The same elements of character, too, made them accept hardship with the utmost cheerfulness, as soon as hardship became a necessary condition to

the successful prosecution of a war that every man of them regarded as his own. In camp, at Richmond or Ashland, they had shunned all unnecessary privation and all distasteful duty, because they then saw no occasion to endure avoidable discomfort. But in the field they showed themselves great, stalwart men in spirit as well as in bodily frame, and endured cheerfully the hardships of campaigning precisely as they would have borne the fatigues of a hunt, as incidents encountered in the prosecution of their purposes.

During the spring and early summer of 1861, the men did not dream that they were to be paid anything for their services, or even that the government was to clothe them. They had bought their own uniforms, and whenever these wore out they ordered new ones to be sent, by the first opportunity, from home. I remember the very first time the thought of getting clothing from the government ever entered my own mind. I was serving in Stuart's cavalry, and the summer of 1861 was nearly over. My boots had worn out, and as there happened at the time to be a strict embargo upon all visiting on the part of non-military people, I could not get a new pair from home. The spurs of my comrades had made uncomfortable impressions upon my bare feet every day for a week, when some one suggested that I might possibly buy a pair of boots from the quartermaster, who was for the first time in possession of some government property of that description. When I returned with the boots and reported that the official had refused my proffered cash, contenting himself with charging the amount against me as a debit to be deducted from the amount of my *pay and clothing allowance*, there was great merriment in the camp. The idea that there was anybody back of us in this war — anybody who could, by any ingenuity of legal quibbling, be supposed to be indebted to us for our voluntary services in our own cause — was too ridiculous to be treated seriously. "Pay money" became the standing subject for jests. The card-playing with which

the men amused themselves suffered a revolution at once; euchre gave place to poker, played for "pay money," the winnings to fall due when pay-day should come,—a huge joke which was heartily enjoyed.

From this the reader will see how little was done in the beginning of the war toward the organization of an efficient quartermaster's department, and how completely this ill-organized and undisciplined mob of plucky gentlemen was left to prosecute the war as best it could, trusting to luck for clothing and even for food. Of these things I shall probably have occasion to speak more fully in a future paper, wherein I intend to say something of the management of affairs at Richmond. At present, I merely refer to the matter for the purpose of correcting an error (if I may hope to do that) which seems likely to creep into history. We have been told over and over again that the Confederate army could not possibly have given effectual pursuit to General McDowell's flying forces after the battle of Bull Run. It is urged, in defense of the inaction which made of that day's work a waste effort, that we could not move forward for want of transportation and supplies. Now, without discussing the question whether or not a prompt movement on Washington would have resulted favorably to the Confederates, I am certain, as every man who was there is, that this want of transportation and supplies had nothing whatever to do with it. We had no supplies of any importance, it is true, but none were coming to us there, and we were no whit better off in this regard at Manassas than we would have been before Washington. And having nothing to transport, we needed no transportation. Had the inefficiency of the supply department stopped short at its failure to furnish wagon trains, it might have stood in the way of a forward movement. But that was no ordinary incompetence which governed this department of our service in all its ramifications. The breadth and comprehensiveness of that incompetence were its distinguishing characteristics.

In failing to furnish anything to transport, it neutralized its failure to furnish transportation, and the army that fought at Bull Run would have been as well off anywhere else as there, during the next ten days. Indeed, two days after the battle we were literally starved out at Manassas, and were forced to advance to Fairfax Court House in order to get the supplies which the Union army had left in abundance wherever there was a storing-place for them. The next morning after the battle, many of the starving men went off on their own account to get provisions, and they knew very well where to find them. There were none at Manassas, but by crossing Bull Run and following the line of the Federal retreat, we soon gathered a store sufficient to last us, while the authorities of the quartermaster's department were finding out how to transport the few sheet-iron frying-pans which, with an unnecessary tent here and there, were literally the only things there were to be transported at all. Food, which was the only really necessary thing just then, lay ahead of us and nowhere else. All the ammunition we had we could and did move with the wagons at hand.

To return to the temper of the troops and people. Did the Southerners really think themselves a match for ten times their own numbers? I know the reader wants to ask this question, because almost everybody I talk to on the subject asks it in one shape or another. In answer let me say, I think a few of the more enthusiastic women, cherishing a blind faith in the righteousness of their cause, and believing, in spite of historical precedent, that wars always end with strict regard to the laws of poetic justice, did think something of the sort; and I am certain that all the stump speakers of the kind I have hitherto described held a like faith most devoutly. But with these exceptions I never saw any Southerner who hoped for any but well-fought-for success. It was not a question of success or defeat with them at all. They thought they saw their duty plainly, and they did it without regard to the consequences.

Their whole hearts were in the cause, and as they were human beings they naturally learned to expect the result for which they were laboring and fighting and suffering; but they based no hopes upon any such fancy as that the Virginian soldier was the military equivalent of ten or of two Pennsylvanians armed as well as he. On the contrary, they busily counted the chances and weighed the probabilities on both sides from the first. They claimed an advantage in the fact that their young men were more universally accustomed to field sports and the use of arms than were those of the North. They thought too, that, fighting on their own soil, in an essentially defensive struggle, they would have some advantage, as they certainly did. They thought they might in the end tire their enemy out, and they hoped from the first for relief through foreign intervention in some shape. These were the grounds of their hopes; but had there been no hope for them at all, I verily believe they would have fought all the same. Certainly very few of them hoped for success after the campaign of 1863, but they fought on nevertheless, until they could fight no more. Let the reader remember that as the Southerners understood the case, they could not, without a complete sacrifice of honor, do anything else than fight on until utterly crushed, and he will then be prepared to understand how small a figure the question of success or failure cut in determining their course.

The unanimity of the people was simply marvelous. So long as the question of secession was under discussion, opinions were both various and violent. The moment secession was finally determined upon, a revolution was wrought. There was no longer anything to discuss, and so discussion ceased. Men got ready for war, and delicate women with equal spirit sent them off with smiling faces. The man who tarried at home for never so brief a time, after the call to arms had been given, found it necessary to explain himself to every woman of his acquaintance, and no ex-

planation was sufficient to shield him from the social ostracism consequent upon any long-tarrying. Throughout the war it was the same, and when the war ended the men who lived to return were greeted with sad faces by those who had cheerfully and even joyously sent them forth to the battle.

Under these circumstances, the reader will readily understand, the first call for troops took nearly all the men of Virginia away from their homes. Even the boys in the colleges and schools enlisted, and these establishments were forced to suspend for want of students. In one college the president organized the students, and making himself their commander, led them directly from the class-room to the field. So strong and all-embracing was the thought that every man owed it to the community to become a soldier, that even clergymen went into the army by the score, and large districts of country were left too without a physician, until the people could secure, by means of a memorial, the unanimous vote of the company to which some favorite physician belonged, declaring it to be his patriotic duty to remain at home. Without such an instruction from his comrades no physician would consent to withdraw, and even with it very many of them preferred to serve in the ranks.

These were the men of whom the Confederate army was for the first year or two chiefly composed. After that the conscription brought in a good deal of material which was worse than useless. There were some excellent soldiers who came into the army as conscripts, but they were exceptions to the rule. For the most part the men whose bodies were thus lugged in by force had no spirits to bring with them. They had already lived a long time under all the contumely which a reputation for confessed cowardice could bring upon them. The verdict of their neighbors was already pronounced, and they could not possibly change it now by good conduct. They brought discontent with them into the camp, and were sullenly worthless as soldiers throughout. They

were a leaven of demoralization which the army would have been better without. But they were comparatively few in number, and as the character of the army was crystallized long before these men came into it at all, they had little influence in determining the conduct of the whole. If they added nothing to our strength, they could do little to weaken us, and in any estimate of the character of the Confederate army they hardly count at all. The men who early in the war struggled for a place in the front rank, whenever there was chance of a fight, and thought themselves unlucky if they failed to get it, are the men who gave character afterwards to the well-organized and well-disciplined army which so long contested the ground before Richmond. They did become soldiers after awhile, well regulated and thoroughly effective. The process of disciplining them took away none of their personal spirit or their personal interest in the war, but it taught them the value of unquestioning obedience, and the virtue there was in yielding it. I remember very well the extreme coolness with which in one of the valley skirmishes, a few days before the first battle of Bull Run, a gentleman private in my own company rode out of the ranks for the purpose of suggesting to J. E. B. Stuart the propriety of charging a gun which was shelling us, and which seemed nearer to us than to its supporting infantry. I heard another gentleman without rank, who had brought a dispatch to Stonewall Jackson, request that officer to "cut the answer short," on the ground that his horse was a little lame and he feared his inability to deliver it as promptly as was desirable. These men and their comrades lost none of this personal solicitude for the proper conduct of the war, in process of becoming soldiers, but they learned not to question or advise, when their duty was to listen and obey. Their very errors, as General Stuart once said in my hearing, proved them the best of material out of which to make soldiers. "They are pretty good officers now," he said, "and after a

while they will make excellent soldiers too. They only need *reducing to the ranks*."

This personal interest in the war, which in their undisciplined beginning led them into indiscreet meddling with details of policy belonging to their superiors, served to sustain them when as disciplined soldiers they were called upon to bear a degree of hardship of which they had never dreamed. They learned to trust the management of affairs to the officers, asking no questions, but finding their own greatest usefulness in cheerful and ready obedience. The wish to help, which made them unsoldierly at first, served to make them especially good soldiers when it was duly tempered with discipline and directed by experience. The result was that even in the darkest days of the struggle, when these soldiers knew they were losing everything but their honor, when desperation led them to think of a thousand expedients, and to see every blunder that was made, they waited patiently for the word of command and obeyed it with alacrity and cheerfulness when it came, however absurd it might seem. I remember one incident which will serve to illustrate this. The Federal forces one day captured an important fort on the north side of James River, which had been left almost unguarded, through the blundering of the officer charged with its defense. It must be retaken, or the entire line in that place must be abandoned and a new one built at great risk of losing Richmond. Two bodies of infantry were ordered to charge it on different sides, while the command to which I was then attached should shell it vigorously with mortars. In order that the attack might be simultaneously made on the two sides, a specific time was set for it, but for some unexplained reason there was a misunderstanding between the two commanders. The one on the farther side began the attack twenty minutes too soon. Every man of the other body, which lay then by our still silent mortars, knew perfectly well that the attack had begun, and

that they ought to strike then if at all. They knew that, without their aid and that of the mortars, their friends would be repulsed, and that a like result would follow their own assault when it should be made, twenty minutes later. They remained as they were, however, hearing the rattle of the musketry and listening with calm faces to the exulting cheers of the victorious enemy. Then came their own time, and knowing perfectly well that their assault was now a useless waste of life, they obeyed the

order as it had been delivered to them, and knocked at the very gates of that fortress for an hour. These men, in 1861, would have clamored for immediate attack as the only hope of accomplishing anything, and had their commander insisted, in such a case, upon obeying orders, they would in all probability have charged without him. In 1864, having become soldiers, they obeyed orders even at cost of failure. They had reduced themselves to the ranks — that was all.

George Cary Eggleston.

LETTER FROM MR. OWEN BROWN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

SIR, — I am sorry to learn that certain passages in the narrative of my escape from Harper's Ferry, as written down by Mr. Keeler, have been taken in a sense unfavorable to some of my comrades, especially Charles Plummer Tidd.

That narrative was meant to be simply the history of our adventures and sufferings, and my opinions of my companions' characters were not so carefully expressed in it as they would have been if I had been speaking of what they *were* rather than what they *did* and *endured*.

I wish now to say that my impressions of Tidd, as I recall them, are that he was a very warm friend, generally of cheerful disposition, true, and devoted to his ideas of right and moral principle. He was firm and persistent in what he undertook, rather inclined to be arbitrary, and of a temper not always under perfect control. As a whole, he stands far above the average of men. I hold for him a warm friendship.

Cook was a man of strong friendship, genial, brave, daring, often to recklessness, generous, very sympathetic, of high prin-

ciple. He was generally cheerful, often mirthful — with a temper under good control. He has a warm place in my memory.

Coppoc was brave, philanthropic, true to principle, faithful to his friends, and of well-restrained temper. Few have more admirable qualities.

Merriam was unassuming, and, so far as I have knowledge of him, possessed many admirable traits for which in life he probably did not receive due credit. He was generous to a fault. Under the severest tests his patience never failed him. His temper was under perfect control. He was never to my knowledge occupied in the business of reforming others, but acted at all times as though fully impressed with the idea that it is all one can do to manage himself. I have always felt grateful to him, and I entertain for him a lasting friendship.

These men possessed intellectual abilities quite above the average.

The courage of all our men has been sufficiently proved and acknowledged. Tidd was one of the bravest.

Owen Brown.

PUT-IN-BAY ISLAND, LAKE ERIE, OHIO.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

THE Legend of Jubal, in George Eliot's new book, and the dramatic poem Arm-gart, have already appeared in *The Atlantic*; and Agatha, and How Lisa loved the King, have also been published here. The new poems are A Minor Prophet, Brother and Sister, Stradivarius, Two Lovers, Arion, and Oh may I join the Choir Invisible.

There is not much question, we think, but they form the worthiest proof that the author has given of her right to make verse; but we do not suppose there is much hope that they will be treated with exacter justice than her former poetic attempts. She stands with her great fame as a novelist between her work and the friendly and the unfriendly critic alike. No doubt the one will be moved by his admiration for *Romola* and *Middlemarch*, and the other hold by his persuasion that so great a writer of prose ought to let poetry alone, or else in all decency ought to make a miserable failure of it. We ourselves are prepared to say that if George Eliot had not written her novels, these poems —

Would alone render her famous ;

Or,

Would make no impression upon the public :

That —

They are full of sentiment taking the clearness of thought, that is to say, poetry ;

Or,

They are cold intellectualities struggling to clothe themselves in the color and warmth of emotion, that is to say, prose.

It is a token of our high esteem for the

reader's judgment that we leave him to make his choice of these generalities, while we pass on to particulars.

The best poem in the book, to our thinking, is *Brother and Sister*, in which little-boy and little-girl life is so sweetly and delicately portrayed, with humorous touches of character that individualize the picture. It is thoroughly pleasant and good ; the thought is warmly interfused with tender sentiment, and it is undoubtedly poetry ; we cannot be so sure of anything else in the book.

"I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

"If he said 'Hush !' I tried to hold my breath ;
Whenever he said 'Come !' I stepped in faith."

"His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame ;
My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish toy
Had any reason when my brother came."

"Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls." . . .

"But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

Stradivarius is mainly talk between the old violin-maker and Naldo, a painter ; good, bright, wholesome talk, like much of the Italian chat in *Romola*, and the burden — perhaps somewhat often insisted on — is one from which all honest workers may take heart : —

"'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands : He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

¹ *The Legend of Jubal and other Poems.* By GEORGE ELIOT. Author's Edition. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, etc. By MRS. S. M. B. PLATT, Author of *A Woman's Poems*. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Poems. By H. R. HUDSON. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The Trust and The Remittance. Two Love Stories in Metred Prose. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Mary and Charles Lamb : Poems, Letters, and Remains. Now first collected, with Reminiscences and Notes. By W. CAREW HAZLITT. London : Chatto and Windus. 1874.

Theodore Parker. A Biography. By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Life of Thomas Jefferson, Third President of

the United States. By JAMES PARTON. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

An Art Tour to Northern Capitals of Europe. By J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON. New York : Macmillan & Co. 1873.

The Butterflies of North America. Vol. I. Vol. II., Part i. By WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, Member of the American Entomological Society. 4to. New York and Cambridge : Hurd and Houghton ; The Riverside Press. 1868-74.

John Andross. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. New York : Orange Judd & Co. 1874.

Record of a School. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Third Edition. Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Primitive Culture : Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. By EDWARD B. TYLOR. First American from the second English Edition. In two volumes. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Armgar must strike the careful observer less as a powerful dramatic situation than as the contemplation of it. The story of the beautiful and triumphant singer who loses her voice and her lover, and must descend alone, forced by an inexorable fate, to a lower plane of life, is full of tragedy only partially evoked. The characters tell the story, they do not live it. We have the same sense of the author's philosophical perception and analysis in the scenes, as when in her novels she plucks her people apart between their speeches, and anatomizes their motive and intention, while they pause to take breath at a comma. It is a great intellect, not a great art at work; it wants climax and effect. Nevertheless one is strongly interested. One does not feel that Armgar is, and suffers, but considers very seriously that if she were, she would suffer greatly.

About such a poem as Jubal, so far as it is a dream of primeval times and people, it is hard to know what to say. If one likes to do such poems, there is no objection, except that there are a great many poems in the world already. In the nature of the case they can only make the past reverberate the nineteenth century's voice and features, and this does not seem quite worth while. Jubal is a plunge into remotest time, when that antediluvian invented music, and after enjoying the honor of his tribe set out on his wanderings through the earth. He returns to his home and finds a procession going toward a temple to pay him divine honors. When he says that he is Jubal, the devotees fall upon him and beat him and cast him out. His Song comes to him at death, and tells him he shall live and triumph in it. The circumstance is dimly realized, and the desolating moral does not fill the spaces left desert by the author's lack of poetic warmth. It is the disadvantage—the artistic disadvantage, at least—of the materialistic creed, that it can appeal to nothing but the intellect; it tends to deathly allegory, and it preaches the Worm and the Grave much more tiresomely than Eternal Life can be set forth. On the whole, our poor old religion has some things to recommend it even to people of culture.

The first part of *A Minor Prophet* is deliciously humorous, and it is a pity that the end is somewhat overpreached. The conceit of the American vegetarian and his perfected world is charming; one almost hears his contented expatiation upon its

tediousness, and this is a wonderfully good picture of him:—

"You could not pass him in the street and fail
To note his shoulders' long declivity,
Beard to the waist, swan-neck, and large pale eyes;
Or, when he lifts his hat, to mark his hair
Brushed back to show his great capacity —
A full grain's length at the angle of the brow
Proving him witty, while the shallower men
Only seem witty in their repartees.
Not that he 's vain, but that his doctrine needs
The testimony of his frontal lobe."

This which follows is very amusing and very good indeed:—

"No tears are sadder than the smile
With which I quit Elias. Bitterly
I feel that every change upon this earth
Is bought with sacrifice. My yearnings fail
To reach that high apocalyptic mount
Which shows in bird's-eye view a perfect world,
Or enter warmly into other joys
Than those of faulty, struggling human kind.
That strain upon my soul's too feeble wing
Ends in ignoble floundering: I fall
Into short-sighted pity for the men
Who living in those perfect future times
Will not know half the dear imperfect things
That move my smiles and tears — will never know
The fine old incongruities that raise
My friendly laugh; the innocent conceits
That like a needless eyeglass or black patch
Give those who wear them harmless happiness;
The twists and cracks in our poor earthenware,
That touch me to more conscious fellowship
(I am not myself the finest Parian)
With my coevals. So poor Colin Clout,
To whom raw onion gives prospective zest,
Consoling hours of dampest wintry work,
Could hardly fancy any regal joys
Quite unimpregnate with the onion's scent:
Perhaps his highest hopes are not all clear
Of waftings from that euergetic bulb:
'Tis well that onion is not heresy.
Speaking in parable, I am Colin Clout.
A clinging flavor penetrates my life —
My onion is imperfectness: I cleave
To nature's blunders, evanescent types
Which sages banish from Utopia.
'Not worship beauty?' say you. Patience, friend!
I worship in the temple with the rest;
But by my hearth I keep a sacred nook
For gnomes and dwarfs, duck-footed waddling elves
Who stitched and hammered for the weary man
In days of old. And in that piety
I clothe ungainly forms inherited
From toiling generations, daily bent
At desk, or plow, or loom, or in the mine,
In pioneering labors for the world."

The commonplace dream of this disheartening seer is so exquisitely laughed at that one longs in reading George Eliot's own poem — Oh may I join the Choir Invisible — to have her try the fine edge of her irony upon the doctrine she there seriously celebrates. It is the idea that we are to realize our inborn longing for immortality in the blessed perpetuity of man on earth; the supreme effort of that craze which, having abolished God, asks a man to console

himself when he shall be extinct with the reflection that somebody else is living on toward the annihilation which he has reached.

—In reading Mrs. Piatt's little book of poems, one has none of the uncertainty that troubles one about George Eliot's painfully thought-out verse. The presence of innate poetic genius of the subtlest kind, finding its natural expression in a pensive music, is felt at once; and we wish that our praise could carry this book of poems to half the people whom the great novelist's fame will make acquainted with her work in rhyme. But we must be content if we can find far fewer willing to listen when we tell them that here, in this volume, is poetry as delicate and purely poetic as ever was given to the world. The range is not great, we will own. It is a wife, looking sadly and questioningly to the past and future alike, while she clings for safety and rest to the love she knows; it is a mother, talking with a mystical, half-melancholy playfulness to her children, and telling them tales in which there always lurks some poignant allegory for older hearts; it is a woman softly bewailing the loss of her youth and the dreams of her youth, who sings here. But from chords few and simple, this poet wakes a pathetic music that is never monotonous, never cloying or wearisome; her touch, even where it conveys a vague meaning to the intelligence, is full of significance for the hopes, the regrets which are really motions of the blood in us.

SOMETIME.

Well, either you or I,
After whatever is to say is said,
Must see the other die,
Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,
Sometime.

And you or I must hide
Poor empty eyes and faces, wan and wet
With Life's great grief, beside
The other's coffin, sealed with silence, yet,
Sometime.

And you or I must look
Into the other's grave, or far or near,
And read, as in a book
Writ in the dust, words we made bitter here,
Sometime.

Then, through what paths of dew,
What flush of flowers, what glory in the grass,
Only one of us two,
Even as a shadow walking, blind may pass,
Sometime!

And, if the nestling song
Break from the bosom of the bird for love,
No more to listen long
One shall be deaf below, one deaf above,
Sometime.

For both must lose the way
Wherein we walk together, very soon:
One in the dusk shall stay,
The other first shall see the rising moon,
Sometime.

Oh! fast, fast friend of mine!
Lift up the voice I love so much, and warn;
To wring faint hands and pine,
Tell me I may be left forlorn, forlorn,
Sometime.

Say I may kiss through tears,
Forever falling and forever cold,
One ribbon from sweet years,
One dear dead leaf, one precious ring of gold,
Sometime.

Say you may think with pain
Of some slight grace, some timid wish to please,
Some eager look half vain
Into your heart, some broken sobs like these,
Sometime!

There never was poetry that more keenly searched out the hiding-places of our mute, dim fears and longings, than these mournful strains which give them voice here; and especially to whoever has known what it is tremblingly and fearfully to love children, here are appeals that cannot fail of quick response:—

THE FAVORITE CHILD.

Which of five snowdrops would the moon
Think whitest, if the moon could see?
Which of five rosebuds flushed with June
Were reddest to the mother-tree?
Which of five birds, that play one tune
On their soft-shining throats, may be
Chief singer? Who will answer me?

Would not the moon know, if around
One snowdrop any shadow lay?—
Would not the rose-tree, if the ground
Should let one blossom droop a day?
Does not the one bird take a sound
Into the cloud, when caught away,
Finer than all the sounds that stay?

Oh, little, quiet boy of mine,
Whose yellow head lies languid here—
Poor yellow head, its restless shine
Brightened the butterflies last year!—
Whose pretty hands may intertwine
With paler hands unseen but near:
You are my favorite now, I fear!

BABY OR BIRD?

"But is he a Baby or a Bird?"
Sometimes I fancy I do not know;
His voice is as sweet as I ever heard
Far up where the light leaves blow.

Then his lovely eyes, I think, would see
As clear as a Bird's in the upper air;
And his red-brown head, it seems to me,
Would do for a Bird to bear.

"If he were a Bird," you wisely say,
"He would have some wings to know him by:"
Ah, he has wings, that are flying away
Forever—how fast they fly!

They are flying with him, by day, by night ;
Under suns and stars, over storm and snow,
These fair, fine wings, that elude the sight,
In softest silence they go.

Come, kiss him as often as you may —
Hush, never talk of this time next year,
For the same small Bird that we pet to-day,
To-morrow is never here !

These poems serve only partially to show what even one phase of the book is ; and we do not know how to choose such as shall give its entire expression. Here is one that is perhaps as true as any to the subjective yet strongly dramatized general character of Mrs. Piatt's poetry :

LOVE-STORIES.

Can I tell any ? No :

I have forgotten all I ever knew.
I am too old. I saw the fairies go
Forever from the moonshine and the dew
Before I met with you.

" Rose's grandmother knows
Love-stories ? " *She* could tell you one or two ?
" *She* is not young ? " You wish that you were
Rose ?
" *She* hears love-stories ? Are they ever true ? "
Sometime I may ask you.

I was not living when
Columbus came here, nor before that ? So
You wonder when I saw the fairies, then ?
The Indians would have killed them all, you
know ?
" How long is long ago ? "

And if I am too old
To know love-stories, why am I not good ?
Why don't I read the Bible, and not scold ?
Why don't I pray, as all old ladies should ?
(I only wish I could.)

Why don't I buy gray hair ?
And why --
Oh ! child, the Sphinx herself might spring
Out of her sands to answer, should you dare
Her patience with your endless questioning.
" Does *she* know anything ? "

Perhaps. " Then, could she tell
Love-stories ? " If her lips were not all stone ;
For there is one she must remember well --
One whose great glitter showed a fiery zone
Brightness beyond its own.

One whose long music aches --
How sharp the sword, how sweet the snake, O
Queen ! --
Into the last unquiet heart that breaks.
But the Nile-lily rises faint between --
You wonder what I mean ?

I mean there is but one
Love-story in this withered world, forsooth ;
And it is brief, and ends, where it begun
(What if I tell, in play, the dreary truth ?),
With something we call Youth.

For others equally characteristic the reader must read *The Palace-Burner*, *At*

the *Play*, I wish that I could go, If I were a Queen. All are perfect of their kind, and each will give the reader something to think over long after he could have forgotten whole volumes of ordinarily pleasing verse. There is indeed no poem here without its sharp suggestion, and we name a few because we cannot name them all. *The Black Princess*, *A Doubt*, *This World*, and that beautiful wise poem which gives its name to the book, we cannot leave unmentioned. And here is something that we must needs copy entire :

A WOMAN'S BIRTHDAY.

It is the Summer's great last heat,
It is the Fall's first chill : they meet.
Dust in the grass, dust in the air,
Dust in the grave -- and everywhere !
Ah, late rose, eaten to the heart :
Ah, bird, whose southward yearnings start ;
The one may fall, the other fly.
Why may not I ? Why may not I ?

Oh, Life ! that gave me for my dower
The hushing song, the worm-gnawed flower,
Let drop the rose from your shrunk breast
And blow the bird to some warm nest ;
Flush out your dying colors fast :
The last dead leaf -- will be the last.
No ! Must I wear your piteous smile
A little while, a little while ?

The withering world accepts her fate
Of mist and moaning, soon or late ;
She had the dew, the scent, the spring
And upward rapture of the wing ;
Their time is gone, and with it they.
And am I wooing Youth to stay
In these dry days, that still would be
Not fair to me, not fair to me ?

If Time has stained with gold the hair,
Should he not gather grayness there ?
Whatever gifts he chose to make,
If he has given, shall he not take ?
His hollow hand has room for all
The beauty of the world to fall
Therein. I give my little part
With aching heart, with aching heart.

Such poetry as this, so fine, so true, may wait a long while for recognition ; but fame is sure to follow it at last. Nevertheless, because an author is not always as immortal as his book, and because the fame that comes soonest is sweetest even when well earned, we wish that every reader of ours might pay tribute to this woman of genius by reading her book.

— Miss Hudson's poetry reaches its best in the story called *Episodes*, which is also the longest in the little book. It is the history of a girl's tragical love, and it is told simply and effectively. Her lover is killed on their wedding-day in a railroad accident. When the war breaks out she goes to nurse

in the hospitals, and a young Southern Unionist amongst the wounded falls in love with her. After the war, he comes and asks her to marry him, but she, searching her troubled heart, finds it, with all its sympathy and compassion for him, true to the first love, and refuses; and so the story ends. There are many reasons why such a poem should be the best in a book of fugitive verses. It is in the first place a story, and the employment of the poet's mind with the details of incident and situation preserves her from that fatal New England tendency to preaching which kills all joy in the bosom of the reader. Then the ground if not new is good, and is the ground of enough actual experience to make it very real; it only, indeed, wants localization, and if the scene could have been laid in some place known to the gazetteer, it would have been vastly better. However, it is very well as it is—the first parts being the best. The bride and her sisters banter each other in the morning, before it is time for the bridegroom to come, and their talk is very natural and girl-like:—

“And saucy repartee and jest
Were tossed about among the girls:
‘See, here is rue for Roger’s vest,
With dandelions to trim your curls!’
‘How beautifully we’d be drest,
If only grooms were knights and earls!’
Pray tell us, Mary,—you know best,—
If Roger cares for crimps and quirks?”

“Remember, when you’re saying yes,
You mustn’t glance at Maud or me!
Just count the ruffles on your dress,
Or blossoms on the apple-tree.
Roger’ll be grave enough, I guess,—
Grave as a bridegroom ought to be,—
I’m sure I wish you both success
In putting on your dignity.”

“‘Roger be grave?’ ‘Well, hardly that;
But graver than his wont, I trow.
I’ll give his arm a friendly pat,
If he forgets and answers, “No.”
You’ll stand just here, where father sat
When James was married, long ago,
Right on the border of the mat,
Between the door and window,—so!”

“‘And Roger, with his careless grace,
Will look as handsome as a king;
And you!—this rose would match your face
When first you wear the marriage-ring!’
Thus chattering, all about the place
They set the witnesses of spring,
And left a little, subtle trace
Of love and care on everything.”

“But she, half laughing at their talk,
Kept watchful eyes upon the gate,
The road’s far windings, white as chalk;
Then Maud said gayly, ‘Roger’s late.”

Let’s promenade along the walk
And scold because he makes us wait;
Let’s gather each a tansy-stalk
And wear a weed in widowed state!”

Then when the blow has fallen, and the girl sits beside her dead lover’s coffin, the situation is enforced with some excellently suggestive strokes of description:—

“The silence and the shadows held all the place in thrall,
Sometimes across the meadows she heard a night-bird’s call,
And sometimes, vaguely noted, as sounds that break a dream,
The stamping of the cattle, the murmur of the stream.”

The second episode is less satisfactorily managed. We have a feeling that the writer feared to grasp the honest circumstance of her story vigorously, lest some weak, æsthetic sensibilities should suffer. But we shall never have any poetry worth while, so long as we strive to transport our American realities into the atmosphere of books we have read. We do not say that Miss Hudson strives to do this at all constantly, and we are bound to say that we read her poem to the end with satisfaction in its sort of good Wordsworthian literalness. Of course there were little falterings in the direction of the “poet’s corner,” as,—

“Only a girl’s despairing cry
Ringing across the sunny air,”

which we could have wished absent even while we forgave them; but they were anything but characteristic. In fact, Miss Hudson’s characteristic tendency, we should say, was toward what is best in the execution of Episodes: a sincere diction and a tangibility of incidents and personages. Aunt Janet and Grandma and Madame, are all fair examples and proofs of this. In some other pieces, like *The Newsboy* and *The Peddler*, the plain material is not poetical, or not patiently and thoroughly wrought. In justice to the reader, we must add that there is a large number of poems in the book which we cannot praise for any but the negative virtues.

—The *Trust* and *The Remittance* are two slight stories of which it would be hard to speak well and yet harder to speak ill, if one keeps in mind the graceful and valuable services the author has rendered to literature. If Mrs. Clarke liked to write these tales, she had earned the right to offer them to the public, which can read them or not as it pleases. She frankly calls them metred prose, and to the greatest kindness they cannot appear otherwise.

They are blank verse to the eye; but it is a blank verse which does not scruple to end with a preposition, an adjective, even an indefinite article; and it is rather odd that Mrs. Clarke should not have so profited by her school in making her Shakespeare Concordance as to have found the writing of such verses impossible.

—The reader will thank Mr. William Carew Hazlitt for the letters of Mary Lamb, and for one or two of Charles Lamb's letters and "notelets," which are about all the new things in the volume of much value or interest. Most of the poems, letters, and other matter, which Hazlitt is pleased to call "the inedited remains of Charles Lamb," are included in the last English edition of Lamb's works. The sonnet on Work, the pretty, characteristic little poem entitled The Christening, the delightful letter to Patmore about Dash, the dog, the remarkable letter to George Dyer describing the Vulcanian Epicure of Enfield, and one or two more articles, were published long ago by Talfourd.

Notwithstanding that he has done so much to make one believe to the contrary, the editor and compiler of this work is affectionate to Charles Lamb's memory, and if he were only correct and trustworthy in his details, statements, and citations, his reminiscences and notes would not be altogether contemptible, though lacking in judgment, discrimination, and appreciation. We dislike and distrust most of his theories and speculations concerning the Lambs, and have mighty little faith in what he writes of the less known events of their "checkered history." He says he "should not be inclined, certainly, to place the visit to Margate, when they both [Charles and Mary Lamb] saw the sea for the first time, very early: perhaps it took place about 1818." Lamb, in mentioning this first sea-side trip in the paper on The Old Margate Hoy, says that "we [Elia and Bridget] had never been from home so long together in company." Therefore this visit to Margate must have been previous to the well-known one to the lakes of Cumberland in 1802, when they spent three weeks with Coleridge at Keswick. Of this memorable excursion, which is so delightfully described in a letter to Manning, there is no mention in the chapter or rather part of a chapter about The Lambs from Home. In a note to this chapter it is said that Lamb was at Margate again in 1831, and for proof of this the reader is referred to a

letter to John Taylor, one of the publishers of The London Magazine. If the editor or compiler had read this letter he must have seen that it could not have been written in 1831, because it was sent with the proof of Elia's Mackey End in Hertfordshire, an article which was published in 1821—the correct date of this late visit to Margate. "I am here at Margate," writes Lamb to Taylor, "spoiling my holidays with a review I have undertaken for a friend." If the editor had rescued this article from oblivion he would have done a commendable thing. But he has not been very successful in his attempt to "gather up" all that "still remained uncollected of Elia's writing." We have seen half a dozen articles, at least, which he seems never to have heard of. We hope they will be collected some day. He says Lamb has described the visit to Oxford, with the Hazlitts, in 1809, at some length in one of the essays of Elia, Oxford in the Vacation. Lamb has done no such thing. The visit to Oxford, described by Elia, was made in 1820. Indeed, the essay seems to have been written in that heart of learning, "under the shadow of the mighty Bodley." The paper, upon its publication in the London Magazine, was dated "August 5, 1820. From my rooms facing the Bodleian."

The compiler is also in doubt about the date of Lamb's Continental tour. Talfourd says it was in the summer of 1822, and he is proved to be right by a passage in Crabb Robinson's diary briefly describing an interview with Miss Lamb at Paris in August, 1822. We are informed that "Mr. Patmore has preserved some record of this strange pilgrimage in a letter from Lamb to him, in which the writer says he has tasted frogs." This letter, which is well-known to the lovers of Elia, does not contain anything about the Lambs' invasion of France, nor does the writer say he has tasted frogs, but asks Patmore, then sojourning in Paris, if he has ever tasted them. But the epistle to Baron Field, written soon after Lamb's return, which Mr. Hazlitt has ignored or forgotten, contains a characteristic brief description of Elia's impressions of Paris, and some pleasant matter concerning Talma, when Lamb had to breakfast with him in Paris.

What is said of White—Elia's "pleasant friend Jem White"—and his Falstaff's Letters, is, to put it mildly, highly unsatisfactory, if not mostly worthless or untrue. Because the work was dedicated to

"Master Samuel Irelaunde" some critic-aster or other, whom Mr. Hazlitt quotes and indorses, conjectures that White wrote the Falstaff correspondence to denote his contempt for the Ireland forgeries. Lamb, however, who was "in familiar habits" with the author, says, in his review of the book in *The Examiner*, which Mr. Hazlitt knows nothing about, that the Letters were dictated "from the fullness of a young soul, newly kindling at the Shakespearean flame, and bursting to be delivered of a rich exuberance of conceits." But perhaps this that follows is the boldest and unwisest supposition in these hypothetical chapters on the life and character of Charles Lamb; we say perhaps, because their author or compiler is fertile in such things, and it is not always easy to say which one of them is preëminent in ignorance, error, or audacity. "Spurious as White's lucubration was, and unsatisfactory, in some respects, as we may consider Lamb's connection with it to have been, we must not be sure that it has not the merit of having first directed the attention of the latter to Shakespearean letters. For White was an earnest and warm admirer of the great poet, and his acquaintance with Lamb had not improbably the useful effect of imparting a share of this enthusiasm and love." We admit that White was "an earnest and warm admirer of the great poet;" his book proves it. But "this enthusiasm and love" was kindled by Lamb, who really introduced Shakespeare to White. "We remember," writes Elia in his uncollected paper on White, "when the inspiration came upon him; when the plays of Henry Fourth were first put into his hands. We think at our recommendation he read them, rather late in life, though still he was but a youth." We are told that nowadays White's book is "common enough." We know not Mr. Hazlitt's idea of commonness in a book, but Falstaff's Letters was getting to be a scarce work in its author's lifetime, and Lamb thought he was lucky when he picked it up at the stalls for eighteen pence, as he did once or twice. About thirty years ago an English literary gentleman, a lover of Charles Lamb and Charles Lamb's friends, searched London through for a copy of it, and could not find one at stall or bookshop. He had to go to the British Museum to read it. Later he succeeded in borrowing a copy, and had it entirely transcribed and bound in a volume. Later again he was so fortunate as to meet

with a copy for sale for which he paid a deal more than eighteen pence, though not quite as much as the Roxburgh copy brought at the sale of that magnificent library. The work turns up as seldom now as then. You rarely find it at the stalls or in the catalogues of the dealers in old and second-hand books. If it ever gets into an auction—and it seldom does in these days—it is eagerly bid for, and is knocked down at a good quotable sum.

It is possible that "Lamb may not have been a very careful corrector of the press," though compared with Mr. Hazlitt he was a Wilson or a Nichols. For Mr. Hazlitt can seldom touch a poem or essay without marring its beauty or spoiling its sense by gross typographical errors. Lamb's poem on The Christening, which is wrongly included in his "inedited remains," is disfigured by having the word "vests," in the second line, printed "nests:"—

"Arrayed—a half-angelic sight—
In nests of baptismal white."

In correcting one of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's mistakes regarding Lamb—it would be an almost Herculean task to correct all of them—Mr. Hazlitt quotes thus from that gentleman: "K—who, with his wife—'that part French, better part Englishman'—carried off Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle." By the literal accuracy with which the extract is made, Mr. Hazlitt repeats the absurdly bad misprint which makes K—'s wife a man! Of course Elia, from whom Fitzgerald quotes, wrote Englishwoman. In the beautiful letter to George Dyer, which is familiar to all readers of Talfourd's Life and Letters of Lamb, there is what Elia would call a damnable erratum: "Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, that has caught no inflammatory fever," and then Lamb goes on to describe the great fire blazing "last night" in the barns and haystacks of an Enfield farmer, which shows conclusively that Enfield had caught the inflammatory fever then prevailing in rural England. The correct reading is: "Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, has caught the inflammatory fever." In attempting to correct another of Mr. Fitzgerald's mistakes about Lamb, Mr. Hazlitt makes a greater one himself by saying that nobody ever heard of such a book as Scott's Critical Essays on some of the Poems of Several English Poets, "for the excellent reason that it never existed." But notwithstanding this confident assertion to the

contrary, such a book *does* exist. Allibone includes it among the works of John Scott the Quaker. But the MS. annotations with which Lamb's copy of the work was enriched were all written by Lamb himself, and not by Ritson, as Elia gravely said in *The London Magazine*, somewhat to the confusion and sorrow of those simple souls who, like Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, believe all that is told them by such a "matter-of-lie man" as Charles Lamb.

In an early letter to Coleridge, Lamb thus writes concerning Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*: "Fairfax I have been in quest of a long time. Johnson, in his *Life of Waller*, gives a most delicious specimen of him." To this passage Mr. Hazlitt says, in a foot-note, "There is no specimen of Fairfax in Johnson's *Memoir*." No specimen of Fairfax in the *memoir* of Waller! If the reader will consult the *Lives of the Poets* he will find eighteen stanzas of Fairfax's fine old translation in the *Life of Waller*, which are introduced by Johnson in these words: "As Waller professed himself to have learned the art of versification from Fairfax, it has been thought proper to subjoin a specimen of his work." In a note to a letter to Baron Field (one of the few new letters of Lamb's in the volume) Mr. Hazlitt says that "Lamb had been asked for a catalogue of Mr. Field's gallery." If Mr. Hazlitt had read this letter, or even the sentence to which his note particularly refers, he must have seen that it was Mathews's gallery, not Field's, Lamb had been asked to make a catalogue of. "For Mathews, I know my own utter unfitness for such a task," Lamb writes to Field. "I am no hand at describing costumes, a great requisite in an account of mannered pictures. I have not the slightest acquaintance with pictorial language even. An imitator of me, or rather pretender to be me, in his *Rejected Articles*, has made me minutely describe the dresses of the *poissardes* at Calais! I could as soon resolve Euclid. I have no eye for forms and fashions. I substitute analysis, and get rid of the phenomenon by slurring in for its impression. I am sure you must have observed this defect, or peculiarity, in my writings; else the delight would be incalculable in doing such a thing for Mathews, whom I greatly like — and Mrs. Mathews, whom I almost greatly like. What a feast 't would be, sitting at the pictures, painting 'em into words! but I could

almost as soon make words into pictures. I speak this deliberately, and not out of modesty. I pretty well know what I can't do."

Mr. Hazlitt says that Lamb "was very possibly more than semi-serious when he once said, in a letter to a friend, 'Hang the age! I will write for posterity!'" We think he would have been a good deal more than "semi-serious," could he have known how cruelly this editor would misquote him. To appease Elia's troubled shade we will give the joke or jest, or whatever you prefer to call it, just as he told it in a letter to Barry Cornwall, with the writer's own characteristic comments and explanations: "Did you see a sonnet of mine [The Gypsy's Malison] in *Blackwood's* last? Curious construction! *Elaborata facilitas*! And now I'll tell. 'T was written for *The Gem*, but the editors declined it, on the plea that it would *shock all mothers*; so they published *The Widow* instead. I am born out of time. I have no conjecture about what the present world calls delicacy. I thought Rosamund Gray was a pretty modest thing. Hessey assures me the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Hang the age, I will write for antiquity!'"

There are more of these blunders, but enough — perhaps more than enough — has been said of Mr. William Carew Hazlitt's slips and inaccuracies.

—"No man," said Selden, with that strict sense of predestination belonging to a Calvinistic age, "no man is the wiser for his learning; wit and wisdom are born with a man." If this was true of any man, it certainly was of Theodore Parker; and as Mr. Frothingham has told the story of his life, the fact plainly appears. The secret of his greatness was that he so well incarnated and gave voice to the native, home-bred New England genius. The humor, the conscience, the moral sense, and the intrepid courage, not less than the eager thirst for knowledge, partial insensibility on the æsthetic side, and the countryman's simplicity, were all embodied in Parker, as they have been before and will be again in representative men of New England. It was not so much his opinions, theological, philosophical, or political, that drew men unto him and held them fast; it was this inborn quality by which he showed them their own consciousness, their own aspirations, mir-

rored or realized in the life of another. Not that opinion was indifferent to him or to them; for except the Scotch, possibly, no people hold more tenaciously to their beliefs than do the New Englanders. But there is something in human nature more inward and permanent than intellectual belief—the structure of character itself; and there is often a complete unity in this, among those who hold widely diverse dogmas in religion or politics. “It is well known,” says Emerson, “that Parker’s great, hospitable heart was the sanctuary to which every soul conscious of an earnest opinion came for sympathy,—alike the brave slave-holder and the brave slave-rescuer.” Perhaps the best illustration in this was the undoubting faith in Parker’s sympathy with which John Brown, an Old Testament Calvinist, if ever there was one, came in secret to the arch-heretic of Boston, when his heroic dream of destroying slavery by violence was about to manifest itself in action.

Still it need not be denied that Parker was near the head of an advancing wave in religious opinion. Where he stood almost alone, thirty years ago, whole sects and communities now stand; while some of his disciples, or old opponents even, have got so far beyond him that he already begins to look like a conservative in theology. He held firmly and warmly to the personal element in religion. The universe did not seem to him governed by an algebraic formula, or capable of being reduced to a chemic reaction; it was created and upheld by a loving parental will. When the churches excommunicated Parker’s form of heresy, startling and annoying as it seemed, they could not have foreseen these days of protoplasm and the Ascidians, when science does not so much as condescend to leave a place for God at all, even as a *caput mortuum*. And one of the few faults in this biography of Mr. Frothingham’s is the too recent and Darwinian point of view from which he chooses to regard Parker. Another is too strong a desire, or at least too great a willingness, to perpetuate the memory of the sectarian squabbles over Parker’s position when he first left the Unitarian ranks. What happened then, though keenly felt and well remembered by Parker, was but a trifling episode in his career, as it will be viewed by posterity, if we may be permitted to judge by the way it impresses us after this brief interval of a single generation.

As a brave, devoted friend of mankind,

and a political leader of rare courage and sagacity, Parker now presents himself to the knowledge of those who have grown to manhood since he left his country never to return, fifteen years ago. In the long and dismal conflict with slavery, he stood between Garrison and Sumner,—the agitator his friend on one side, and the statesman his companion on the other. He was hardly less an agitator than Garrison, and quite as profound and well trained in statesmanship as Sumner. Among his friends also were Phillips, the matchless orator, and he whom Mr. Frothingham well calls “a colossal figure”—John Brown. This man was neither orator nor statesman, but one who could do what eloquence and policy had failed to accomplish. He cut the Gordian knot at which statesmen for seventy years had fumbled, and once cut, it could never be tied again. In Brown’s enterprise, as Mr. Frothingham shows, Parker took an important part, and the two names, neither of them soon to be forgotten, will go down in history together.

—The readers of this magazine know better than we could tell them the general character of Mr. Parton’s Life of Jefferson, for it formed the most popular feature in twenty-one successive numbers of *The Atlantic*. People turned to it before they read the serial stories, or even cut the pages whose jealous fold concealed the instruction and delightfulness of the book-notices. It is quite idle then to say that it is most entertainingly written, and if we leave this perfectly safe ground we could hardly say anything else in praise of it which would not be disputed by others. There are people who believe not only that Jefferson was no saint, but that he was a vastly mistaken statesman, and but indifferent honest as a politician. For these, apparently, Mr. Parton has not written except in so far as he has thought well to afflict them by the attribution of nearly all the good qualities to his hero, surrendering the bad ones with a generous profusion for division among Jefferson’s enemies. He is an advocate, there is no question of that, and probably would be the last to claim finality for his words about any man, measure, or event. He states the case as it seems to him, and no doubt he is swayed by his passion, his preference. But he makes people read, and we hope that he makes them think and provokes them to the very inquiry which, if he is wrong, will enable them to refute him. He rescues our annals from dullness, and the memories of the

fathers from weariness, and weaves so pleasant a story about them that they seem almost as interesting to us as each one of us is to himself. In all this we consider him thoroughly honest, however partial he may be. Mr. Parton may not be the man to do justice to such men as Adams and Hamilton, who, in their turn, were not the men to do justice to Jefferson; but whether Mr. Parton is not the man to do justice to some tendencies which those two eminent patriots represented, and which Jefferson opposed, is by no means so certain. We rather fancy that he is, the more so that he shows himself able to see and deplore the unlimited power which the success of some of the Jeffersonian ideas has thrown into the hands of the ignorant. Universal suffrage now seems our evil, not because suffrage has not been limited by a property qualification, or some other aristocratic device, but because it is not limited by the only democratic device, that of education. Our case, bad as it is (and it is not so bad as it is represented), is no worse than that of our Canadian neighbors, who have the check of a property suffrage; and our case might be very much worse than it now is if the press were fettered by such regulations as several of the most honest and patriotic men of the Revolution thought necessary. The fact is simply that Hamilton held by the old monarchical traditions which surrounded government with state and with awfulness; and Jefferson conceived the notion of a business-house in which the affairs of the nation should be transacted without show and without ceremony, by persons chosen to do their duty and to expect no honor merely for their office's sake, and no easier glory for it than men achieve by the proof of their supreme fitness for art, for letters, for commerce, for war. He made such a government possible, and such a government will finally be ours. This is the central truth enforced by Mr. Parton's work; this is its moral and its value.

— Mr. Beavington Atkinson's qualifications for recording his Art Tour to Northern Capitals certainly do not consist in any remarkable ability for drawing useful or interesting conclusions, nor in describing with anything like pictorial skill the various towns, public buildings, pictures, and statues which he has seen. In this latter particular, indeed, he is very deficient; he begins with an intention of describing something and ends with giving us only a few detached objections to certain features of the

object under notice. Still, it is apparent from his variety of reference, and his free use of proper names, that he has had unusual opportunities for comparison of art-products in widely different localities, and has personally encountered a great many painters. And in spite of his shortcomings, in spite of an inconsequent manner of stringing all sorts of observations together, as if he were about to come to some complex conclusion,—a manner which seems to be a sort of disordered imitation of M. Taine's aggregations of multitudinous fact,—the fields through which he has wandered are so new to us, and have been so little written about in English from the art-critic's point of view, that his volume really becomes very interesting for the large number of new items it contributes to our knowledge. And doubtless it will appeal as strongly to the American reader as to the audience originally addressed by the author through *The Portfolio*, *The Saturday Review*, and other English periodicals in which these chapters first appeared. In fact, there is a special reason why any review of the achievements in art of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, should attract our notice more than that of any other public; for these countries stand, in some respects, in much the same position as ourselves with regard to the development of art in other portions of Europe—a resemblance which Mr. Atkinson in one place expressly points out, speaking of Russia. Here, too, is a sentence not without some application to the state of art in this country. "The Danish idea of the grand is superficial size, or cubic contents; hence large pictures are unusually rife, and the dimensions of the canvas are wholly in excess of the magnitude of the thought."

In Denmark, also, there are notions afloat about some phase of art which shall be purely national; notions which seem to have resulted in little good, and to have caused considerable discord. "By all means," says Mr. Atkinson, "let them be national from backbone to fingers' ends, in everything but national ignorance." This is a discriminating admonition which we should do well to keep in mind, in view of the tendency of young artists and thoughtless on-lookers to suppose that originality is endangered by study of previous originality. In Norway, a style of "landscape heroics" is in vogue. "Pictures are systematically composed out of mountains, lakes, deep valleys, vast rocks, and stormy skies. Bierstadt, the American,

serves up such materials with the like dressings."

The case seems to be somewhat better in Sweden, where the artists born previous to this century were nerveless classicists, but those born since its opening have strengthened their cause by an alliance with subjects drawn from peasant life. In the matter of portrait-statues, also, something appears to have been effected of a genuine kind. But, as a whole, the development remains an hybrid one, as is apt to be the case where the arts are nurslings of royal patronage. The putting a civilized community into readiness for yielding artistic fruit is as yet less understood than the chemical preparation of soils in agriculture. Meantime, must we conclude that fine pictures and noble statues are to be looked for only in certain latitudes where such beauties are indigenous? Mr. Atkinson inclines to consider climate supreme in these matters, following M. Taine. For ourselves, we are disposed to hold out against the weather, a while longer. The history and science of æsthetics are at present too little understood to enable such an organization of intellectual, emotional, and physical conditions as would insure the growth of a self-sustaining art in any of the regions intermediate between the frigid zones. But it may be that we shall sometime discover how to bring forth, under the skies of different countries, the different fruits which will best thrive there.

The progress of Russia toward forming a school of creative art is, it must be confessed, not encouraging. In that empire there is an academy, with a branch at Rome; and students are dispatched to the latter city with an allowance of \$800 a year, for six years, and \$200 extra for the journey out, and the same for the return. Nor are they ill-provided with objects of study at home; for the palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains a collection of 1500 paintings, more than half a thousand drawings, 1700 vases, the largest collection of gems in existence, and 361 ancient marbles, many of them from Kertch, in the Crimea, and excellent examples of Greek sculpture. "The Hermitage," says our author, "does not suffer by comparison with the Vatican, the Museum of Naples, the galleries of Florence, the Louvre in Paris, or the Great Picture Gallery in Madrid;" while "the Dutch pictures are not to be equaled save in Holland or in Dresden." Notwithstanding this, and that these institutions have been in operation for a century, Mr. Atkin-

son not only finds nothing genuinely new and distinctive in Russian art, but even pronounces himself hopeless as to the future of such art as has already been brought to growth there.

It is true, that an obstacle to advance exists in Russia which we shall not have to encounter here, namely, in the restriction put upon sculpture of the human figure by the Greek Church, and the traditional Byzantine style of religious painting. Also, it may be that Mr. Atkinson does not look far enough ahead. From his own account, we gather that there has been an appreciable advance upon the work of Bruin and Neff, who began early in the present century; an approach to something not merely derivative. We must not overlook the historic value of partial successes in art. A people just making its way into the arts will naturally impress upon its artistic work something of the prevailing incompleteness characteristic of any nation without good art of its own. For example, Walt Whitman may not improbably come to be looked upon hereafter as exactly typical of the unfinished, unwieldy, somewhat boastful, and earnest attitude withal, in which, if we regard ourselves impartially, we shall see that we at present stand, in the United States. Further, it appears to us that Mr. Atkinson has not done justice to Vereschagin (whose name is spelled in the book Wereschagin and Waretschagin, indifferently). So far as we can gather from woodcuts of his powerful compositions exhibited in England at the Crystal Palace, and from verbal report, we suspect not only originality in his choice of subjects, but in treatment also. In decorative art, it is admitted that the Russians are likely to accomplish much that is genuine and beautiful. In 1825, Count Stroganoff founded a school of design at Moscow (supported for eighteen years at his own expense, and now in a flourishing condition) which forms the centre of growth in decorative and industrial art. This school is based upon the school at South Kensington. But Mr. Atkinson has some fear that the tendency of the management is to stifle originality by a too assiduous insistence upon strict South Kensington methods. Here is a caution which comes directly home to ourselves; and with the more force because we have not, like Russia, three different historic lines of ornament to choose from — the Northern (Finnish), Byzantine, and Oriental. The Oriental tendency is urged by Mr. Atkinson as

the only one which can lead to real and rich originality. The situation does not, then, appear altogether dark.

We must protest against the execrable Gallicism of Mr. Atkinson's writing. He indulges in preposterous constructions, abounds in redundancies, and burdens the comma to madness with the appointed duties of the semicolon. His book is also marred by errors of spelling, like "Pircus" for Piræus, "Mr. Power," for Powers, the American sculptor; and by a phrase like this (in the chapter preceding the entertaining essay on Thorwaldsen): . . . "*lies* moldering fires and latent forces." We are unable to conceive how fires could *molder*. This chapter, we learn with some surprise, originally appeared in The Saturday Review.

— Six years ago, Mr. Edwards of West Virginia began a series of publications intended to illustrate only the perfect form of new or hitherto unfigured American butterflies. These have lately been collected into a quarto volume of elegant and attractive form, and of no ordinary scientific interest.

Up to the seventh number the work was chiefly noted for its wonderful illustrations of our species of *Argynnis*, *Colias*, and *Grapta*, which compose more than half of the species described in the whole work, and twenty-eight of the fifty plates. But during the publication of this series unusual interest arose in the transformations of butterflies, and Mr. Edwards was led to make an essential change in the character of his work, which has also increased its value. In this seventh number he illustrates the earlier stages of two western butterflies; and in the succeeding parts nearly half of the species depicted are accompanied by drawings of some or all of the early stages. The letterpress had hitherto been in great measure confined to the mere description of the butterflies. But in tracing the life-histories of these beautiful objects, our author becomes an investigator, and in the ninth part of his work adds more to our knowledge of butterflies than any other observer has done for years past. He finds that *Papilio Ajax* appears under three forms, which he distinguishes as *Walshii*, *Telamonides*, and *Marcellus*. His attempt to trace their relationship leads to most curious results: the progeny of *Walshii* and *Telamonides* (which appear in spring only) becomes *Marcellus*; and the progeny of *Marcellus*, if perfected the same season, also becomes *Marcellus*; but if wintering as a chrysalis, it changes

the next year to either of the three, according to the time of its eclosion. Then all the individuals of a single brood do not behave alike. Of one set of seventy chrysalids, which suspended at the end of May, a part produced butterflies during the first week in June; one butterfly appeared June 23, another July 12; while the rest lived unchanged through the winter, and such as did not die emerged early in spring.

In the same number of his work he gives the details of a somewhat similar case in *Grapta interrogationis*. Naturalists had been disputing which of two American butterflies should bear this name, when these plates put an end to the discussion by showing its utter unimportance; the two so-called species were one; each could be raised from the eggs of the other; yet the case was not parallel to that of *Ajax*, for both varieties were simultaneously produced from one parent, and appeared at any season of the year.

These observations naturally attracted great attention; but the chief permanent value of the work lies unquestionably in the richness and wonderful accuracy of its illustrations. These have increased in excellence as the work has advanced; compare, for example, the plates of *Argynnis Diana* and *A. Nokomis* issued in Part 1, with corrected plates of the same in the supplementary part. And then what a wealth of illustration! There is an average of four or five drawings for each species described; to represent the varieties of *Papilio Ajax* we have eleven pictures of the imago, seven of the caterpillar, and five of the chrysalis; or take *Parnassius Smintheus*, where we have no less than fifteen exquisite drawings of the butterfly alone; no work ever illustrated so richly a single European species. And what can exceed the softness of finish in figures four and five of Plate *Parnassius IV.*? or the evenness of the coloration and its delicate tone? And then the tasteful arrangement of the whole upon the plate; it is as if one had but just startled a bevy of these Alpine beauties. Notice too how well the artist has rendered the bloom on the under surface of some of the *Graptas*, scarcely veiling the darker marbling or the ragged, party-colored bands beneath; and contrast them with the decided brilliancy of the spots on some of the *Parnassians*, or the crimson of the under surface of *Ajax*. There is nowhere any excess of color, no exaggeration of nature; the precise tone is caught, whether sober or

vivacious. The iconographic works on butterflies now publishing in England are tame and lifeless beside these figures, which seem to live upon the plates. In truthfulness of outline and sobriety of color, Butler's illustrations far surpass Hewitson's; yet both lack altogether the delicacy and precision of the work Miss Peart has done for Mr. Edwards. Millière's plates are done on steel by the most expert of Parisian engravers; yet even these in no way surpass the lithography of Miss Peart; to parallel her achievements we must go back to Hübner, that prince of iconographers, whose art seemed lost half a century ago. In outline, and in the delineation of the neurulation, these drawings are faultless; and in this the scientist takes a pride; for his art is to transcribe nature and fix upon paper her hidden beauties of color and form; he glories as much in the truthful pictorial representation of an object as in its faithful delineation with the pen.

An appendix to the volume contains a "Synopsis" of American butterflies; it would better have been named a classified list, since it is unaccompanied by any characterization of the groups employed. Merely to serve as a check-list and as a guide to the specific synonymy, it is valuable, although we cannot but regret the typographical inelegancies with which it abounds, and the poverty of its references. As an accompaniment to such a work, however, it should have been much more than a list; it should have been a correct expression of the latest studies upon the structure and affinities of butterflies; whereas it sets them all at defiance. The *Pieridæ*, for instance, are not distinguished from the *Papilionidæ*, although such groups as the *Ageronidæ* (founded on an error of observation long since corrected) and the *Danaidæ* are separated, respectively, from the *Nymphalidæ* and *Heliconidæ*. The *Erycinidæ* are placed below the *Lycenidæ*, as is done by no author, ancient or modern, excepting in a discreditable compilation on American butterflies, by Morris; and the same compiler is followed in other strange and devious paths, as where the *Coppers* are placed between the *Blues* and the *Hair-streaks*, and where the *Libytheidæ*, or *Long-beaks*, are found in an association they never knew before, in or out of a book. If our author had but followed Bates, of whom he professes admiration, he would not have drawn the young student into so many quagmires. The treatment of the different parts of the

list is very unequal, for while one author is followed in a somewhat minute subdivision of the *Skippers*, another is followed in distributing the *Lycenidæ* among three or four genera only, of unwieldy proportions and heterogeneous material.

Where the synonymy refers to the earlier authors, the reference is usually given with sufficient fullness; but references which must have been made at first hand are almost invariably too meagre; generally, too, there is no mark enabling one to judge whether an author quoted places the species in a different genus from that of the list or not; any one wishing to know this is obliged to search authorities for himself; whereas one special object of lists is to save others such researches. A very little more pains on the author's part would have doubled the value of the *Synopsis*.

A similar neglect of details detracts from the ready use of the body of the work; the want of any paging, and the complicated numbering of the plates, is an unnecessary defect, rendering reference to the work awkward and cumbersome; again, several illustrations on a plate are sometimes marked with the same number; in the page devoted to "dates of issue," this want of care is shown in the simple transference of the dates printed on the cover of each part; whereas the parts often appeared months after the time indicated.

These exquisite illustrations seem too little known outside the circle of naturalists, and we therefore the more urgently call attention to them here; every lover of the beautiful in nature will be enchanted with them. The first part of a new series has just been issued, and is equal to the best standard of the previous parts. It is similar in design, but the author distinctly states his intention of following the plan of the later numbers of the first series and illustrating the transformations of the older known butterflies, as well as of those more recently described. He has already shown himself as good a historian as an iconographer, and these new illustrations with their accompanying text hold out a good promise. The same artists are employed, and three of the five plates illustrate caterpillars and chrysalids as well as butterflies; among them we find a *Papilio* from California, an *Anthocaris* from the West, and the *Libythea* of the Eastern States; the history of the latter is especially interesting and carefully detailed; the author tells us that at the slightest innovation in the larval life of this

species, the caterpillars at once change to chrysalids, even though they are but half grown, and have cast their skins less than the regular number of times. Illustrations of butterflies from Virginia, British Columbia, and the red-wood forests of California, make up the series; the notes on the natural history of the insects are much fuller than usual, and add greatly to the interest of the plates.

—John Andross is certainly a very readable novel. Mrs. Davis writes well; with all her grimness she has a very agreeable humor, and if about all the men there is a certain exaggeration of their prominent qualities, the women—both the serious and sensible one whom the men of the story consider dull, and the frivolous and pretty one whom they with equal unanimity take for charming and loving—are very well described. The scene of the story is laid in western Pennsylvania, in the coal and oil region, and in Philadelphia and Harrisburg, and the local color is very well given. We may expose ourselves to the danger of being thought to be in the pay of a rich and powerful corporation—we only wish we were!—when we say that there is a chance that the power of a “whisky ring” is somewhat exaggerated, for the plot of the novel turns on the sufferings of an amiable but weak man, who, partly by his own fault and partly by force of circumstances, has got into the power of a “ring,” which needs his glib tongue and ready manners for aid in doing its dirty work, in buying up Pennsylvania representatives. One should remember, however, that even in works of fiction it would be very hard to exaggerate the evil doings of Pennsylvania legislators and rings. The hero, John Andross, is the victim and tool of the ring, and the position in which he is placed is certainly a very dramatic one; he is struggling to free himself from its clutches; he has fled to this unknown region, where he has found a benefactor in Dr. Braddock, who in his ungainliness and shyness is a trifle overdrawn, although his principal qualities are well set before us. Even in this obscure retreat he is traced out by the myrmidons of the ring, and to get his freedom Andross steals a large sum of money from Braddock, indeed nearly all the latter’s earnings, the sum he had laid by to get married on. With some ingenuity we are spared being made accomplices to his hesitation—if there was any—before committing this crime; but we have instead

his remorse, not when he was alone, but when, after lonely wanderings through the mountains, he gets back to civilized life and tries to make a confession of his guilt. The struggle between his somewhat lax sense of duty and his easy enjoyment of all that is comfortable about him make his fault seem like some remote incident of ancient history, with which he has no right to disturb the pleasure of his friends, and he is only too ready to let time smooth everything over. The acquiescence of a weak man is admirably given, better than the idealized patience of Dr. Braddock. It is alone quite good enough to make the novel a success.

The weak woman, Anna Maddox, is, as we have said, well drawn; with a vein of malice perhaps, which, however, does not outweigh the lavish amount of praise the vine-like young woman gets from men when they write novels, and in real life. The woman who writes novels has no patience with such as she, and the authoress’s scorn for the blindness of men in being so easily hoodwinked is very great. All the love-making is well told, and full weight is given to the momentary influence which such women get over men. Very different is Isabella. The interest rather flags, it must be said, in the last half of the novel; but on the whole the book is very entertaining. It is an American novel in which the American part does not outweigh everything else; it has those other qualities more important than geographical accuracy; it is clever and interesting.

—The Record made by Miss E. P. Peabody of the methods and teachings in Mr. Alcott’s school, in the year 1834, has lately gone into a third and revised edition; and its peculiarity demands perhaps a more thorough and extended notice than we can give.

Mr. Alcott aimed to impart moral and religious, as well as intellectual instruction to the young children of his school, and this chiefly through conversations. No one can fail to note the pure, lofty, sympathetic, and unsectarian character of the spiritual lessons here recorded. Still, without assuming to know much experimentally of the best methods of teaching the young idea how to shoot, the impression the book leaves on our mind is that sometimes there may be a little too much of a good thing; that though self-inspection and self-analysis are excellent habits at all periods of life, there is a possible danger of carrying the practice a

little too far with children of a very tender age—especially as in Mr. Alcott's method a very lofty and unmixed ideal right was uncompromisingly insisted upon. Not that a lofty ideal is not a good thing; but that there may be more judicious and *complete* methods, in which the *whole* nature of the child, including appetite, emotion, love of variety, freedom of experimental knowledge, and spontaneous growth, shall be recognized, as well as the ideal element of conscience and deep self-scrutiny. That very young children are easily susceptible to the influx of purely ideal truth is a hint that this susceptibility should be wisely trained. There is reason to believe from this Record that Mr. Alcott was eminently conscientious, and from his point of view discreet; and that by this Socratic plan of questions and answers a far more powerful impression was made upon the young learners than could have been obtained by any formal, old-fashioned courses of drilling. But that there must have been habits of self-inspection fostered, somewhat at the expense of free and spontaneous development, and that the practice of requiring the children to *speak out* without reserve all their half-shaped thoughts, in words and phrases beyond their range of solid experience, may have tended to flatter individual love of praise, or spiritual pride, or self-abasement, is a suspicion one has difficulty in resisting while perusing this Record. The reading and analysis of Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality one would think is not exactly a text for the simple thoughts and dreams of a very young child; yet Mr. Alcott seems to have paraphrased a good deal of it to the satisfaction of his school.

We note that Miss Peabody herself, though at this period, nearly forty years ago, when she was an instructor in this school, she sympathized strongly with Mr. Alcott, states in her Preface to the third edition that though she believes now as then that education must be moral, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as physical, from the very beginning of life, she has come to doubt the details of Mr. Alcott's method of procedure. And even in her explanatory essay in the second edition, she also criticises with some justice Mr. Alcott's tendency to mental and moral dissection.

We will quote a passage from these conversations, which may illustrate some of the practical deficiencies to which we have alluded.

"Mr. Alcott asked which was most interesting, such conversation as this (about aspiration) or conversation about steam-engines or such things. Many said such conversation, but some did not reply. Mr. Alcott put the question in another form: and at last a little boy exclaimed, I never knew I had a mind till I came to this school; and a great many more burst out with the same idea."

In spite of many such passages, we think this book in the hands of a judicious teacher cannot fail to suggest a vast deal that may be useful in the education of the young.

— We are very glad to welcome an American edition of Mr. Tylor's charming volumes on Primitive Culture. The alterations in the second English edition are very slight, so that those who, three years ago, bought the book when it first appeared, need not feel as if that was money thrown away. Those who are not yet familiar with this work will find it one of the most remarkable and interesting books of the present day. It belongs to the Darwinian school, inasmuch as it makes application of the doctrine of evolution, and it is also, more literally, a follower of Darwin's book, since it takes up man, where that leaves him, at the remotest periods of which we have any knowledge, and traces his intellectual growth as shown in his actions, his philosophy, his religion, etc., from that time forth. A comparison is made of all that we have been able to learn of early times and of the savage races now extant; their myths and stories are collected and studied, and those amusements and customs of our own which are survivals of the doings of our uncivilized ancestors are shown to be landmarks in the history of the human race. It is the growth of civilization which the book illustrates. The first volume shows us how many of our children's games are simply what was in former times the occupation of all; now, for instance, the bow is merely a means of amusement, while formerly it was the ordinary weapon in warfare; and again, our custom of wishing well to any one who sneezes is a memorial of the belief that spirits could enter the human body. Light is thrown on some points of the question of the origin of language. Certain mythological matters are discussed, and the study of what the author calls animism is begun, a subject which occupies the greater part of the second volume. By animism is meant the opinions regarding the soul of man,

its relation to the living, and its probable fate after death.

In the discussion of these matters, Mr. Tylor has collected an enormous mass of material, of which, however, he always remains the perfect master. He is never borne down by his facts; he arranges them in an orderly way, and he never maintains an opinion without plenty of support for it, nor without adducing enough proof to convince the most incredulous. Not only is the book entertaining in its explanation of what we ourselves do, but it is also extremely valuable in enabling us to see the way in which the human mind grows from abject ignorance, through every kind of embarrassing superstition, to a position of scientific knowledge. In this respect it is without an equal, and when we add that it is admirably written, often with great humor and at times with eloquence, and never with a dull line, its importance can be readily estimated. In fact it is a model scientific book; it is based on firm facts, the deductions are wise, novel, and temperate, and the style is attractive as well as intelligible. The many students of Darwin and Spencer in this country cannot do better than to supplement the books of these writers by this work on Primitive Culture; and those who are averse to the main point of their philosophy will be able to judge, from the study of these really delightful volumes, how fruitful is their method in certain of its applications.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. By Charles Nordhoff.—Five-Minute Chats with Young Women and certain other Parties. By Dio Lewis.—The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. In two vols. with maps and wood-cuts.—The Queen of Hearts. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: The Sacred Anthology. A Book of Ethical Scriptures, collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway.—The Cretan Insurrection of 1866-7-8. By Wm. J. Stillman, Late U. S. Consul in Crete.—Waldfried. A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Simon Adler Stern.—Recent Art and Society, as described in the

Autobiography and Memoirs of Henry F. Chorley. Compiled by C. H. Jones.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York: Forgiveness and Law, grounded in Principles interpreted by Human Analogies. By Horace Bushnell.—Bric-à-Brac Series. Personal Reminiscences by Chorley, Planché, and Young. Edited by R. H. Stoddard.

Dodd and Mead, New York: David Crockett, his Life and Adventures. By John S. C. Abbott.—Fetich in Theology; or, Doctrinalism Twin to Ritualism. By John Miller.—Prayer and the Prayer Gauge. By Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D.

James S. Burnton, New York: My Visit to the Sun; or, Critical Essays on Physics, Metaphysics, and Ethics. By Lawrence S. Benson.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: On Civil Liberty and Self-Government. By Francis Lieber, M. D. Third Edition, Revised. Edited by Theodore D. Woolsey.—A Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems. An Index to every Word therein contained. By Mrs. Horace Howard Furness.—A History of the Conquest of Peru. By Wm. H. Prescott. New and revised edition. Edited by John Foster Kirk.

L. L. and Moses King, St. Louis: Dean's Interest and Equation Exponents. A System of Equation, governed by the Principle of Decimal Notation, by means of which the Correct Interest of any Sum, at any Rate Per Cent., for any given Time, is ascertained almost at a Glance. Fifth Edition. Computed by A. F. Dean.

William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh: Rome or Death; and The Madonna's Child. By Alfred Austin.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. From verbatim Reports by T. J. Ellinwood. Ninth and Tenth Series.

New York Bird Store, Boston: Holden's Book on Birds. By Charles F. Holden.

John P. Jewett, New York: Papa's Own Girl. A Novel. By Marie Howland.

Enander and Bohman, Chicago: Förenta Staternas Historia. Utarbetad för den Svenska Befolkningen i Amerika. Af Joh. A. Enander.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Phantasmion, a Fairy Tale. By Sara Coleridge.—Sea and Shore. A Collection of Poems.—Some Women's Hearts. By Louise Chandler Moulton.

J. C. Hotten, London: A Life's Love

and Poems and Sonnets. 3 vols. By George Barlow.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Prudence Palfrey. A Novel. By T. B. Aldrich.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

The state of mind of Benedix towards Shakespeare, as shown in his *Shakespeareomanie*, does not differ materially from that of the youth in Leslie's caricature, who regarded "Shakespeare as a very much over-rated man." He professes to attack nothing but the absurd exaggerations of unwise enthusiasts, who look upon every word in every one of Shakespeare's plays as the product of direct inspiration, and who, from various ulterior motives, look down upon the writers of their own country; but in point of fact he finds very little to approve in the great poet (as he is still popularly considered), and for one word against the empty phrases of Shakespeare's defenders, he has ten against the empty phrases of Shakespeare himself. The cause that he has taken needs only more defenders to make it part of a controversy which in time might do more towards defining the exact merits of the poet in question, than can thousands of books filled with nothing but reëchoing praise. As matters stand now, it is impossible for us to form a wholly unbiased opinion of Shakespeare's worth; we cannot discriminate what we have felt ourselves from what we have heard preached to us since we were children, and if we try to be independent we are likely to fall into whimsicality. One should not be too sure that this form of superstition is harmful. There would seem to be no reason why we should not profit by the critical experience of our forefathers, as well as by their skill in carpentering, tilling the earth, eschewing poisonous food, or in painting, building, and the other arts. The world is too large to be made wholly over again by every young man. At times, it is true, the world worships false idols, but, on the whole, literary taste shows an excellent record for impartiality. At any rate, when the time for examining an idol comes, a great deal depends upon who the person is that attacks the prevailing belief. In this case it is a German playwright, who is perhaps as well known to those of us not familiar with the German

stage, by the paraphrase of his *Aschenbrödel*, which was performed very often in this country under the name of *School*, as by any other of his pieces. We believe that the friends of the late English dramatist, Robertson, claim that he was innocent of any plagiarism from the German; if that is true, the resemblance of their two pieces is one of the most remarkable cases of coincidence on record. None of Benedix's plays are of the highest merit, but almost all are entertaining, and carefully fitted for the stage. The *Shakespeareomanie* is a posthumous work of his; what the editor of the book calls "a legacy to the German nation."

A great deal of the book is written for the Germans alone; he uses, for instance, nothing but the German translation, never once referring to the original, indeed, pointedly barring out any reference to it, on the ground that the plays have won their position in their new dress, and so must be judged in that form. Again, he has a very strong feeling of patriotism in his criticism of Lessing's, Goethe's, and Schiller's plays, which forbids his judging them with the severity the English poet must. In general, however, his attack goes much further than that, and he tries to show that the plays, in whatever language they are expressed, are full of faults, and, more than that, radically undeserving of the highest praise.

The form he has chosen to express his views in is the one best adapted for an easy victory on paper, that, namely, of having the different sides defended by different men, whose colloquies compose the book. They are three friends: Hellmuth, who is hostile to Shakespeare; Reinhold, who supports Hellmuth in his apostasy with the learning a wider culture has given him; while the opposite side is taken by Oswald, a man of straw, easily overthrown, abandoning every position at the first attack, or after making only a sham defense by quoting some stock phrase from the most laudatory pages of the copious Shakespeare literature of Germany. This is manifestly unfair, for we cannot imagine that Benedix supposed no one really enjoyed Shakespeare, that his worship was only a fashionable superstition, which his so-called admirers only wanted an excuse to drop. Between them Hellmuth and Reinhold have an easy victory.

There is hardly a play of Shakespeare's

Die Shakespeareomanie. Zur Abwehr. Von Dr. RODERICK BENEDIX. Stuttgart. 1873.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

which escapes their hostile criticism ; those which get off best are *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. They charge Shakespeare with faults of construction, bombastic use of language, pompous and absurd metaphors, lack of invention in his plots, ignorance of what he was proposing to himself to write, and manifold violations of psychological laws. If there is any reason in the book, one wonders why we do not at once hurl our Shakespeares into the fire and bow our heads for shame at our wasted enthusiasm. At times, their, or rather Benedix's, criticism is of the narrowest sort; for instance, in what is said about the *Tempest*, he finds fault with the first scene in the sinking ship; he says it cannot be represented on the stage, that on board of a ship in such a storm no talking could be heard, that it is a piece of the absurdest folly for the passengers to abuse the sailors on whose efforts their lives depend, etc., etc. He has never read anything more miserable in the way of poetical narration than the next scene between *Prospero* and *Miranda*, and he compares it unfavorably with *Schiller's* attempts in the same manner, and *Goethe's* in the *Iphigenia*, and *Nathan the Wise* with his story of the three rings. He shows us how, if Shakespeare had only been a Benedix, *Prospero* might have described his being driven out of the palace, his agony on the water, etc., and then, surpassing almost everything in the book, he asks why *Prospero*, if he were really a magician, did not detect and withstand the attack made upon him ! *Oswald*, and this is a good example of that young man's force, suggests that he acquired his knowledge of magic upon the island, which *Hellmuth* refutes, and *Oswald* says no more. So the criticism runs on, and we need not wonder that *Hellmuth* says he never has taken any pleasure in the piece. We can be sure he would vastly prefer *Crossing the Quicksands*, or *The Stranger*.

Of *Hamlet* he says it is absurd to speak of the mysteriousness of his character ; it is not that which makes the play hard to understand ; he has, on the contrary, a very simple, transparent character ; it is the numerous episodes that have caused all the trouble ; if you cut them out, you have the key at once. The superfluous episodes that have wrought all the confusion are the embassy to Norway, *Laertes's* journey to Paris, the march of *Fortinbras* through Denmark, and the sending of *Hamlet* to

England ; cut them out, and there is no trace of *Hamlet's* indecision ; he had good grounds for delay : if he had killed the king at once at the bidding of the ghost, we should have had no play ; and so he doubts the ghost, and all the episodes are willfully thrust in to spin out the play after *Hamlet* has made sure of his uncle's guilt by the device of the play he has represented before him. Shakespeare, he says, is inconsistent in his delineation of character, and here, between following the tradition which makes *Hamlet* return from England victorious and oust his uncle, and his own invention, he falls to the ground. He acknowledges the play has its merits, but they are mainly dramatic effects, such as the feigned madness of *Hamlet*, and the real madness of *Ophelia*. The ghost, too, makes the play attractive. Besides these charms, there are the play within the play, the grave-yard and the funeral, a fight and half a dozen corpses, and a great deal of pompous language.

For *Antony* and *Cleopatra* he has also nothing but abuse ; Shakespeare has followed *Plutarch* with slavish fidelity ; battles, even naval battles, are begun and ended in a few minutes. *Cleopatra* was a woman unworthy to be written about ; the principal characters repel us ; and if the greater part of the minor characters were removed, the play would be only the better for it, etc.

Othello has perhaps some merits. To be sure, the whole of the first act is superfluous ; in the second act the scene changes to Cyprus ; and here we are offended by another impossibility, the speed with which the ships arrive. At last, in the third scene of the third act, the action fairly begins and goes on with energy. The delineation of character to be noticed in this play did not please Benedix ; to be sure, *Othello's* jealousy is well represented, but the reason of his growing jealous is insufficient.

In this way the criticism, or rather, the commentary, runs on, stripping Shakespeare of every good quality, convicting him of all manner of inaccuracies and errors, and the final conclusion reached is that Shakespeare has produced no characters to be compared, in respect to the pleasure to be derived from them, with *Clark Moor*, *Philip II.*, *Stauffer*, and *Wallenstein*, of *Schiller* ; *Faust* and *Orange*, of *Goethe* ; and *Lessing's Nathan*, *The Cloister-Brother*, *Saladin*, etc. Benedix says the Shakespeare-maniac will shrug his shoulders at that statement. He was right ; he will.

That Benedix should prefer Schiller's simpler creations to the characters of Shakespeare is not surprising when one reads his critical remarks, and especially when one makes out the apparent animus of half his hostility, which is his strong unwillingness to praise foreign poets. Schiller is more truly a national poet than Shakespeare; he represents that quality to be found among the young of all nations, and, more or less, among the Germans of all ages, namely, a certain generous enthusiasm which is very different from the complex view of life to be found in Shakespeare. In general, as indeed Benedix's book shows, there is among the Germans a deeper love of Shakespeare than even among the English; they discovered him at an important time in the intellectual development of their nation, and they have certainly devoted to his study that immense research of which they are such wonderful masters, and which, it may be safe to say, is only now rivaled among his fellow-countrymen. Benedix does his best to moderate what Lessing said in his praise, but with little success. Of course there has been a tendency among later Germans to exaggerate what was the popular feeling, and there has often been indiscreet and foolish praise lavished on Shakespeare, for which he least of all is to blame; but these excesses, which are the nominal object of Benedix's attack, get very little blame from him. It is Shakespeare whom he really dislikes.

The unfairness of his attack we have tried to show without sharing his fault; no one, it would seem, who starts from his stand-point can hope to have any influence; he does not speak an intelligible language; he gets no pleasure from *The Tempest*, and yet he asks us to prefer what he is fortunate enough to be able to comprehend. He is always pained in reading *Othello* by the feeling that *Othello* cannot fairly be jealous

without being something else than *Othello*,—this sounds much like prejudice seeking some excuse for its bitterness.

No one would for a moment maintain that Shakespeare stands on a pinnacle which makes it blasphemy to criticise him, that he is wholly without flaws; even his admirers are obliged to confess that; but Benedix, starting to show he is not perfect, leaves him with hardly a leg to stand on; one might judge that he thought that in a dramatic point of view, there was no play of Shakespeare's to be compared with Lessing's didactic *Nathan the Wise*, which is a moral tale in dramatic form, with much beauty, it is true, but void of even any theatrical merit. We cannot be grateful for Benedix's book; it may have been a conscientious piece of work, but it fails of its object. It merely shows how a man who has written really very good plays, can entirely misunderstand the theory of the stage. It seems impossible that one who has studied his kind, as every successful dramatist must, could be so ignorant of human nature. He only saw the trifles.

What he says about the general ignorance of Shakespeare that exists among the Germans is something that he should know better than any foreigner, but the way in which, every winter, many of Shakespeare's plays are performed in almost all of the best theatres, would seem to argue against his remarks. The Germans certainly have excellent and frequent opportunities of judging the English poet, and it is their own fault if they do not take advantage of them. If they do not, why are the plays given? Then, too, it is to be remembered that the highest fame does not always accompany the greatest popularity. Benedix's plays are oftener given, but no one would on that account put him above Shakespeare. We remain Shakespeare-maniacs in spite of the book.

ART.

It appears that in New York the Academy has at last succeeded in selling some pictures from its exhibition-rooms. If such a thing could be effected in the galleries of the Boston Art Club, we might hope to see collections of pictures formed there which should comprise always the best that our painters have, and constitute nurseries of fresh and constantly progressive effort. As it is, we are provided at stated times and seasons with assemblages of paintings, of which a third, perhaps, are the productions of foreigners, copies from the works of European painters of former times, or antique products of early American genius. In the last exhibition, for example, were a cartoon by Mengs, and one by Overbeck; a fine group of portraits by Angelica Kaufmann, a charming Calame, and some finely modeled and wonderfully colored Italian children, by Bonnat. The exhibitions thus acquire an historically illustrative value to students; but is there not another function which they might, but do not yet, fulfill? Is it well that the only organized body among our artists should expend its energies upon the formation of exhibitions which do not especially and forcibly bear upon the development of a vigorous native art? The phrase "development of native art" is, we confess, discouragingly vague. Yet we believe it could be made to mean something, if sympathetically accepted and acted upon. All movements towards its realization, however, to be successful, must be mutual on the part of painters and the patrons of art. And it strikes us that the artists of Boston have hardly done their part in endeavoring to make the exhibitions of the Art Club representative of them at their best. Several of those painters to whom the public looks with special eagerness for fresh pleasures have become very guarded in their contributions to the club exhibitions. The name of William Hunt hardly appears at all on the catalogues; Frank Smith has not been represented during the past season; J. Appleton Brown has dropped out of the ranks, in the spring exhibition. Mr. Hunt, it is true, contributes, this time, an interesting river scene in Florida, but only vicariously — the picture having passed out of the artist's hands. What we stand in need of is a determina-

tion among all prominent or energetic young painters, to put some of their best strength and skill every year into a picture or two for the Art Club! There is no lack of skill in one department, at least — that of landscape-painting. Even as the case stood this spring, the few contributors made a fair show in that branch. W. E. Norton contributed a noble *Midnight* on the Grand Banks, containing what we might call an elegiac passage of moonlight, glittering mournfully on the great deep; with a fine contrast of ship-lights, a cloud of spectral canvas on the large vessel "head on" to the spectator, and wonderful gradations of light throughout, contributing to a sombre, pervasive harmony of the whole. The drawing was perfect; the sea moving in its own way, heedless of all else, while the vessels rock as they would upon waves really passing under them. The clouds around the moon were masterly; the whole was a clear, profound poem, of a strong naturalistic flavor. E. Baxter's *Marsh near Providence*, a capital performance, gives notice of a real genius for landscape; the varicolored mist and moist ground being felt out with delicate sympathy, and artistically converted into a delicious web of color. F. P. Vinton displayed an honest study of a walnut-tree, and a pleasing *Sheep Pasture*, showing a nice sentiment for a simple meadow on a gray morning. A view of land and water, — *Eagle Head*, — by R. S. Fay, was a good bit of water-color; and Miss Beckett's *Coming Home*, — a twilight sky gleaming through a lonely wood, and crows flying westward, — was very poetically rendered. Other smaller performances we can only mention, namely: Cranch's dreamy *Glimpse from J. R. Lowell's Window*, and two Venetian subjects; and four water-colors by Miss Hedges, two of which indicate a good appreciation of the pale minor color-chords characteristic of our sea-shore. Some landscapes by Miss M. J. Beckett (a name new to us) are not without promise. The human figure, however, is nearly ignored by American contributors. We have three or four portraits by Longfellow, Healy, Miss Reed; and a cold and hard *Priscilla* by Miss Knowlton. Miss Boott contributes a *Mother and Child* sympathetically imagined, — the child's head

worked out with some skill and much tenderness. Besides this, there is only an agglomeration of false, gymnastic, elocutionary figures, by J. W. Carter, called *Death of Warren*.

So far as we know, there is no coöperative effort whatever made by the artists of Boston, to procure models for the figure and to work systematically from the life. Until such effort is made, we cannot, of course, look for any satisfactory achievement in that direction. But at least we may ask that our painters should fairly let us know what is to be expected from them, — in what they are strong, and in what weak. The compact being once formed that every individual shall put forth all his strength in a fair representative picture, we shall soon know the status of art in this locality. On all accounts it would be better to know this; for, in discovering deficiencies, we should also be made aware of strength sometimes unsuspected under the present lackadaisical mode of procedure. The painters themselves would be the first to profit by a change of policy; and the public, instead of being subject to a fortuitous conjunction of circumstances, as at present, for the boon of an agreeable exhibition, would always have the interest attaching to collections which really indicate the rate and direction of progress among the painters who live among them.

Among the European pictures there was a piece of grape-painting by Giordano of Rome, in which the luxurious branches were executed with great truth and wonderful relief — the grape leaves hardly so good. Constantinople, by Félix Ziem of Paris, gave a distant and sketchy glimpse of the city, with white houses and minarets gleaming across fields and a strip of very blue water and under a row of large trees, beneath which were grouped in picturesque confusion crowds of gayly dressed Orientals, feasting, talking, and making music. The picture is effective, but the colors are too crude. The blue sky especially, which takes up a large part of the canvas, is quite unworthy such a colorist as Ziem, being very hard and opaque. The old trees are very sketchily treated, and are steeped in an afternoon light a little too hot to be quite agreeable. A certain French exaggeration characterizes the work. It is artistic, perhaps poetic; everything is managed with a remarkable *chic*. The bit of blue, yellow, and red drapery on the greens under the shadow of the trees, are

dashed off with a telling vigor and effect. But the whole picture has too much of a stage-scenic look, and as if it were painted for the market.

There were two or three figure-pictures which are marked illustrations of the purely materialistic school of art, by which we mean the school that believes in emphasizing all the externalities, bestowing more love and labor on a bit of tapestry or wallpaper or *ornolu*, than on the action of a figure or the expression of a face, and troubles itself very little about an idea, or an imagination, or a feeling, in comparison with mere mechanical execution. Every gallery of high-priced pictures is afflicted with such glided traps to catch the unthinking public. Their name is legion. Europe exports them, and America imitates them. Here is one of them — probably one of the imitations — by E. H. Blatchfield, with a glass over it, as though it were too precious to be exposed to the vulgar air. The title thereof is *Rejected*. But the subject might be anything else. How often have we seen this same characterless young lady in white satin, standing in her elegant boudoir, posing, with her costly furniture and *bric-à-brac* around her, every inch of which is just as important, just as lovable, in the painter's eye, as the maiden herself! The young lady takes various poses. Sometimes she is looking into a mirror, dressing, sometimes holding a love-letter, sometimes a book, or a flower, sometimes fondling a parrot or greyhound. Like Queen Elizabeth she is *semper eadem*. We very soon get through with our admiration of the handsome objects by which she is so artistically surrounded. Mr. Blatchfield introduces her anew with as much circumstance as if she were a stranger. She has even less expression than usual. We hardly look at her face — it is her satin robe we admire. She is posing with her hand on an exquisite little cabinet of yellow and black wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, behind which are two rich old china plates. The cabinet stands on an exquisite table of black wood of highly ornamental pattern, with hanging silver chains. Beneath her feet is a rich and expensive carpet. Behind her is a highly elegant and aristocratic chair; and the wall-paper is of the most approved artistic and costly quality. And all under glass. Could anything be more *recherché* in selection, more faultless in execution? What labor, what skill — but alas, what rapidity!

Here is another young lady by M. Becker, a disciple apparently of M. Hamon, but without Hamon's poetry. A Pompeian Lady, she is called. Her chief attraction is a piece of gorgeously figured drapery. She is looking at some images and masks, and other objects of *virtu* supposed to be Pompeian. How nicely painted, — but how without meaning or motive!

And here is M. Merle, a popular French painter, who finishes up everything with such wonderful neatness of brush. This is a moral French tableau, called *The Right Path*; a more ambitious subject, and a larger picture, than the last two we have commented upon. It is a young artist of the old Italian time, looking like Masaccio, with portfolio and palette in one hand, the other hand raised theatrically to his chin, while he looks steadily away from a group of fair tempters behind him. He stands, in shadow, in the front of the canvas, with red cap and thick black curls, red robe relieved with green drapery and exquisite embroidered yellow sleeves, and red tight-fitting hose on his legs, — altogether an expensively dressed youth for a painter. But then he is only posing, like the young lady models; and so long as he is posing, why not drape him in the handsomest style? The improper young ladies in the background are not real enough to be alluring; but make a pretty enough tableau, with the conventional columns, flowers, inlaid mosaic floors, and all that.

These were perhaps the most noticeable pictures of the materialistic school, in this exhibition. And before leaving the gallery we turn with a certain feeling of refreshment to two or three pieces of natural painting: a Zouave eating his Broth, by M. Pils, a French battle-painter of some note, is finely touched; an Italian peasant girl with a fat, good-natured baby in her arms, is deserving of praise as a solid piece of painting; and M. Schmitzberger's family of cat and kittens is charming for all who appreciate truthful and characteristic portraiture of the feline race.

— Dr. Franz Reber has published the first number of a *History of Modern German Art* from the end of the last century down to the Vienna Exposition of 1873, with a side glance at the contemporary art-history of France, Belgium, Holland, England, Italy, and Russia. The present number contains 128 octavo pages printed in fair, open type, on good paper, and the book,

which the publishers say will be completed in the course of the present year, is to consist of five numbers, each of about the same size as the one before us. The work promises to be a useful one, supplying a want much felt by persons interested in the modern development of art; it gives us more amply and completely the history too slightly sketched by Kugler in his hand-book (*Hand buch der Geschichte der Malerei seit Constantin dem Grossen*).

But what is it that makes it impossible apparently for Germans to write at once learnedly and interestingly on art-matters? They take the ripe vintage, and, having pressed it in their mill, present us with the pulp, skin, seeds, and stems, and ask us to warm the cockles of our hearts with that. Perhaps this statement hardly does them justice, but the best we can say for the most of their writing on art is, that feeding on it is like feeding on bran-bread. We know it is nourishing, and we wish it were nice. It is often said that the French writers are indeed more entertaining, but then the Germans are the more lastingly useful because of their greater accuracy. However this may be true in science and history, we cannot say that it is true always in art, — at least in the case of modern writers; witness Passavant, Waagen, Woltmann, and Lübke. It is not safe to depend upon either of these writers in his statements of facts, as many a student must know to his cost. Passavant and Waagen are oftenest wrong in their facts; Woltmann and Lübke least to be depended on in their deductions: the reader may judge which of these counts is the greater disparagement. Lübke's short-comings have already been exposed in *The Atlantic*. How little Woltmann is to be leaned upon, witness his dancing back and forth on the subject of the Dresden and Darmstadt Madonnas, and his treatment of the Dance of Death in his *Holbein und seine Zeit*, with reference to Holbein's authorship. This book is a useful one no doubt, and represents a vast amount of plodding industry, and abounds in dry-as-dust detail, but it is not easy, for all that, to understand why Mr. Ruskin should call it, as he has lately, a very valuable book. Perhaps he has been vainly trying to read Mr. Wornum's lumpish and futile work on the same subject, and after the effort, any book on Holbein might seem valuable. Perhaps it only comes from the difference between the two men. Woltmann's book is all facts and no spirit. Ruskin's books are all spirit, and no facts to speak of. Dr.

Waagen's principal work, *Art-treasures of Great Britain*, is useful as a guide-book, but as an authority his reputation has gone steadily down. He tells us where the Tians, Vandycks, and Holbeins are said to be, and, to be sure, that is something, but unfortunately his decision as to authenticity in any case makes nothing either for or against the work in question. As for Passavant, he is the least worthy respect of the four, though strangely enough he has the highest popular reputation of all of them for learning and accuracy. He is being slowly found out, however, and it is risking little to prophesy that when he has been examined in detail, the result will be in each case what so careful an observer and so conscientious a writer as Mr. G. E. Street found it in his own field of study. In the preface to his *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, second

edition, 1869, passing in review the writers on the subject of mediæval Spanish architecture, he says of Passavant, "Passavant who has published some notes on Spanish architecture (*Die Christliche Kunst in Spanien*, Leipzig, 1853) is so ludicrously wrong in most of his statements that it seems probable that he trusted to his internal consciousness instead of to personal inspection for his facts." But we did not mean to make Dr. Reber's book a text for fault-finding. After all, the short-comings we complain of are such as must, we fear, always be counted on in reckoning with human work, and the student of any subject, if he be really a student, will never buy of these middle-men, but will go to original sources; while the general public, that insists so in these days on having everything made easy, must look to be often served by journeymen.

EDUCATION.

THERE has lately been an interesting discussion in California respecting the scope of university education, which is not yet closed. Directly opposite the Golden Gate, on the western slope of the Contra Costa hills, and within sight of San Francisco, two large and handsome buildings, costing over three hundred thousand dollars, have been completed within the last six months, for the University of California. Within these walls, nearly two hundred students, not including any preparatory department, are now receiving instruction in the higher branches of science and literature. Laboratories, apparatus, books, maps, photographs, and cabinets illustrative of geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoölogy have been already secured by munificent outlays. Two hundred acres of land, traversed by a brook which is lined with bay-trees and oaks, are reserved for the culture of every sort of plants adapted to the climate. Professors are engaged in teaching who represent varied ideas of intellectual training and the experience of many different Eastern institutions. More than a million and a quarter of dollars, in interest-bearing funds, have been secured for the institution by the liberal endowments of the State and National governments. Eighty thousand dollars were voted besides by the legislature just

in session, for current expenses during the next two years. The gifts of wealthy men are beginning to supplement the provisions of the State, and the voluntary zeal of the wise and good has been enlisted to build up around the university, and independent of it, homes, lodging-houses, and churches in all the attractiveness of a college village.

The site bears the name of Berkeley, a reminiscence of educational enthusiasm in the last century, and a token of liberality and hope prevailing to-day. The university is free from sectarian control, and its advantages are open, without the slightest fee, to all qualified applicants, young men and young women, and from every State, country, and race. The instructions include the various branches of literary and historical learning, ancient and modern, and they give equal if not greater prominence to all the claims of modern science, both in its abstract aspects and in its applications to human industry.

At the very outset the question whether the State should maintain an agricultural school, or a university including an agricultural school, was discussed and determined in favor of the comprehensive plan. The laws of the State are clear upon this point.

With all these prospects, there is a seri-

ous danger. The chief supporter of the university may become its chief destroyer. The funds having chiefly come from the public treasury, the legislature of the State has retained a visitatorial power, and is disposed to supervise not merely the expenditures of money, but the interior organization, discipline, and courses of instruction. The university is not governed by a charter, but by sections of the political code. Its regents are civil executive officers, individually responsible. The legislature while in session is supreme, having in its hands a despotic power such as kings and parliaments have never possessed in the management of colleges and universities. It may, at will, abolish the board of regents, and substitute for it a body selected by popular suffrage. It may alter the code in any respect.

This supremacy is nominally the supremacy of the people; but there is danger that it will be the supremacy of ignorant and prejudiced men, acting in haste, under personal pique, and without full consideration of the consequences which are involved.

During the last winter a bold effort was made openly and persistently by the farmers' granges of the State, to persuade the legislature that an agricultural school and not a university should be the chief object of care; that blacksmithing and carpentry as well as plowing should be taught; that boys should be trained, according to one of the popular phrases, "to be the peers of the laborer in muscle, and the peers of the scholar in mind." In order to accomplish this the effort was made to turn out the board of regents and replace the members by those who are "fresher from the people." Fortunately the danger has been averted.

Many persons had apprehended the interference of political partisanship in the university management, but the recent discussions were not the result of partisan zeal. They came from popular clamor. The cry was that of the uninformed, who wanted a good thing, but who disregarded the experience of other States, and called for methods and agencies which have elsewhere been abandoned as sterile.

Underlying this clamor was the feeling, sometimes uttered as a tenet, that the State should not only give an education, but, like the national government at West Point, should provide the means of simultaneous support; or at least, that the university should give manual labor to all who wish it,

and should keep its standard so low that those who have spent their vital force in muscular exertion shall not be dismissed or disciplined because their cerebral action is feeble and confused. "We don't want a Harvard or a Yale, or an Oxford or a Berlin," was frequently said. This did not mean that a slavish copy of these institutions was to be avoided,—a doctrine to which everybody would assent, but a result of which there was not the slightest prospect; it did mean that "old-fashioned" notions of culture, and learning, and long-continued brain-work should give way to the more "practical" ideas of muscular education.

Fortunately there was no crystallization of these parties into organized rivalry. The discussions were crude and mixed up with some personalities; and mistakes were doubtless committed by the friends of liberal culture as well as by their opponents. Perhaps the views of both sides were modified by the contest.

Many persons wonder why the friends of the university, in California, prefer State aid *plus* State interference rather than private generosity, *minus* State interference. The answer is easy. For twenty years, from 1849 to 1869, a vigorous effort was made to keep up a college on the Eastern basis, with a private corporation. Good men, wise, devoted, and efficient, toiled long and hard for this result, but success did not come as they expected. When the national grant of 1862 led the State to do something, the College of California gave up its plans and merged its possessions and its prospects in the State university.

If determination, perseverance, a careful scrutiny of education elsewhere, and a firm belief in all culture will avail, the University of California has a bright future before it. The views just uttered at Aberdeen, by the new Lord Rector, are precisely those which from its foundations have been recognized by the institution at Berkeley: "Universities should be places in which thought is free from all fetters, and in which all sources of knowledge and all aids to learning should be accessible to all comers, without distinction of creed or country, riches or poverty."

— The Boston University Year Book is the first official greeting of this new-born institution to its sister colleges, and to the friends of culture everywhere. Founded in 1871-72, by some prominent and munificent Methodists of Boston, — Isaac Rich,

Lee Claflin, and Jacob Sleeper, — Boston University has set before it at the outset of its career the highest educational aims of both hemispheres, and appears in the intellectual arena determined to be the most comprehensive and generous training-school for humanity in the world. German, English, and American experience and ideas are all drawn upon in the plan of its organization, and it only remains to secure adequate funds and professors of recognized ability to make it the most interesting educational experiment yet attempted.

The plan of the university, stated briefly, is to establish, under its general government and oversight, either colleges or schools in every department of learning, art, or science, and so to carry out the instruction in them, that along with the special knowledge which will enable the student to be a bread-winner, may be gained the higher and broader culture which makes the complete man or woman. In doing its work the university does not recognize any distinction between the sexes, and all its classes and professorships are equally open to both.

The departments thus far organized and in operation are, The College of Liberal Arts (fourteen male and eight female students); the College of Music (seven male and nine female students); the School of Theology (one hundred male students); the School of Law (eighty male students and one female); the School of Medicine (Homœopathic, forty-nine male and twenty-nine female students); and the School of Oratory (twenty-one male and fifteen female students); in all, deducting repetitions, three hundred and thirteen students, who are taught by fifty professors and lecturers, Dr. William F. Warren being the president. There are also preparatory schools for the College of Liberal Arts and the College of Music respectively. There is no dormitory system connected with the university, and the departments are not collected in any particular building or buildings, but hold their recitations at different points near the Common and Tremont Street. The latter is the great horse-car artery of Boston, and it is obvious that an arrangement so convenient for the immense suburban population of the city will induce many students of both sexes to complete their education by a college course, who could not have afforded a residence away from home for that purpose.

Boston University starts with such large

numbers because it incorporated with itself a theological school and two medical schools already existing. The curriculum of its College of Liberal Arts corresponds very nearly to that of the recognized American college, which seems to us rather a departure from the fundamental idea. We should have supposed that separate schools for languages, mathematics, and the physical and natural sciences would have better carried out the theory of the university, and then, while each school would have had its own degree, a combined course among them all would have answered to the under-graduate course of other colleges. At the end of the catalogue a prospectus is given of a School of all Sciences. This is a post-graduate department only, and for "qualified specialists it will aim to provide thorough instruction" in — in short, in every branch of human knowledge or attainment; and "for qualified students of generalizing aims, instruction will be provided in the universal sciences." Of these, one group, for example, is the "universal or comparative history of languages, universal or comparative philology, universal or comparative philosophy of language, or philosophy of language universally considered." The prospectus says, "Several years must elapse before the immense work of this department can be organized with anything like the desirable completeness," but we fear that such a "school of all sciences" as is here projected "for graduates only" is impossible to any but national resources. The picked men of the whole country would have to be enlisted as professors.

The manifesto of the new university on the question of the co-education of the sexes is manfully frank and explicit. It is as follows: "Class schools are very well in their place. Schools for the Feeble Minded, Reform Schools, Schools for Deaf Mutes, — no one should object to these. So if any class of philanthropists feel called upon to organize special schools for girls or boys constitutionally too delicate to bear the nervous shock of school association with the other sex, let no one oppose. Such institutions may serve to illustrate the tender and gentle charities to which our Christian civilization gives origin. But a university exists for altogether different purposes. It is not instituted for the benefit of a class. It is the highest organ of human society for the conservation, furtherance, and communication of knowledge; for the induction of

successive generations into its possession; for the service of mankind in all highest social offices. To artificially restrict the benefit of such an institution to one half of the community, by a discrimination based solely upon a birth distinction, is worse than un-American. It is an injury to society as a whole, a loss to the favored class, a wrong to the unfavored." To us the great interest in the founding of this university is the hope that it will help on a new era in common-school education. There must be in every grammar school a college-bred female principal, before these institutions can become what the community is suffering for.

Whether this new institution can flourish into commanding intellectual life in the very shadow of old Harvard, time only can show, though it is said that its law school is already disputing the palm with that of the latter. There is little doubt that the great religious body from which it has sprung will put forth large effort to sustain it, and the liberality of its foundation should draw from other quarters many a sympathizing bequest. On the other hand, the intellectual standards of the Methodist church have hitherto been the reverse of high. Boston University must expect, therefore, to have the curricula of the "schools," and the lists of its professors, scrutinized by those who are competent to judge of them with more than ordinary keenness.

—The Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, with its five hundred octavo pages filled with a great variety of matter relating to the public schools of the State, has just been issued. The report proper of the board is a brief and business-like paper. The bulk of the volume is composed of reports on the normal schools and the new normal art school, reports of the officers of the board, — namely, the director of art education, the agents, and the secretary, — a large body of selections from the school reports of cities and towns, and a hundred pages of clearly arranged statistics. The issue of this document is accompanied by no public sensation; indeed, its appearance is scarcely anywhere noticed by the press. And yet, it is safe to say that no other publication, whether official or unofficial, has appeared among us during the past year, which affords more profitable matter for the careful study of all who are interested in promoting the public welfare. It does not pretend to be light and en-

tertaining reading. It is not designed for the circulating library. But its purpose is to convey reliable information and sound practical suggestions respecting the most important interest of the community.

The establishment of the State Normal Art School, in Boston, last October, was doubtless, as the first report on that institution remarks, the most important event of the past year connected with the educational interests of the Commonwealth. It was in fact an educational event of national importance, as it is the pioneer institution of the kind in this country. It is provided with accommodations in the upper chamber and attic of a house in Pemberton Square, accommodations really inadequate and unfit for a primary school. But its importance is seen in the magnitude of the industrial interests it is designed to promote, to say nothing of the still greater interests of general education which it is calculated to subserve. The specific purpose of the school is to train teachers of drawing and the arts of design. When Mr. Walter Smith began his work of introducing art education among us, it became apparent immediately, that the first thing to be done was to form teachers competent to instruct, for such teachers were nowhere to be found among us, with the exception of a few specialists in our technical institutions who had enjoyed the advantages of foreign training. Hence the necessity of this new educational instrumentality. The name of Mr. Smith as director was sufficient to inspire confidence in the enterprise, as appeared from the crowd of applicants for admission on the morning of its opening, affording a striking contrast to the paucity of candidates — only three in number — who presented themselves for admission at the opening of the first State Normal School. The course of study for this first year, although called "elementary," is really very formidable, apparently too severe for the most talented students. It is evident enough from the conditions of graduation that the director intends that the diploma of the institution shall mean something. The subjects for subsequent years are painting, sculpture and architecture, and engineering drawing.

An examination of the statistics of the secretary's report reveals two very remarkable facts, namely, the large amount of school taxes voluntarily raised by the municipalities, and the unparalleled rapidity of the increase of this voluntary taxa-

tion within a few years. The exact sum raised last year for *ordinary* school purposes, that is, exclusive of the cost of sites and buildings, was \$3,889,053.80, which gives for each child in the State, of school age, upwards of *thirteen* dollars, whereas, the law requires only *three* dollars per scholar to be raised. The increase in school taxes during the brief period of seven years has been almost exactly a *hundred per cent.*, while, during the same period, the increase in the valuation of the property of the State has been only about fifty per cent. We could hardly place too high an estimate on the town reports and the abstracts from them printed by the board, for it has been by their means to a very great extent that the people have been educated up to this extraordinary liberality in support of public schools. It was in view of these two distinguishing characteristics of the system, so closely connected as cause and effect, — the reports, local and State, and the generous self-taxation of the people for the support of schools, — that the international jury for the educational department of the Vienna Exposition awarded the Commonwealth the Grand Diploma of Honor.

But the people of Massachusetts would make a sad mistake to suppose that their system of popular education as a whole is entitled, at the present day, to be held up as a model system. It needs very important reforms, reforms which have been repeatedly urged upon the attention of the legislature by the board and its secretary, without avail. One of the most important of the proposed reforms relates to the normal training of teachers. The existing provision for this purpose is wholly inadequate. Not one in seven of all the teachers employed in the State has enjoyed the advantages of a course of training at a normal school. The great majority of the teachers, especially those outside the cities, begin their work with no suitable preparation, and leave it before they have had the time to acquire much skill by study and experience. Hence a very large percentage of the people's school money is wasted on

imperfectly qualified teachers. There is reason to believe that hundreds and even thousands of the schools in the State are kept by young, inexperienced, and untrained girls, and schools so kept must be of comparatively little value. Even in a country so backward educationally as England, it is now conceded that every teacher must have a professional training before he is deemed competent to take charge of a school. Another of the reforms proposed is a plan for improving the supervision of the schools. In no State probably are the local committees more competent or faithful than in Massachusetts, but experience has proved that however valuable the services of such officers may be, they are not sufficient to produce the best results. They need the supplementary aid of thoroughly qualified professional superintendents or inspectors, who shall occupy an intermediate position between the State board and the towns' committees. This important agency has been adopted and is now in successful operation in nearly all the Northern States of the Union. The other leading reforms recommended by the board are a more stringent and comprehensive law for compelling school attendance, and the levy of a moderate State school tax, the proceeds to be distributed to the cities and towns in proportion to the school population, not for the purpose of increasing the aggregate amount of taxes for schools, but to equalize to some extent the burden of school expenses.

The adoption of these greater measures of reform would no doubt vastly increase the efficiency and economy of the system. The existing instrumentalities are good as far as they go, but they have exhausted their capabilities. They need the reinforcement of new agencies, and if these are not provided, progress cannot be expected. These measures of reform would no doubt be speedily adopted, if the people were made to see the enormous loss they are yearly sustaining for the want of them. The cry has been, "Raise more money." The Board of Education now say, "Adopt measures to economize the expenditure of the money raised."